★ Nov. 18, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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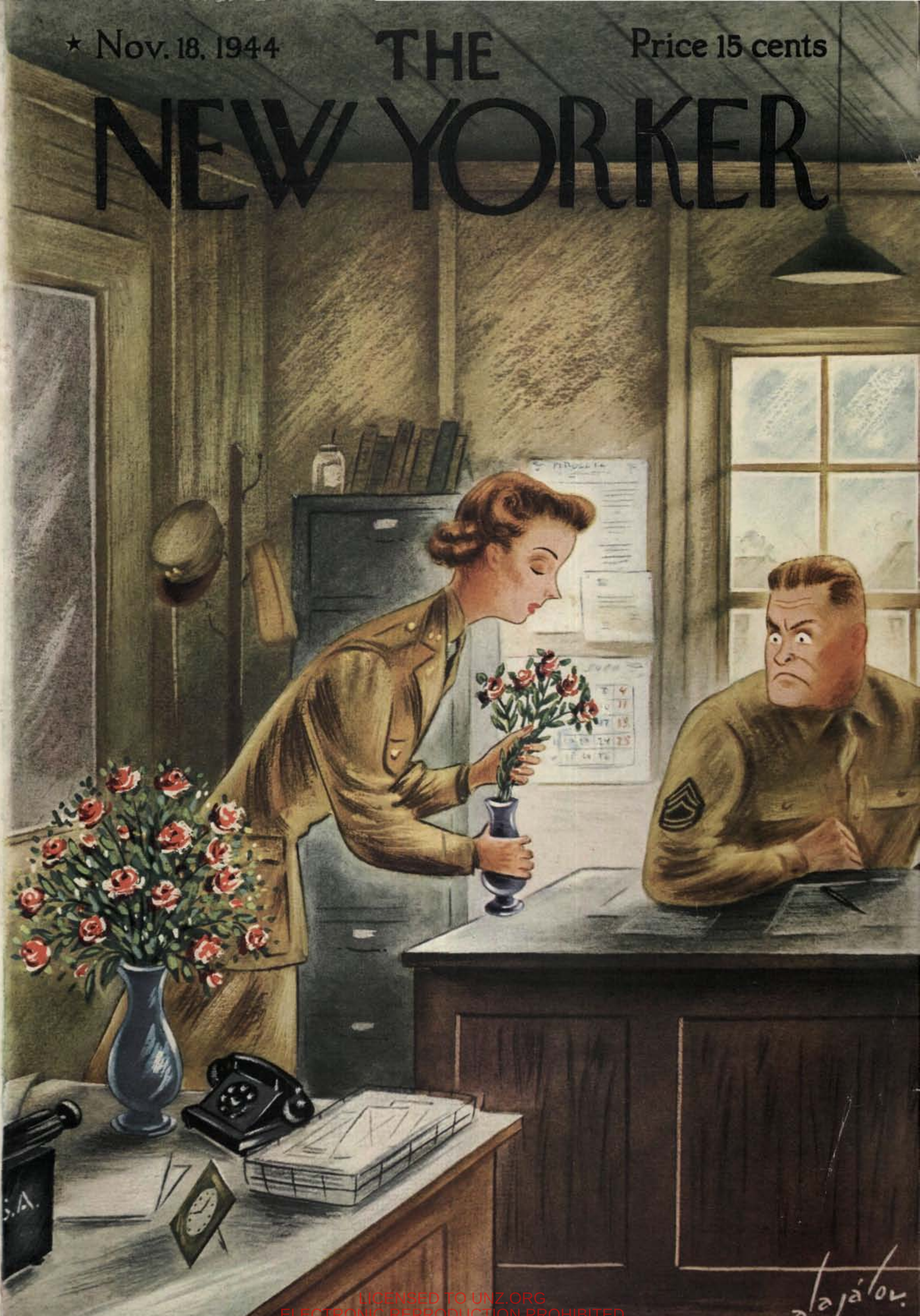

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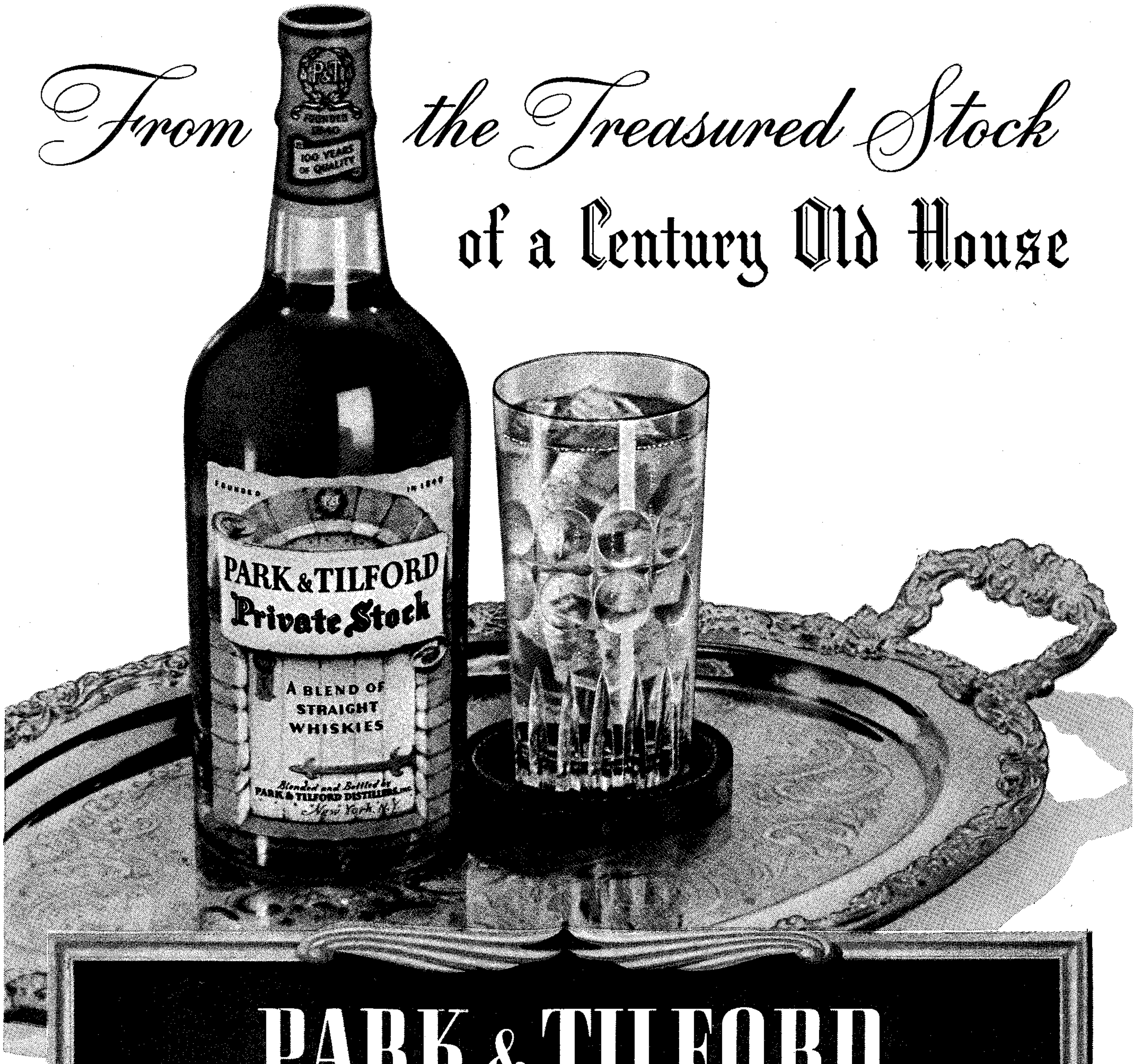
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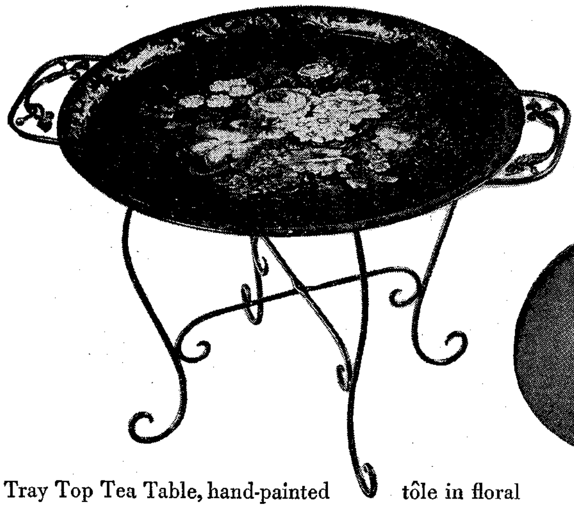
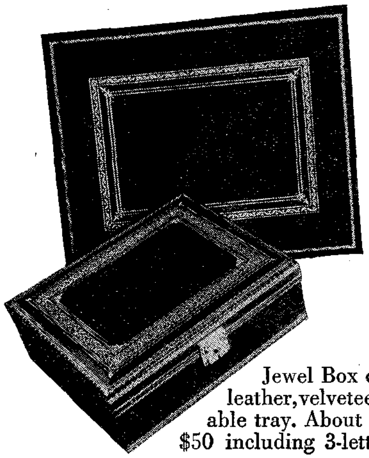


Tray Top Tea Table, hand-painted tôle in floral or bird design, 24″ in diameter excluding handles; folding wrought iron base 18″ high, $45



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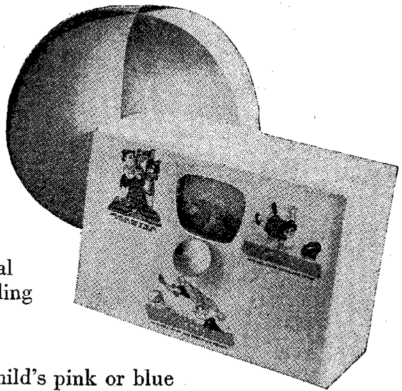

Child's pink or blue "Television" Music Box, plays a nursery tune while story-book characters rotate on the dial. About 7½″x5″x3½″, $10

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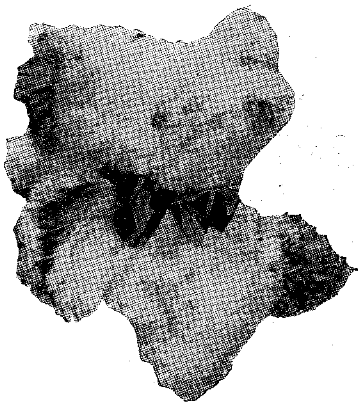
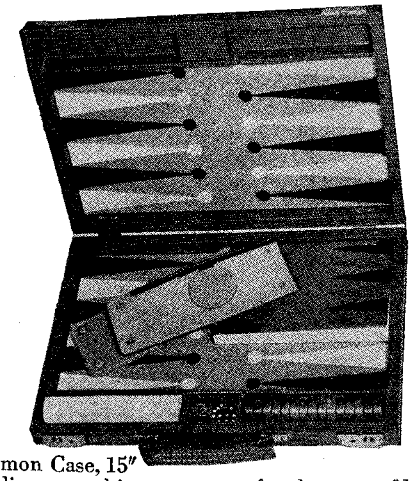


Child's Sealyham Satisfaction, 24″ long, made of silky, white Spanish sheepskin, $12

Globe, 33″ in circumference, resting on a wood foundation, equipped with World Atlas with Special War Map Supplement, $14



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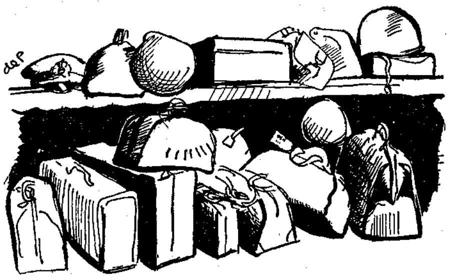

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, matinée schedules will be somewhat revised because of Thanksgiving Day. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller, now rounding out its third year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

ANNA LUCASTA—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

CATHERINE WAS GREAT—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN—An adaptation of the Werfel novel, which comes out pretty badly in spite of Ethel Barrymore's majestic presence. The cast also includes Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner. Performances this past week have been cancelled because of Miss Barrymore's illness, so better check. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARVEY—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

I REMEMBER MAMA—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel, Frances Heflin, and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

KISS AND TELL—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE—Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory as a couple who suddenly discover that ten years is a long time to be married. Samson Raphaelson has written much better comedies than this. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE SEARCHING WIND—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

SNAFU—A play about the return of an adolescent hero that might have been a good deal better if some of its broader comedy effects had been left out. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

SOLDIER'S WIFE—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott and Myron McCormick do their best, but it is still somewhat short of Shakespeare. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

IN BED WE CRY—Ilka Chase in a dramatization of her novel, with Frederick Tozere, Paul McGrath, and Ruth Matteson. Staged and produced by John C. Wilson. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

BLOOMER GIRL—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the eighteen-sixties. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Schubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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CARMEN JONES—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

MEXICAN HAYRIDE—Bobby Clark in a beautiful musical in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

ROBIN HOOD—You may be fond of some of the de Koven songs, especially "Brown October Ale" and "Oh Promise Me," but otherwise this revival has very little to recommend it. Robert Field has the title part and Barbara Scully is Maid Marian. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

SONG OF NORWAY—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Nice to look at and listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

STAR TIME—A vaudeville show with Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, the De Marcos, and Connee Boswell. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 3.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

SADIE THOMPSON—June Havoc in a musical version of Somerset Maugham's "Rain," by Howard Dietz, Rouben Mamoulian, and Vernon Duke. Staged by Mr. Mamoulian and produced by A. P. Waxman. Opens Thurs., Nov. 16. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE MAN WHO HAD ALL THE LUCK—A play by Arthur Miller, with Karl Swenson and Eugenia Rawls. Staged by Joseph Fields and produced by Herbert H. Harris. Opens Mon., Nov. 20. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE STREETS ARE GUARDED—A play by Laurence Stallings, with Phil Brown and Jeanne Cagney. Staged by John Haggott and produced by John C. Wilson. Opens Mon., Nov. 20. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—A play by J. P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman derived from the Marquand novel, with Percy Waram, Leo G. Carroll, and Janet Beecher. Staged by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Tues., Nov. 21. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

RHAPSODY—An operetta based on Fritz Kreisler's music, produced by Blevins Davis and Lorraine Manville Dresselhuys. Opens Wed., Nov. 22. (Cen-

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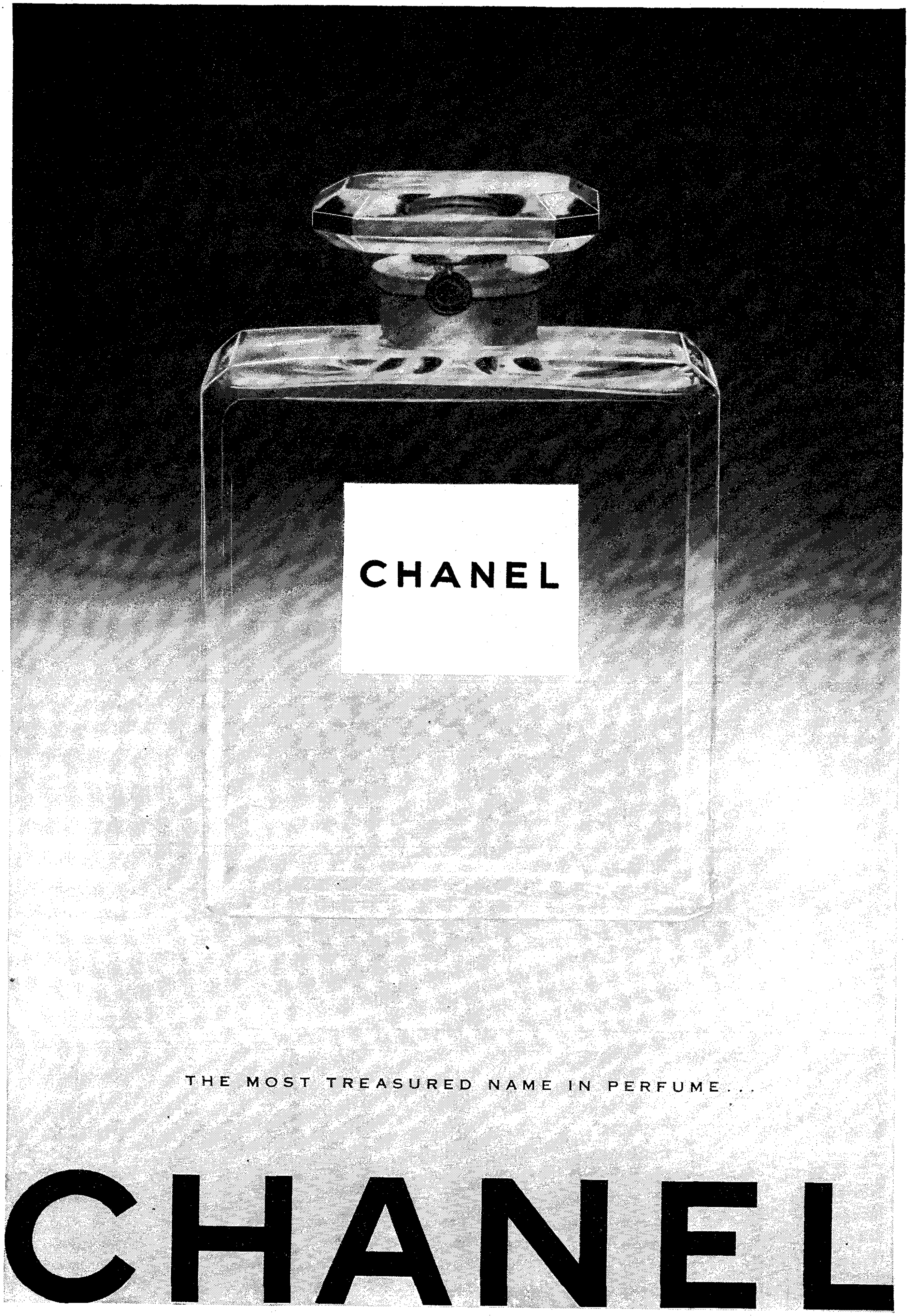

CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...
CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tury, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Opening night at 8:15; other nights, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Shows—"Ice Follies of 1945," produced by Ed Shipstad and Oscar Johnson. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6800. Nightly, beginning Tues., Nov. 21, at 8:30.) . . . "Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 23-24, at 2:40.)

Variety Show—The Child Study Association presenting its annual show, with Clifton Fadiman as master of ceremonies and such entertainers as Paul Draper, Burl Ives, and Jimmy Savo: Tues., Nov. 21, at 9 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call CI 7-7780.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and a musical revue with Jerry, the puppet: Sat., Nov. 18 and 25, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.) . . . The Heckscher Children's Theatre presenting "Mary Poppins" and "Snickerty Nick," Fri. and Sat., Nov. 24-25, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.) . . . The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre presenting "The Prince's Secret," Sat., Nov. 25, at 10:30 A.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park at 68. For tickets, call BU 8-4869.)

BALLET

Ballet International—Tentative programs—"Constantia," "Prince Gudal's Festival," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 16. . . . "Memories," "Prince Gudal's Festival," and "Sebastian," Fri. Eve., Nov. 17. . . . "Constantia," "Bolero," and "Brahms Variations," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 18. . . . "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Prince Gudal's Festival," and "Memories," Sun. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 19, and Tues. Eve., Nov. 21. . . . "Swan Lake," "The Mute Wife," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Wed. Eve., Nov. 22. . . . "Bolero," "The Mute Wife," and "Brahms Variations," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23. . . . "The Mute Wife," "Sebastian," and "Prince Gudal's Festival," Fri. Eve., Nov. 24. . . . "The Mute Wife," "Brahms Variations," and "Sebastian," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 25. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in the serene and spacious Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Joan Hyldoft, pink and beautiful, surrounded by a lot of ice show. Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; i.e., why ever go home?

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra, solid folk songs by Josh White, and solid piano playing by Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Down among the sweltering palms, with Joe E. Lewis outtalking a rather incoherent floor show. Enric Madriguera's and Joel Harron's orchestras. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Adrian Rollini Trio and Choo Choo Johnson.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward, mostly to the music of Eddie Davis's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers Hildegarde, singing and prancing (not always in the order named), and the genteel but cheerful music of Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has Fred Miller's orchestra and, through Wed., Nov. 22, a little virtuoso work by John Sebastian and his harmonica. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Tommy Dowd, the engagingly comic magician, and Dorothy Shay, who sings neatly; a couple of orchestras play for dancing.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by some fairly lush dance music. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, after the theatre, there is Frank Sinatra, the little shepherd, ministering to a rather different flock. Mischa Borr's band is on hand then, too, as well as Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, which is around all evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey operating with both humor and malice aforethought, and Cedric Wallace's trio and Day, Dawn, and Dusk to help out. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and merry music by Maxine Sullivan, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Ted Hunter providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. in a highly decorative setting. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; George Morris's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske (at the supper hour), looking quite pleased at his naughtiness, and a show full of tasty show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Lee Castle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): big and noisy, but with Rosario and Antonio in the show.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air. . . . **pied piper**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's nimble band, which includes Wilbur de Paris, and fine piano playing by Willie the Lion Smith; dancing. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Hot Lips Page, Stuff Smith's trio, and Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's full-blown clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp to keep your feet warm. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): vivid sound effects by Slam Stewart's trio and Eddie Heywood's orchestra. . . . **downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band and a trio made up of Trummie Young, Herbie Fields, and Tiny Grimes at work. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

Allied Artists of America—Oils, water colors, and sculpture in the thirty-first annual show: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 26.

The Blue Four—Work by a group of non-Germans who were active in Germany after the last war—Feininger, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and Klee: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—European paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from the permanent collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Eugène Delacroix—Paintings and drawings; a benefit for the Quaker Emergency Service: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Drawings—At the **durlacher**, 11 E. 57: the annual exhibition of work by masters of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **schaeffer**, 61 E. 57: masters of the thirteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Europeans—At the **67 gallery**, 67 E. 57: twenty moderns, including Utrillo, Chirico, and Lipchitz. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: paintings by Braque, Picasso, and Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Philip Evergood—Twelve oils: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Ernest Fiene—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Peter Grippe—Sculpture and drawings, small and semi-abstract: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Groups—At the **brandt**, 15 E. 57: thirty paintings by thirty artists, including Paul Mommer, Adolph Gottlieb, Ossip Zadkine, and William Hayter. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18. . . . **clay club**, 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim Gross, and José de Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Carl Holty—Large abstract paintings: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Rudolf Jacobi—Recent oils: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 17.

Käthe Kollwitz—A large show of black-and-whites: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Walter Kuhn—More clowns, some still lifes, and landscapes: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Chet La More—Abstract paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

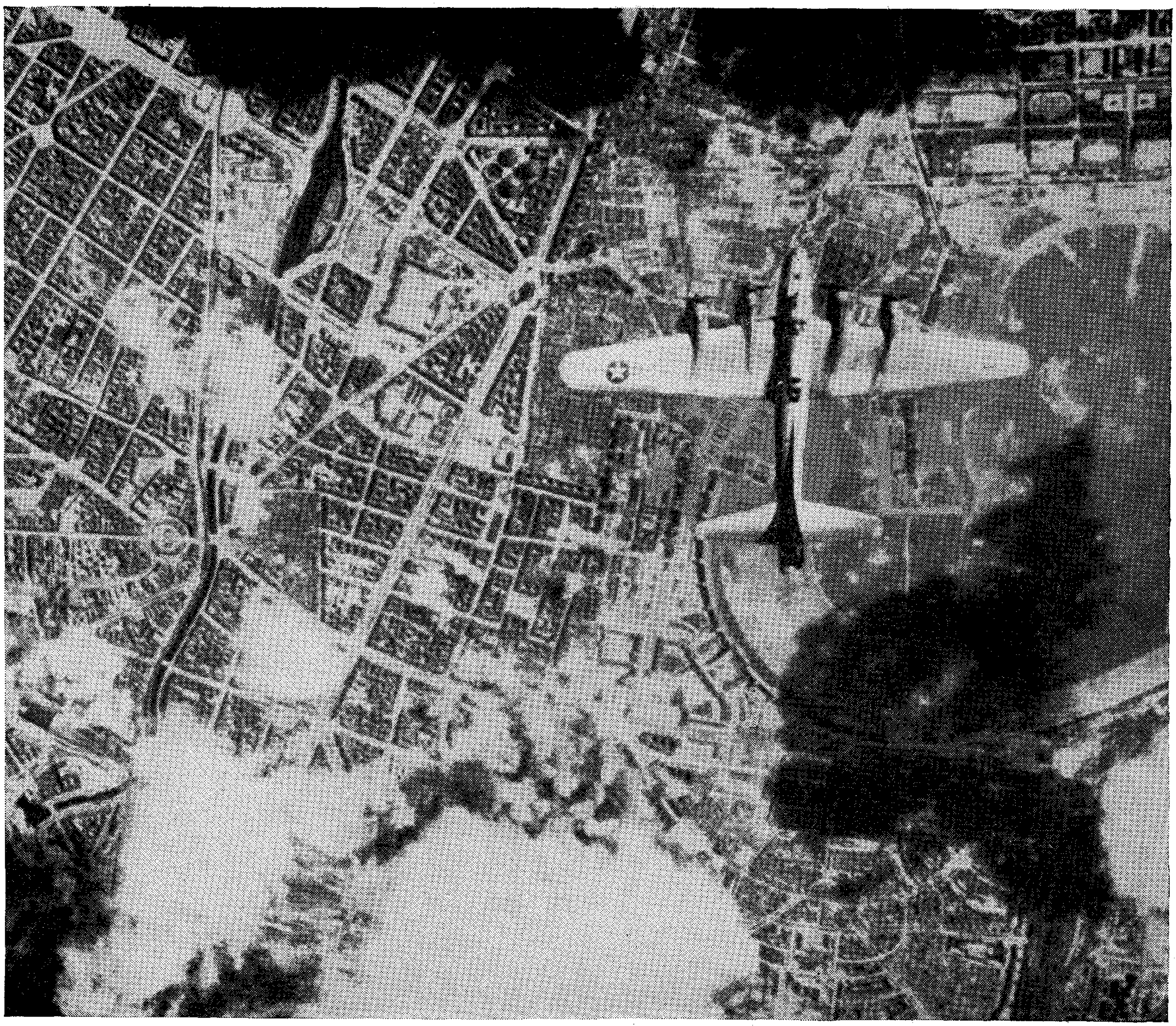
Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Modigliani and Pascin—At the **kleemann**, 65 E. 57: oils and drawings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **american british art center**, 44 W. 56: a loan show of drawings and paintings by Modigliani. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large showing of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley (through Jan. 14); also, about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Sun., Nov. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and a good many others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—A good-will exhibition, sent here from Great Britain, of painting, sculpture, and black-and-whites by contemporary artists; sponsored by



Tempelhof Airdrome, Berlin, above, during Fortress bombardment. Official OWI photograph.

"Bull's-eye"

There, below you, is Berlin. A sprawling metropolis, spread like a rug at your feet. But your target isn't Berlin. It's a fraction of a square inch in the over-all mosaic—the hangars and fighter planes of Tempelhof Airdrome.

You are bombardier of the lead ship in a formation of Boeing Flying Fortresses. The flak has been bad all the way in, but you've forgotten it, intent on your job. You've taken over now, guiding the Fort straight and true on her bombing run. The tiny patch of earth you're aiming at is clear in your bombsight. Your fingers do their work at the right split second. "Bombs away!"

THAT SCENE, repeated thousands of times, by thousands of Army Air Force crews over pin-point targets in German-held Europe, paved the way for the greatest invasion of all military history by destroying much of the enemy's ability to wage war.

Such strategic bombing was pioneered by the U. S. Army Air Forces. Key to its success was the ability to *hit the target*. This required daylight operation with the American precision bombsight—which, in turn, required an airplane capable of *reaching the target* in daylight, through intense opposition, and getting back again.

It was the Boeing Flying Fortress which made it possible for the Allies to begin this operation in 1942, and to continue it consistently since that time.

Today the same program is being carried out against Japan . . . by the huge new Boeing B-29 Superfortresses, which carry a heavier bomb load farther, faster and higher than any planes ever have before. The Flying Fortresses and Superfortresses are Boeing's effort to give American airmen the best possible weapons for accomplishing their difficult and hazardous missions.

Soundly and honestly designed, engineered and manufactured, Boeing products have always done more than was expected of them. Tomorrow, as today, any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

Artists for Victory; also, the annual show by the Society of American Etchers. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Newark Museum, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—A huge collection of paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Patricia Phillips—Recent oils and water colors: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Picasso—Color reproductions of sixteen paintings done between 1939 and 1943: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Henry Varnum Poor—Drawings, paintings, and water colors: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Maurice Prendergast—Paintings and water colors of France: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

Romantic American—Nineteenth-century landscapes in the usual manner: John Levy, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Ben Shahn—Paintings in tempera: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Harold Sterner—A Surrealist painter with a humorous eye and a bent for architecture, usually Italian: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Jefferson Tester—New York street scenes and a few of California: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Turko Trajan—A selection from twenty years of the sculptor's work: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American painting. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

Marguerite Zorach—Oils which couple American realism with some of the manners of modern European painting: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Nov. 16, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 19, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Nov. 23, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Nov. 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Kerstin Thorborg, contralto; and Charles Kullman, tenor; Nov. 16, 17, and 19; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; and Edward Steuermann, piano, Nov. 23-24.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Nov. 18, at 11 A.M.

New York City Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting. Mon., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Nov. 21, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall: Sat., Nov. 18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., Nov. 17, at 8:30 P.M.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy and Virgil Thomson conducting; soloist, Nathan Milstein, violin. Tues., Nov. 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York City Center Opera—"Manon Lescaut," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 16. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Nov. 17, Tues. Eve., Nov. 21, and Fri. Eve., Nov. 24. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Aft., Nov. 18, Wed. Eve., Nov. 22, and Sat. Eve., Nov. 25. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Nov. 18, and Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Aft., Nov. 19, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 25. . . . "Tosca," Sun. Eve., Nov. 19. . . . Program to be announced, Thurs. Aft., Nov. 23. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

Janet Fairbank—Soprano. Thurs., Nov. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Lea Karina and Isidor Achron—Mezzo-soprano and piano. Fri., Nov. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Ballad singer. Sat., Nov. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Grace Moore—Soprano. Sat., Nov. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

Jan Smeterlin—Piano; the first of a series of Chopin recitals. Sun., Nov. 19, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—Albeneri String Trio, assisted by Martial Singher, baritone. Sun., Nov. 19, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Wanda Landowska—Harpsichord. Sun., Nov. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. Sun., Nov. 19, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Isa Kremer—Folk singer. Sun., Nov. 19, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Dorothy Minty—Violin. Mon., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano. Mon., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Adolf Busch Chamber Music Players—The first of two concerts of Bach's Brandenburg Concerti. Fri., Nov. 24, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Fritz Kreisler—Violin. Sat., Nov. 25, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. Sat., Nov. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Johnny Greco vs. Bobby Ruffin, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 17. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Football—College games, at Baker Field: Columbia vs. Brown, Sat., Nov. 18, at 2:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Dartmouth, Sat., Nov. 25, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Green Bay, Polo Grounds, Sun., Nov. 19, at 2:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 18; and Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Nov. 19; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Nov. 19, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: daily life in a Japanese-American Relocation Center, shown in a series of photographs by Ansel Adams. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Dec. 3. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Autograph manuscripts of American authors, including Poe's "Annabel Lee," Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and preliminary drafts of Whitman's "Ode to Washington." Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

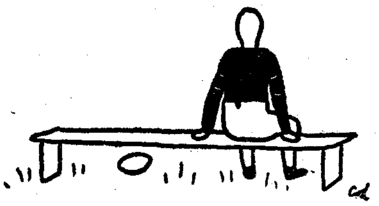
Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Etchings and engravings by old and modern masters, owned by Oliver B. James and others: Thurs., Nov. 16, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Arms and armor owned by Philip Rhinelander II and others: Fri., Nov. 17, at 2 P.M. . . . Eighteenth-century English portraits by such artists as Hoppner, Romney, Raeburn, and Lawrence, owned by the late Edward T. Stotesbury: Sat., Nov. 18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Paintings by Renoir, Pissarro, Vlaminck, and other modern French artists, from the collection of Pincus S. Brenner: Wed., Nov. 22, at 8:15 P.M.

Notes—The Sixth War Loan Drive will begin on Mon., Nov. 20. On the preceding day there will be a parade of service men and women and military equipment which will start at Fifth Ave. and 26th St., at 1:30 P.M., and proceed north to 58th St.

The Post Office Department urges that Christmas gifts be mailed not later than Dec. 1.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Nov. 19, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting: Mon., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC; and Tues., Nov. 21, at 6:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Nov. 18 and 25, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Nov. 18 and 25, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 19, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Nov. 19, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Nov. 18 and 25, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: "Tosca," Sun., Nov. 19, at 8:15 P.M.; "The Gypsy Baron," Wed., Nov. 22, at 8:15 P.M.; WNYC. . . . George Copeland, piano, Sun., Nov. 19, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 19, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.



Sports—Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Bobby Ruffin, Fri., Nov. 17, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football, Sat., Nov. 18: Pennsylvania vs. Army, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Columbia vs. Brown, at 2:15 P.M., WMCA.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer (from Paris), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe (from Europe), Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Pretty much as funny as ever. Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, plus the most important members of the original cast. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Nov. 17. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Nov. 22. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Fri., Nov. 18-24. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Sat., Nov. 18-25. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19-20.)

Dangerous Journey—There is much familiar stuff in this travelogue of prewar Africa, India, and Burma, but it hangs together nicely. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 17-20. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 21-23.)

Double Indemnity—James Cain's melodrama of murder for insurance, not too much softened in the filming. With Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Nov. 22.)

Dragon Seed—Lavish but honest tribute to China's courage in war, with Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and Akim Tamiroff performing stoutly in fancy dress. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Nov. 17. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Nov. 18. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 19-22.)

48 Hours—An ingenious piece of British self-torture about what might have happened if German parachutists had landed in an English village. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and others. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 17-20.)

Hail the Conquering Hero—The Preston Sturges story of a bogus Marine hero in his home town. Very amusing, with Eddie Bracken, William Demarest, Freddie Steele, and Raymond Walburn. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 19-21.)

The Hitler Gang—Hitler and his gang portrayed, with surprising authenticity, by Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and others. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20.)

The Impatient Years—Nice light report on the woes of a war bride. Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Nov. 18. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Nov. 20.)

Irish Eyes Are Smiling—Very routine musical, except for admirers of high corn as presented in the songs of the late Ernest R. Ball. With Dick Haymes, June Haver, and Monty Woolley. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

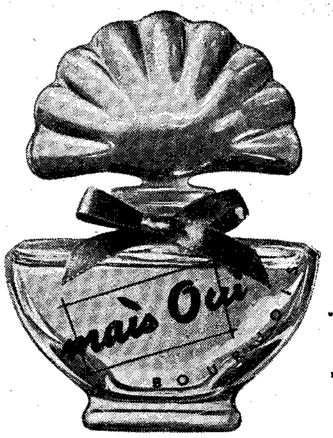
Kismet—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich looking handsome and lighthearted in a riot of Technicolor in old Bagdad. No significance attempted and none gained. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Master Race—George Coulouris and Stanley Ridges have the major rôles, but the minor ones are better, in this quick and not too convincing peek at Nazi plans for postwar Europe. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs., Nov. 16.)

Mrs. Parkington—Hollywood and Louis Bromfield give three cheers for a robber baron of American industry. With Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Nov. 22.)

The Pearl of Death—Mildly engaging item in the Holmes-Watson adventure cycle of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, with the usual deviations from the gospel according to Doyle. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 22-23.)

The Rainbow—Russian film dealing quietly and powerfully with German oppression in the



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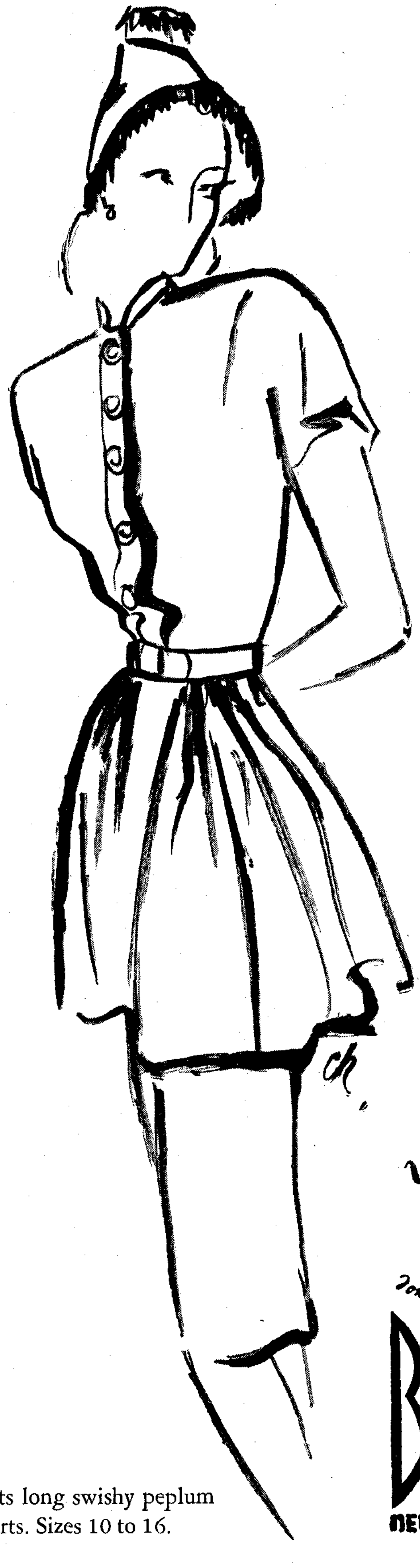

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Since You Went Away—Claudette Colbert, Monty Woolley, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and other stars take turns protecting the wartime home with tears by Selznick in their eyes. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Nov. 22.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—The heroism of the Navy doctor on Java. The story has been handled ponderously, but a good deal of the drama of the doctor's actual achievement survives. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Nov. 22. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., Nov. 18-22. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 20-22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 21-25.)

Thunder Rock—Smooth British repair job on a fantasy which creaked on the stage here. Michael Redgrave and others. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Nov. 23.)

To Have and Have Not—Humphrey Bogart, well supported, in an adventure story of Vichy rule in the West Indies. Remotely derived from the book by Hemingway. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Wilson—Isolationism's famous victim is treated with reverent speed, and in Technicolor, by producer Zanuck and a huge cast led by Alexander Knox. Sketchy history but a good show. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Nov. 16. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Nov. 17. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Nov. 22. . . . Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Wing and a Prayer—This story of carrier fighting in the Pacific is plainly but stirringly told, with Charles Bickford, Don Ameche, and other performers (all male) doing their stuff with commendable restraint. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Nov. 16. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Nov. 17. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 17-19. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 17-20. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 22-23.)

REVIVALS

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Nov. 24.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Nov. 16.)

Gaslight (1944)—The hair-raiser known on the stage as "Angel Street." Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, and Joseph Cotten. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Nov. 17.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in a musical with Cole Porter songs. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Nov. 24.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, and Jerome Kern music. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 20-21.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22.)

In Old Chicago (1938)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22.)

Pot o' Gold (1941)—Paulette Goddard and James Stewart in a comedy now called "Jimmy Steps Out." (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Nov. 20.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 18.)

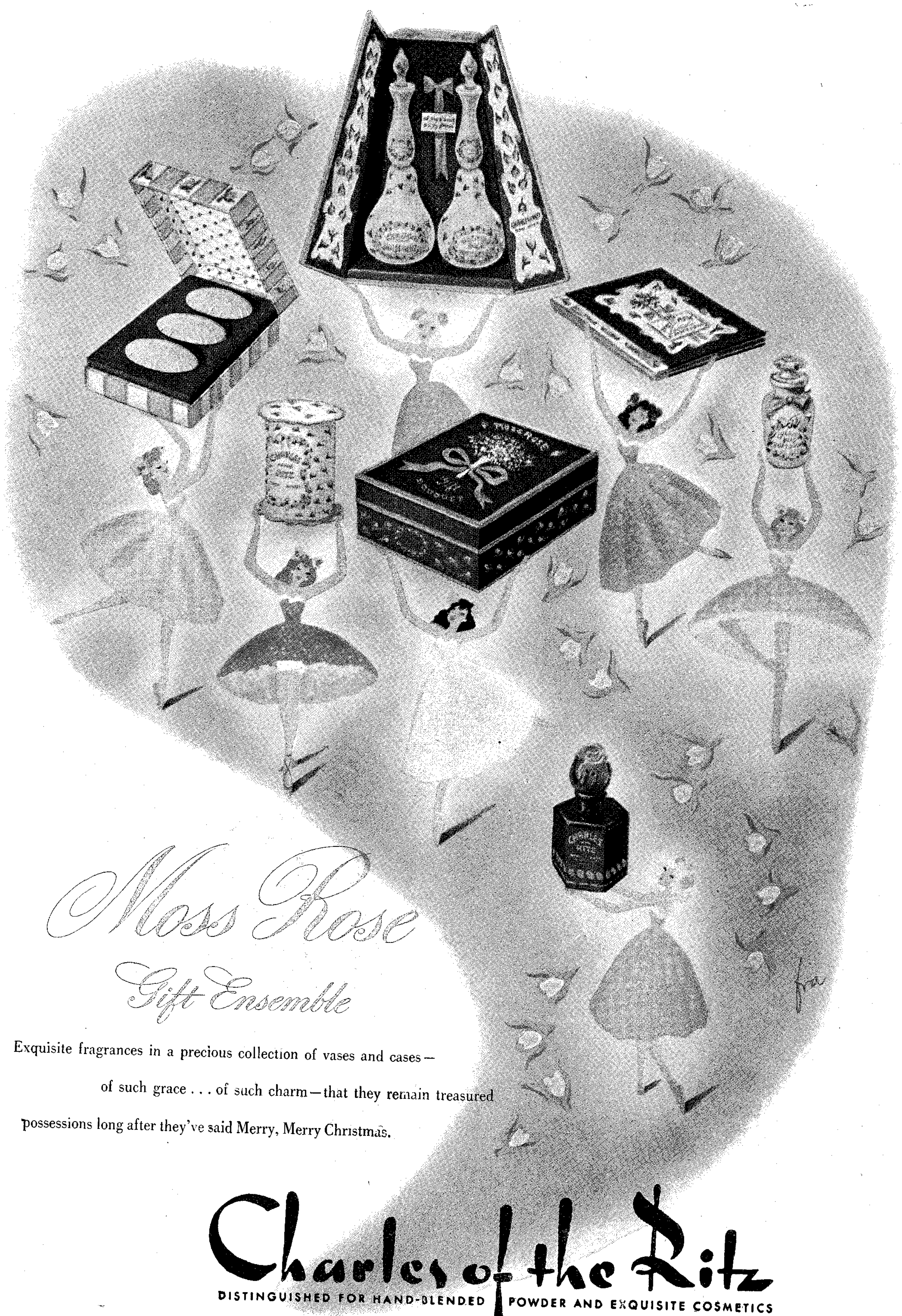
Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—Hitchcock film about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, and Macdonald Carey. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Nov. 18.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat., Nov. 18.)

This Is the Army (1943)—Irving Berlin's soldier show, with a cast of soldiers, Hollywood civilians, and Irving Berlin. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Thurs., Nov. 16.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye in the Army. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2 and 4:30 P.M.; and Thanksgiving Day



Moss Rose

Gift Ensemble

Exquisite fragrances in a precious collection of vases and cases—
of such grace . . . of such charm—that they remain treasured
possessions long after they've said Merry, Merry Christmas.

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

INSPIRATION FOR FALL...

Sports Ensemble by Henri Bendel

INSPIRATION FOR ALL... *Panorama of significant national and international affairs . . . procession of brilliant fiction and fun . . . focal point of the business scene . . . mirror of war's drama . . . The Saturday Evening Post is considered an essential part of living by the alert of all ages.*

at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: **THROUGH SUN., NOV. 19:** "The Good Earth" (1937), with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer.... **FROM MON., NOV. 20:** "Sierra de Teruel" (1938), documentary film of the Spanish civil war, directed by André Malraux.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work nine hours a week in Department of Health clinics, assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores.... **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two half days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. (For nurses' aide work, apply at 401 5 Ave., at 37).... **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army, Navy, and foreign relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias.... **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least three daytime hours, twice a week, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and libraries; men to work in hospitals one or two evenings a week at various necessary jobs.

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign will begin on Mon., Nov. 20, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) are recruiting volunteers who can work daytimes or evenings, once or twice a week, canvassing, working in Bond booths, or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

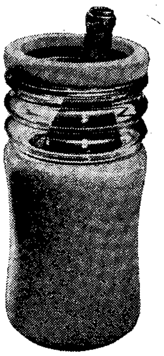
SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment.... The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8).... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small games, radios, records, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33). The last two have also issued an appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, playing cards, and other items for Christmas kits for service men.... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). ... Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals. The Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370) will pick up and distribute contributions.... The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100), is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to Greece. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 420 E. 54.

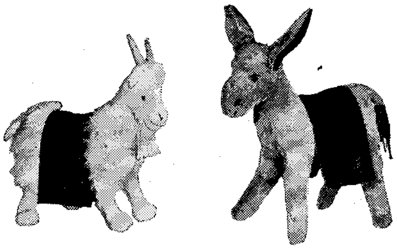
A&F
THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

THE 1944 CHRISTMAS TRAIL
"The gift shop in a book"

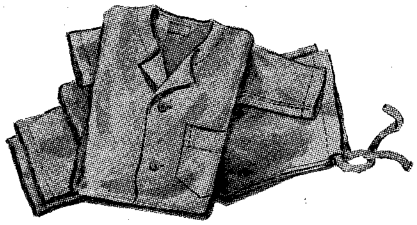
Write or phone for this book of Christmas gifts which contains a wealth of merchandise especially suitable for men, women and children who love outdoor life and sport.



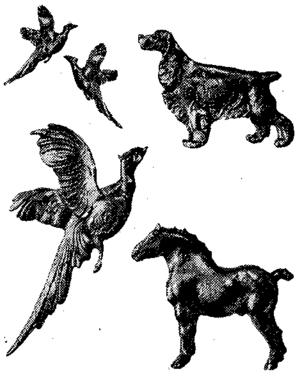
FARENHEITOR COOLER . . $22.00
Cools soda, wine or beer 39 degrees in ten minutes by using ice, salt and water. Modern cork and glass design.



MUSICAL MASCOTS . . each, $8.50
Army Mule plays "Stars and Stripes Forever." Navy Goat renders a spirited "Anchors Aweigh."



MEN'S FLANNEL PAJAMAS . $12.00
Warm, sleeping pajamas of light-weight wool and rayon. Colors: canary, tan, blue or cream.



SILVER LAPEL PINS . . each, $18.00
Sterling silver. Designed and hand-chased by Cini exclusively for us. Well executed likenesses of Pheasant, Cocker and Percheron.
Pheasant Earrings with clips . $12.00
20% Federal Excise Tax included

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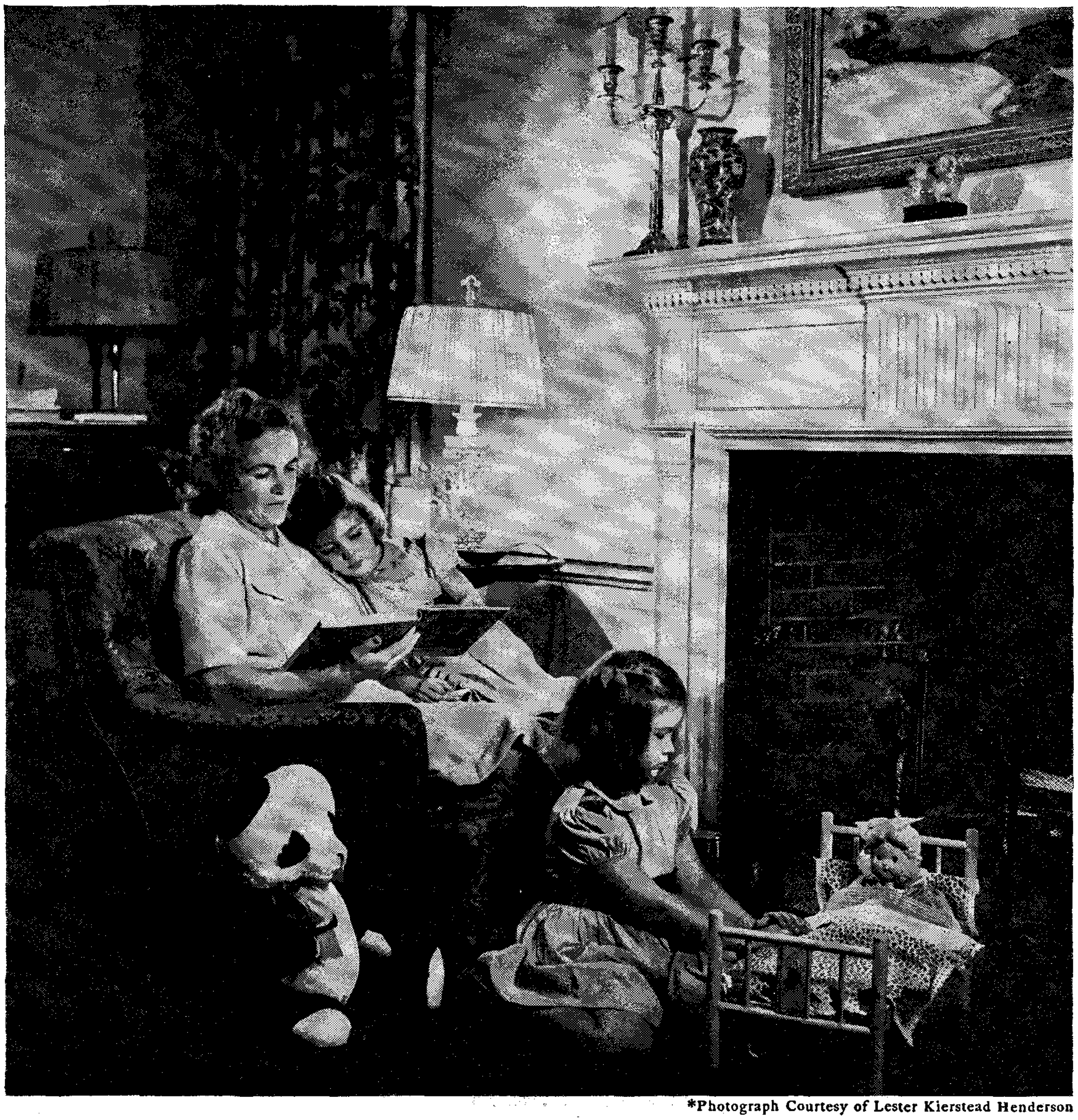


*Photograph Courtesy of Lester Kierstead Henderson

Certainly, Many of Our Toys are *Not* SCHWARZ Grade!

How can they be when we can't put steel axles on a toy wagon, or a metal barrel on a gun, or soft resilient kapok stuffing in a cuddly little animal or doll? How can we have fine scientific sets without fine lenses for microscopes, or chemistry sets minus many chemicals?

So! Shall we have no toys? Shall we refuse to make, or buy, or sell anything that doesn't match our pre-war standards? We know children too well for that. They generously said good-bye to precious priority materials and metals for the duration, long ago. But they would like the best toys that substitutes can provide—and these we are getting for them.

Leading toy makers, who have worked closely with SCHWARZ for years have cooperated loyally to give us the best toys they can produce. But even substitute materials are hard to come by and the critical manpower and machinery shortages have cut output to a minimum.

Another thing! We used to pride ourselves on the way we packed your orders. Now some of our packing is not up to standard—your toys may reach you in reclaimed cartons—you may find less padding for we are limited as to what we can use, and justifiably so, by government regulations.

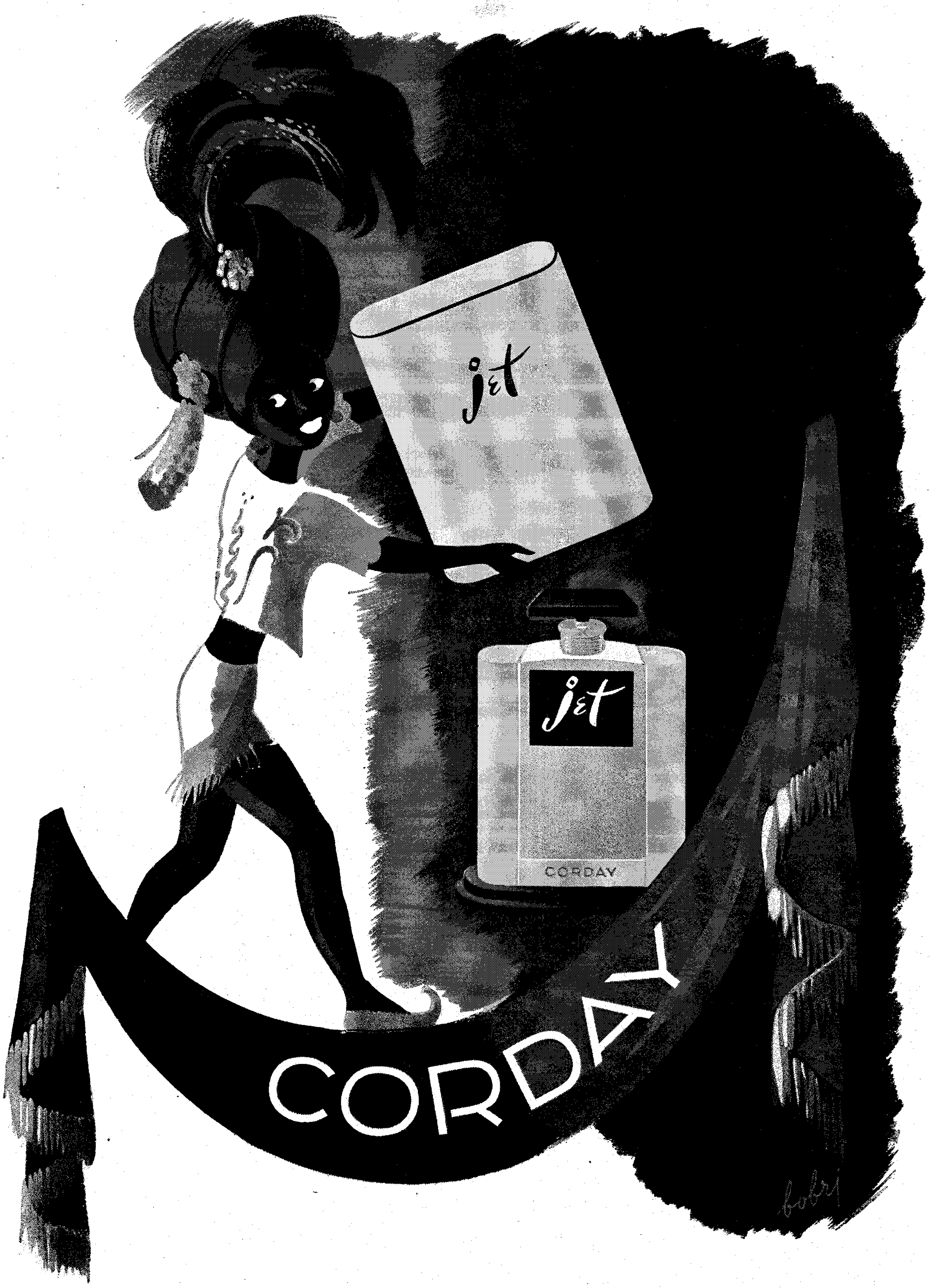
And not all of our service now is prompt service. We simply can't get enough help to maintain the standard you have heretofore enjoyed.

So here we are, America's oldest and biggest toy shop, on the threshold of Christmas 1944, doing the best we can under trying conditions. But with total victory brightly close, we look forward to getting our 1A materials out of khaki and blue in time for Christmas, 1945. Then we hope to have enough toys for everyone—the quality of toys you have for so long associated with the name F. A. O. SCHWARZ. And that will be a better Christmas, a merrier Christmas and a happier Christmas for our children, who gave up their toys to help make it so.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

*% F. A. O. SCHWARZ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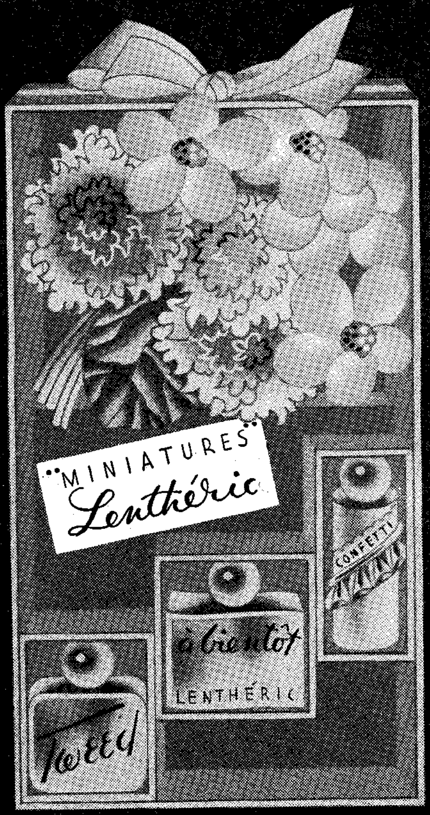
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freshets of swirling scent . . . dram-size dew drops sparkling against a spring of pastel posies. A trio of celebrated fragrances . . . $4.40 plus tax.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ORACULAR NOTE: The New Order still has nine hundred and eighty-nine years to go, and our prediction for this week is that it will never make it.

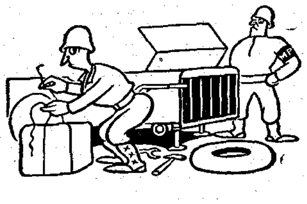
WE consider it reasonable for animals to take it for granted that they deserve higher incomes and improved living standards along with the rest of us, and we didn't wrinkle an eyebrow when we were told that a fifty-thousand-dollar building in the Bronx had been turned into a quarantine house for dogs and that it had private rooms with hot and cold running water, or when we read that a cat in Dedham, Massachusetts, had come into forty thousand dollars. Large bequests are frequently made to pets, of course. We once even heard of an old geezer who left his whole estate to a box elder. When we read of a dog in Wisconsin *leaving* thirty thousand dollars, we did wrinkle an eyebrow, though, and when we read the will, which was signed Fido, we wrinkled all over. "To such dogs as are sick and in need I leave my entire estate, without specifying to the last comma just how this shall be done," it says. ". . . If anybody I knew and loved wants the $30,000 or any part of it and is in need of it, I make no protest. . . . I name no trustees or executors, as a dog has too much faith and confidence in the honesty and good will of the human race . . ."

We have no means of knowing to what extent the deceased was coached in the preparation of this document, but even a dog should have better sense than to leave behind a testament so flexible. We can already see it being assaulted in probate: one lawyer holding forth for a neighbor-lady's cat who "knew and loved" the deceased and wants the whole thirty thousand; another lawyer trying to break the will for *his* client, a seedy creature apparently half Airedale, half Chesapeake Bay retriever, claiming to be closest of kin; the courtroom cluttered with plaintiffs with claims for holes dug in lawns, for gardens ravaged, for rugs torn, with pooches and their counsel alleging varying degrees of consanguinity to the deceased. It will be a field day for the lawyers, who are a cinch to wind up with at least twenty-seven of those thirty grand. It's as neat a proposition as could be imagined, on a small scale. Somebody ought to have taken Fido out and shot him intestate.

LIKE so many other features of civilian life, crime seems to be getting more arbitrary and whimsical. One new trend we have observed is an odd selectivity among certain thieves. Two purse snatchers in Rochester, for example, took a woman's handbag containing $3,003 in cash and a $75 diamond ring, extracted the odd three dollars, and threw the purse away. Some car thieves in Salt Lake City stripped a man's car of fog lights, mirror, ashtray, gearshift knob, cigarette lighter, seat covers, and gas-tank cap, but didn't go near the tires. A thief broke into a bar in Brooklyn and stole a bottle of pennies collected to send Christmas cigarettes to service men but left the liquor untouched.

By way of balancing this thoughtfulness, a number of thieves seem to have been going all out. There were the footpads in Carlinville, Illinois, who held up a woman, found she had only twenty cents, and then took not only the money but her cough drops. Even meaner than these thieves were a pair in Los Angeles who helped a man to his feet after he had slipped on an orange peel and in so doing lifted his wallet.

Criminals certainly appear to be growing wittier, more ingenious, and more ambitious. A man in Los Angeles stole a friend's car and left a note saying, "I am going to San Diego. I wish you a happy birthday." A man in Chattanooga paid a police fine with a counterfeit half dollar, and a man in Vicksburg, Mississippi, stole a fifty-five-passenger bus from the bus terminal. A soldier in Italy tried to send a jeep home part by part and was caught only when he had got as far along as the carburetor. In New York a fugitive thief hid out by becoming a rookie patrolman in the Police Academy, and a quartet of purse snatchers on Long Island turned out to be deaf-mutes who plotted their crimes in sign language. In Wilkes-Barre the police phoned a man that his stolen automobile had been recovered and that he could pick it up in front of the police station, but by the time he got there it had been stolen again.



IN "Lady in the Dark," which brought the musical-comedy audience abreast of current developments in psychiatry, there was a lady fashion-magazine editor who displayed various symptoms of abulia, among them inability to choose between two cover designs submitted for the next issue. We were reminded of this last week when we saw copies of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* on the newsstands with the same cover design—that is, the same idea, executed independently, and certainly innocently, by different people. You could pay your money for *Harper's Bazaar* or for *Vogue*, but there wasn't any choice; both covers showed a large green eye, a right eye with rather gruesomely distinct cilia and supercilia, and the right half of a heavily lipsticked mouth. That this idea would hardly appeal to anybody except a fashion-magazine editor is beside the point. The point is, what's going to happen to the mental processes of the rival editors, each of whom must now mistrust all her ideas? Our prognosis is "Lady in the Dark" trouble; the inevitable day will come when the two editors will meet face to face in the waiting room of the same analyst.

Lavender and Old Ballots

IT'S already hard to recapture the mood of last week's election, but we intend to try, as an exercise in historical perspective. Beginning half an hour before the polls were to close, we made some rather minute observations at a polling place in the Silk Stocking District. We fell into conversation with a precinct captain, a Mr. Hyman, who modestly admitted that, now we had mentioned it, maybe he *did* look like the Mayor. He told us that all had gone smoothly—no complaints, no challenges. He didn't expect many more votes. "No one works late in this neighborhood, and they've mostly all voted," he said. "It's just a matter of waiting around until nine o'clock. Then we can smoke." He pulled a large, political-looking cigar from his vest pocket and inspected it lovingly. We went over to where a policeman was guarding a small, locked box. "All from service men," he told us. "They'll be counted after the regular tabulation." Then he said, "Know who *I* voted for? Norman Thomas."

While waiting for nine o'clock to strike, Mr. Hyman, evidently an old hand at elections, informed us that party workers at the polls got four dollars a night for registration, eleven dollars for the full-day Saturday registration, and fifteen dollars for election day. "It's worth it, too," he said. "This is a very complicated business. Take me. I myself am responsible for a registration and election-day signature copy of the register, a primary-day copy, a register of soldier voters, a public copy of the register, an identification book for registration day and another for election day, an American flag, a challenge affidavit, a challenge list, a box of leftover stationery and supplies, and a box of absentee ballots." He thought about this for a moment, then added with respect, "That's a hell of a lot of responsibility for one man." Shortly thereafter Mr. Hyman discharged another of his responsibilities by yelling, at the proper time, "Nine o'clock! Poll's closed!" He then lighted his cigar and one of the cops on duty struck the American flag. "What'll I do with this?" he asked. "Leave it to me," said Mr. Hyman. "The captain is responsible for the flag." The other workers, five women and two men, representing the two major parties, started to work on the tabulation. "The Board of Elections will make a recheck sometime within thirty days after the election," Mr. Hyman said. "Sort of silly. After all, we're all honest here."

When the back of the first machine had been unlocked, we found that the Republicans had polled two hundred and twenty votes and the Democrats only a hundred and seventy-four. However, Roosevelt had another seventy-four votes from the two minor parties. "I call that pretty stinky," said a lady worker, obviously a Republican. "If it weren't for all those extra parties, Dewey would be way ahead." The vote was proportionately the same on the second machine, and there was one lone vote for Norman Thomas. The cop gave us a significant look. After all the machines had been dealt with, the absentee vote was counted, including the soldier ballots. We observed with some interest that the armed forces had gone in to a great extent for splitting their tickets. One ballot had a big X in the Roosevelt row, so big that it trailed off into the Dewey column. "You can't tell me that poor boy wasn't trying to vote for Dewey," the lady Republican sighed. There were two voided ballots, both wrongly marked. "Look—from one of Dewey's brain trusters!" crowed a Democratic worker, holding up a voided ballot. "A legal eagle, and he can't even mark his ballot right." "I challenge you," the lady Republican said. "You can't challenge me, you can only challenge voters," he replied, somewhat smugly. "Stop squabbling," said Mr. Hyman.

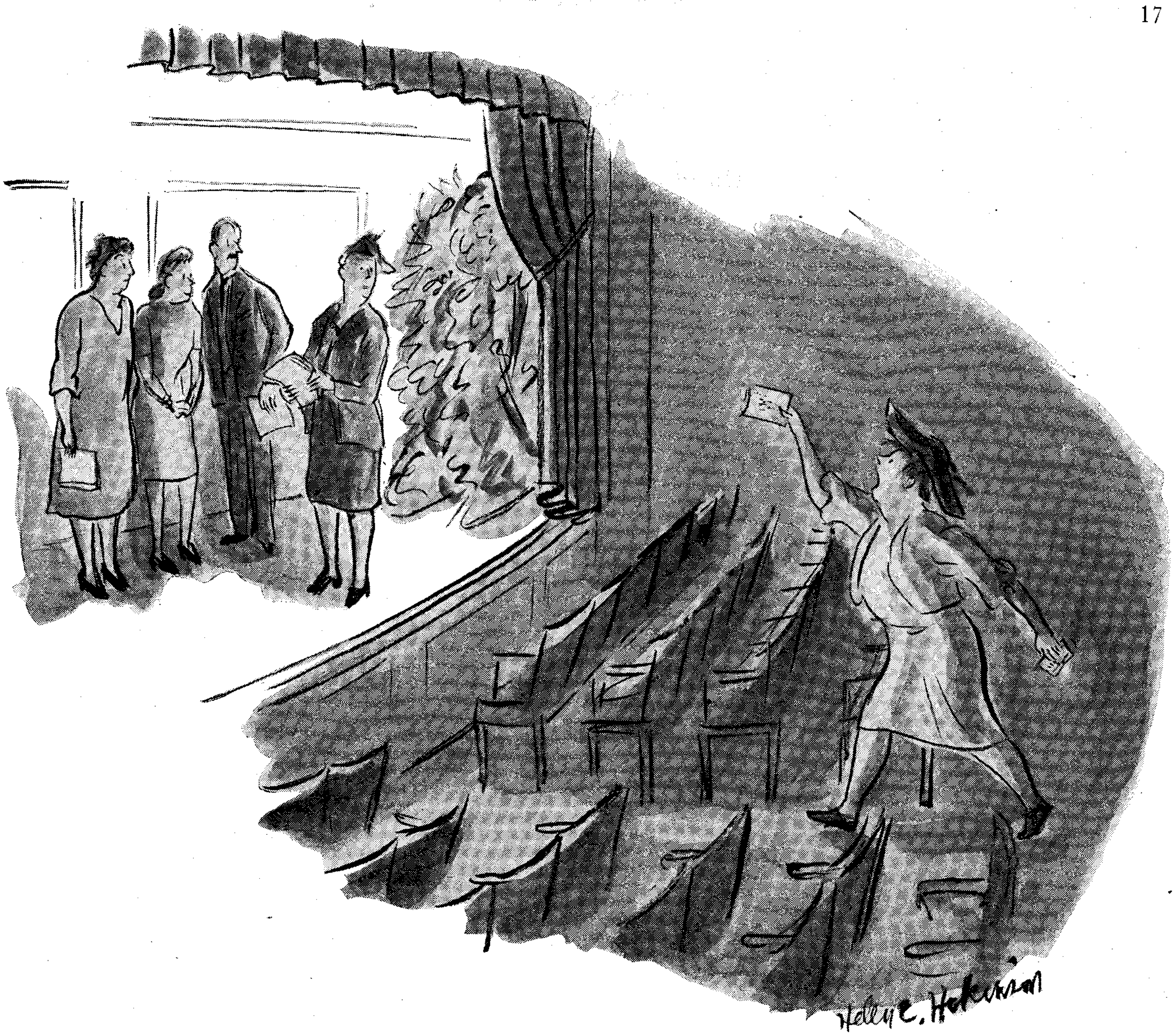
Tiny Garments

A MATRON who struck up a Pullman-car acquaintance with a war bride en route to join her husband noticed that the girl was crocheting tiny woollen bags. "They're to keep my husband's chest from getting chilled," she said. Then, as this didn't seem to clear the matter up, she added, "You know—little sweaters so he won't have to wear a chilly identification tag next to his skin."

Theory

ONE of the more earnest economists of our day, it develops, is Mr. Anthony B. Meany, owner and operator of an electrical-appliance store at Fifty-fifth Avenue and Queens Boulevard and author of a hundred-and-thirty-two-page volume entitled "America Handcuffed by Radio C-H-A-I-N-S, the Seat of Economic Depression." Last week Mr. Meany called at our office, bringing a copy of his book. "My friend," he said promptly, "America is being crippled by radio paralysis! Is it not common sense that when millions stay indoors day after day and night after night, economic inactivity inevitably follows? The radio tells us to eat, eat, eat, but the children of the nation are so busy listening they have no appetite. They tell us to drink soup, soup, soup, but only the soup of the big soupmaker, and all other soups suffer." Mr. Meany sat down. "Take hats," he said, removing his. "Hatmakers sponsor fight programs and fifty million men stay home with their hats *off!* What negative and perverse business economics! Take soap—everybody listening to soap operas and nobody stepping outside to get their clothes or face dirty. Is that a way to sell soap? Have you ever heard of anything like it?" We said no, we hadn't. "My friend," said Mr. Meany, "figures don't lie. One penny's worth of electric current toasts only twenty-four slices of bread, gives only one hour and fifty-three minutes' illumination from a hundred-watt bulb, *but it provides three hours and forty-six minutes of so-called radio enjoyment.* Taking into consideration time, talent, repairs, advertising, and so forth, the radio industry costs each American family seven dollars per year. The whole country *stays at home* for seven dollars a year! And people wonder why there's idle money! They wonder why there is no buying power!"

Mr. Meany told us that he had had no quarrel with radio until 1928, when electric radios began to be manufactured on a large scale and network programs became commonplace. At the time, he was doing nicely as sales manager of a



"Hold everything! Hold everything! Lillian Hellman wants royalties!"

• •

local vacuum-cleaner company. "Crystal sets and battery sets gave us no competition," he said, "but housewives rushed to buy electric sets when they came in and our salesmen couldn't get their feet in the door. Nobody would answer the doorbell—couldn't even hear it over the radio." In self-defense, Mr. Meany opened the store in Queens and stocked up on radios, but he has found that his heart still belongs to vacuum cleaners. He saw the depression coming, unmistakably. "Step by step," he told us, "radio dried up the active fluid money market, kept people at home, created under-consumption, unemployment, and monopoly." Mr. Meany began putting his theory into book form in 1937, and for the next five years he collected facts and wrote in his spare time. The work was privately published in 1942. Mr. Meany was born in New York City and lives in Forest Hills with his wife, two sons, and a six-tube radio. One of his sons recently joined the Navy.

"From an academic, business, and personal perspective, this thing must be solved before the end of the war," Mr. Meany said. "First, we break up the radio chains. Nothing but local stations, with a piano and band and local talent. Second, boards of higher education to investigate the radio problem and reveal the roots of economic evil. Recovery will follow. Parents will give their children money to go to the movies, and they'll go. The people of the nation will move outdoors, on wheels, with their hats on, and cosmetics and furs, and new clothing to get dirty!" A scowl crossed Mr. Meany's face. "One thing I fear," he said, "is television." He put on his hat and coat. "Perish the thought!" he said.

Temperate

AN officer on one of His Majesty's ships of war, we are told, asked one of his subordinates whether or not there was much gambling among the men. The answer he got seemed to forbid further exploration of the subject: "Only for money."

Our Own Baedeker

BEFORE the rise of Hitler, the word "Nazi," in Germany, was merely an abbreviation of "Ignatius" and a friendly term for an Austrian, used much as "George" is for Pullman porters. Germany, as the comic strips

have been telling us for generations, is quite a place for the consumption of beer. Before the last war, the average consumption per capita, counting men, women, children, invalids, and the aged, was two quarts a week. In the Middle Ages, there was a certain German convent in which each of the nuns tossed off the contents of fourteen casks a year. Bismarck could drink a bottle of beer at one gulp, but he preferred champagne. He used to say that no man should die before drinking five thousand bottles of champagne, or, for that matter, before smoking a hundred thousand cigars. Germans are traditionally fond of milk chocolate in the shapes of beetles and flies. The best German is supposed to be spoken in Hanover, and one of that city's principal exports before 1914 was governesses.

The German newspapers used to carry advertisements by facial surgeons who offered to produce artificial duelling scars. Legitimate duelling wounds were frequently rubbed with irritants by their proprietors to make sure they would stand out well after healing. A bill to legalize sodomy was introduced into the Reichstag in 1932, but it didn't pass. Germans of our grandfathers' day had a clip attached to the top button of their waistcoats, so they could hang their hats there when they weren't wearing them. At one time there were eleven thousand booksellers, two hundred and fifty printing offices, and five hundred newspapers in the city of Leipzig. German museums are organized with what used to be called Teutonic thoroughness; for instance, at the Deutsches Museum in Munich, you could push a button and watch a stuffed sea gull flap its wings. As far as we know, the only newspaper ever devoted to the doings of a single man was one published by the disciples of Wagner. Even before the Nazis, the suicide rate in Germany was high—thirty-one in a hundred thousand population. Frederick Wilhelm I, Frederick the Great's father, had a regiment of giants all over seven feet tall. He was so fond of the giants that he could deny them nothing, and finally a law had to be passed making it illegal to engage one of them to present a petition to the Emperor. The specialization of vocational training probably reached its zenith in Düsseldorf, where up to the war there was a *Fortbildungsschule*, or continuation school, that trained lads to be drivers of butchers' delivery carts.

The Wends are a picturesque class in Germany. They are an unassimilated people from Bohemia who live not far from Berlin, on the marshy plains bordering the Spree. Some of their villages can be reached only by water (or ice) and their streets are canals. In the wintertime it is not uncommon to see a whole funeral procession, including the pallbearers, solemnly skating to the cemetery. Augustus the Strong, a Saxon nobleman, had three hundred and sixty-six children, one of whom was legitimate. Before the first World War, prizefighting was unknown in Germany. The Bach family produced fifty-three musicians in seven generations. Cadets in the military school at Lichterfelde used to punish brash underclassmen by sewing buttons on their cheeks. Cologne is probably best known for eau de Cologne, which was, in the eighteenth century, sprinkled on tainted meat as a disinfectant, used as a remedy for toothache and scurvy, and administered as an antidote for poison. Germany has always had more women than men; in 1939 the surplus was two million. The German legal code covers an astonishing variety of transactions and infractions; for instance, it is illegal to hire or fire a servant without notifying the municipal authorities, or to drink out of a horse trough. The German word for hangover is *Katzenjammer*, which means, literally, "misery of the cats." The traditional German cure for it is raw herring and onions. Most of our Christmas customs, including the tree, are of German origin. Berthold Schwarz, a German monk, discovered gunpowder independently of the Chinese. The Germans were the last white people to give up the custom of human sacrifice, if they can be said to have given it up. In the Middle Ages there were ten thousand castles along the banks of the Rhine, supported by tolls from the river traffic. Between wars, the average German consumes half a ton of potatoes a year.

Flamboyant

A FELLOW having a late-morning cup of coffee in a downtown Schrafft's noticed that the counter girl was taking advantage of the lull in business to instruct a new helper. "Now, one of the things we have to do around this time, we have to take down the sign that says 'Breakfast' and put up the one that says 'Luncheon,' " she told the newcomer. "But," she added, "Margie likes to do that. She's kind of an exhibitionist."

Harvey's Friend

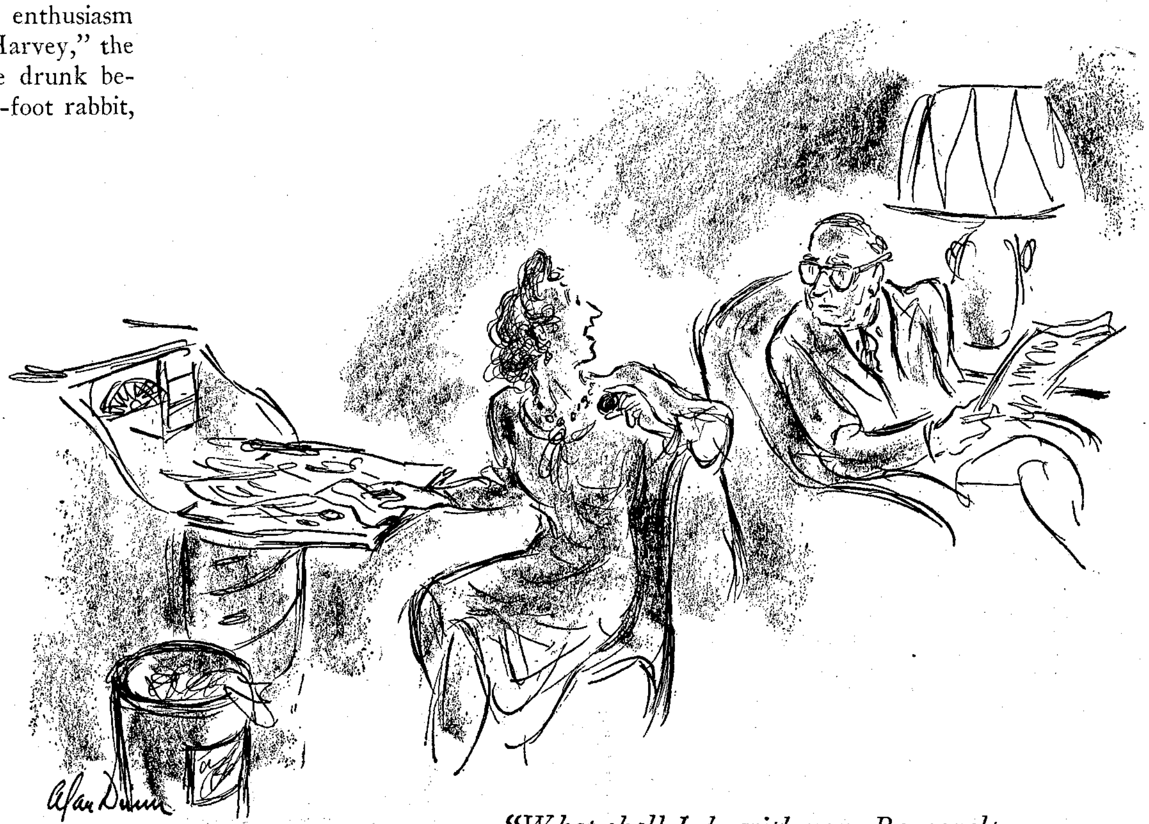
FRANK FAY, who threw the dramatic critics into a frenzy of enthusiasm over his performance in "Harvey," the new play about the gentle drunk befriended by an invisible six-foot rabbit, is now in the process of adjusting himself to the fact that he is typed for life. "As Bert Wheeler said to me after I opened in Boston," Fay told us, " 'Fay, from now on you take it with you.' From now on I am Elwood, no matter what." Elwood, we should explain, is the drunk; the rabbit has the title rôle. "I've played things like 'A Kiss in Central Park' and I've done things the ushers stayed away from—maybe five hundred and thirty-three parts in all—but from now on I'm Harvey's pal Elwood," Fay said. "Now, there are a lot of good things about Elwood—he's kind of a Christlike fellow and full of philosophy, but not so you can't stand it—but the best thing about him is he wears just one suit. I'm a fellow that's played in night clubs and worried about clean shirts and pressed tails practically all my life, but as Elwood P. Dowd you just put on any old suit you have around and go over to the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, and you got no laundry problems at all. I know actors who would trade me Hamlet for Dowd on thinking that over."

Mr. Fay has lately been approached by journalists representing *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Time*, *Life*, *Look*, *Collier's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and all nine local papers. Most of them have asked, in effect, whether his sudden success has not bowled him over. "You'd think I'd been selling oranges in Shubert Alley," he remarked in a hurt voice. "Why, I was playing Shakespeare and 'Enemy of the People' when they were playing pattycake. One thing I got to admit," he added, "nobody ever sent me live rabbits before. Greatest gag in the country today is let's go out and send Fay a live rabbit. Not to mention the stuffed ones. So far I've given most of them away to friends' children, but now I'm running out of friends' children. Of course I keep a few in my dressing room to play with. I love rabbits." Fay also likes the flavor of his fan mail. "Not that I didn't always get letters," he said sharply. "But these are kind of sweet ones—I mean, full of the spirit of the play. No strain, no stress, just kind of sweet. I mean, who would ever expect to get a sweet letter from the comptroller of the City of San Francisco?"

It is now customary to treat Fay offstage as if he were really attended by an invisible rabbit named Harvey. For instance, at four affairs where he's made formal appearances lately, including a Town Hall luncheon, there has been a place reserved for Harvey, and every night, when he gets back to his hotel, the Savoy-Plaza, there are a dozen or so messages saying "Harvey called." "Right now it's sort of interesting, but what will it be if the play runs five years?" Fay asked us. "An awful thought, but kind of lovely and awful, if you know what I mean."

Diplomacy

A LARGE lady swept into a Chinese laundry down in Chelsea, tossed onto the counter a laundered shirt with several buttons missing, and inquired what the management was going to do about it. The management shrugged his shoulders and expressed little or no interest. "Very well," said the large lady. "We will take this into consideration at the peace table."



"What shall I do with your Roosevelt button? Do you want me to put it away again?"

CONFIDENTIALLY WHOSE?

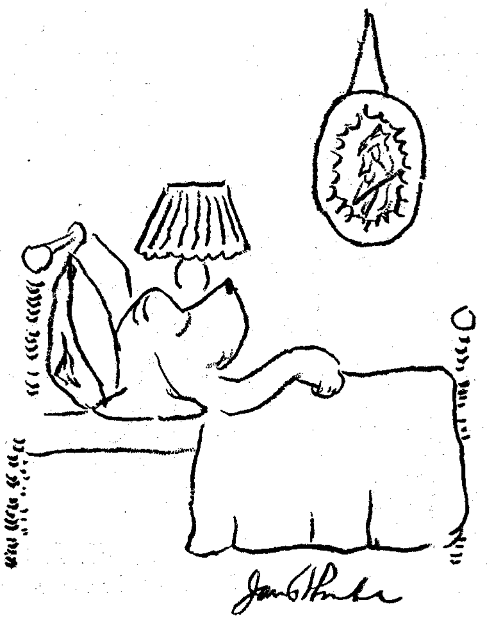
SOME take alcohol, others happy dust; myself, I go to the newsreel theatre. Thirty cents is *bubkess* these days at your neighborhood tavern or opium den, but at the Embassy, in Times Square, where I never miss a week, it buys sixty minutes of nirvana warranted free of remorse or hangover. Cradled in the warm murk, my jaw relaxed just enough so that I can breathe comfortably through the mouth and admit an occasional square of peanut candy, I float with Lowell Thomas on the magic carpet of Movietone, chuckle with Lew Lehr at chimpanzee antics, marvel with Fitzpatrick at tribal dances around Lake Titicaca. Occasionally a shot of Navy planes on patrol or Wacs at their setting-up exercises intrudes a strident note of reality, but Ripley or John Nesbitt quickly soothes me with oddities of popular science—a bungalow built entirely of bottle caps by a retired fireman in San Diego, a pet raccoon that does embroidery you wouldn't want to have in the house. Hypertension and anxiety fade. Here, for an hour at least, I hold the world at bay.

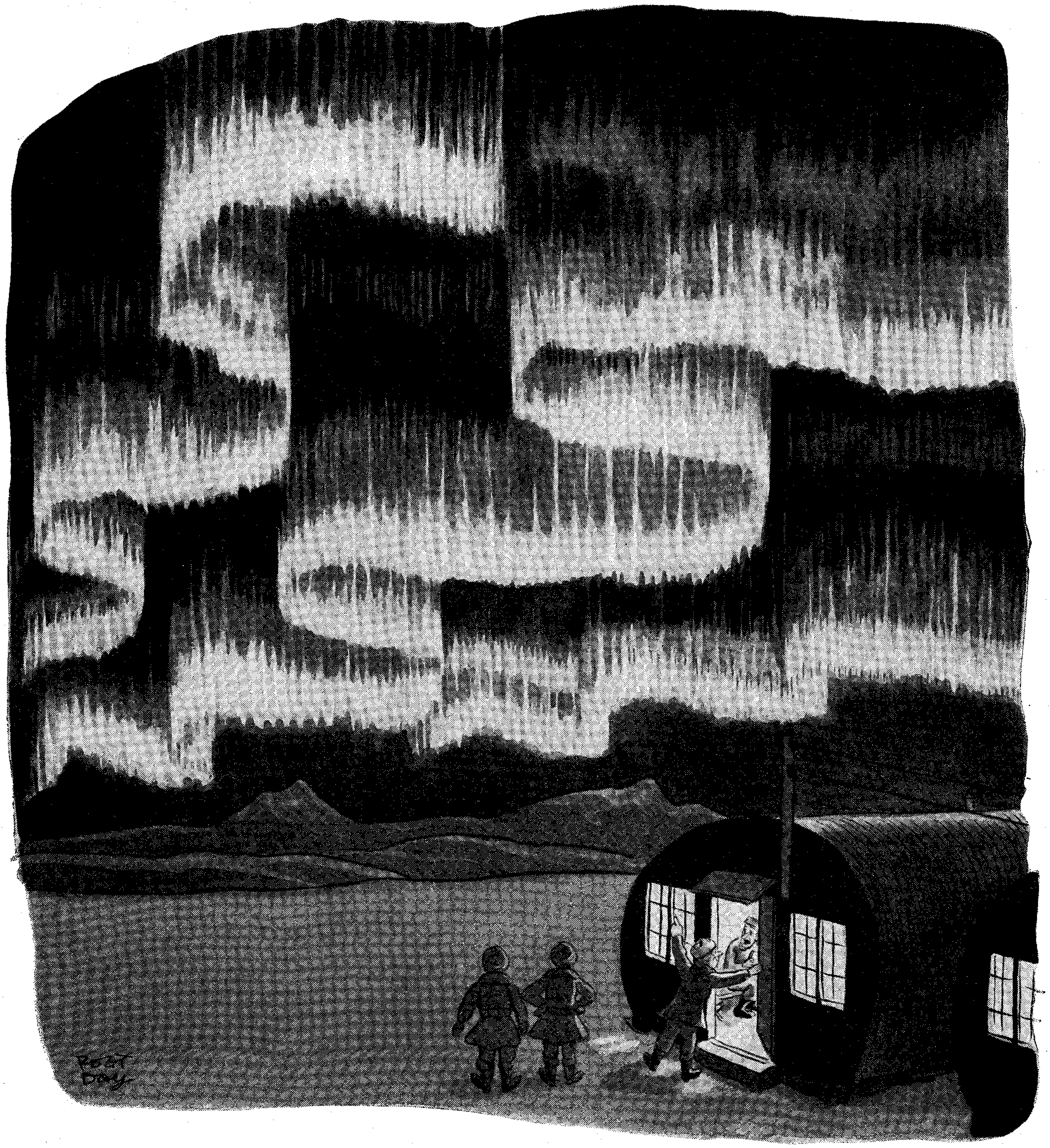
I was in this voluptuous state of analgesia the other evening when a short subject entitled "Confidentially Yours" flashed on and ultimately blew me higher than a kite. It was one of the series which usually presents Arthur Hale, Mutual Broadcasting Company's personable commentator, in his characteristic revelations of the truth behind the news. This time, however, a curt foreword indicated that for some undisclosed reason Horace Braham, the actor, would substitute for Hale. Thereupon Mr. Braham, a lean, feverish gentleman with rocket propulsion and burning eyes, materialized behind a desk and attacked his first topic, "Is Hitler Dead?" According to Braham (who failed to identify his sources, though I suspect they are pretty high up in the Lambs Club), Hitler may or may not be dead. When the celebrated bomb exploded on July 20th, it is supposed to have killed a man named Berger, who was his double. It is, of course, equally reasonable to argue that it killed Hitler and left Berger intact, which means that the present Hitler is really Berger. On the other hand, continued Braham, there had been previous attempts on Hitler's life, one of which may have been successful, and since Berger is only one of the numerous doubles Hitler is thought to have had, the real Hitler may have perished much earlier. Therefore, the man who was killed (or not killed) on July 20th was (or was not) Hitler. Do you see what Hale (or Braham) meant? I wish I did.

ANYHOW, while I was trying to unravel this piece of inside information, I suddenly got to wondering about Horace Braham's substituting for Arthur Hale. What was wrong with Hale in the first place that he couldn't appear before the camera? I remembered seeing him in the preceding release of the series and he had seemed quite fit to me, a portly, urbane man who looked very much like Robert Benchley. As a matter of fact, we had even been introduced to each other in an elevator once, and I had been so struck by his resemblance to Benchley that I had exclaimed, "Mr. Hale, haven't I seen you around in shorts?" Hale was seized with a fit of coughing and I did not catch his reply. Watching Braham now, so completely different from Hale—who was the image of Benchley, when you came right down to it—a horrid suspicion slowly took shape in my mind. What was going on here, anyway? Had I stumbled, all unaware, into some weird conspiracy, some sinister impersonation straight out of "The Lady Vanishes"? For a moment I could have sworn that the fat man two seats away from me was Alfred Hitchcock. A muscle flickered in my gaunt jaw and my fingers strayed to the parabellum slung under the armpit of my old trench coat. The sleek barrel felt good to the hand. I knew that, come what may, I had an ally I could depend upon. But there was no time to lose. These people would stick at nothing.

I glued my eyes to the screen, straining to find some clue to the riddle in Braham's face. Braham—that was it. Braham had been substituted for Hale, a man he didn't resemble in the least. Hale, clearly, was no party to the deception; it had been effected against his will. Obviously he had been silenced—a summons to a dockside rendezvous, a few drops of chloral hydrate in his cocktail; I knew the technique. Then the men behind the scenes had showed their genius. Instead of replacing him with his palpable double, Benchley, which might cause speculation and eventual exposure, they had gone a step further and put in a man who looked *nothing whatever* like Hale. Cold perspiration mantled my forehead as I divined the true calibre of the minds pitted against me and the other patrons of the Embassy. These were no ordinary hoodlums stealing laundry off the lines. A master intelligence was at work here, a spidery cunning possessed by only one man, and he had spiralled to his death long since in the Reichenbach Fall—Moriarty. Yet *had* he spiralled? How could one be sure? An overhanging branch, a concealed mossy ledge . . .

But this was mere woolgathering, I told myself abruptly; I had glimpsed little more than an arabesque in a tortuous design. If Braham did not look like Hale, whom did he look like? Or, to phrase it another way, how did I know that this man before me was indeed Braham? I had never seen him before. They could fob off anybody they wanted as Braham and I would never tumble. Braham himself might be a dead ringer for someone else. And then, in a blinding flash, the whole complex machination lay revealed to me. How irrational, how painfully obtuse I had been! I had neglected Hale completely, or, rather, Hale as he related to Braham. Once these two were in focus, the affair progressed logically, inevitably to its dark conclusion. Hale, whose sources of information extended everywhere, had found out that there were *two* Horace Brahams. (There may have been more at one time, just as there were other Hitler doubles.) Braham

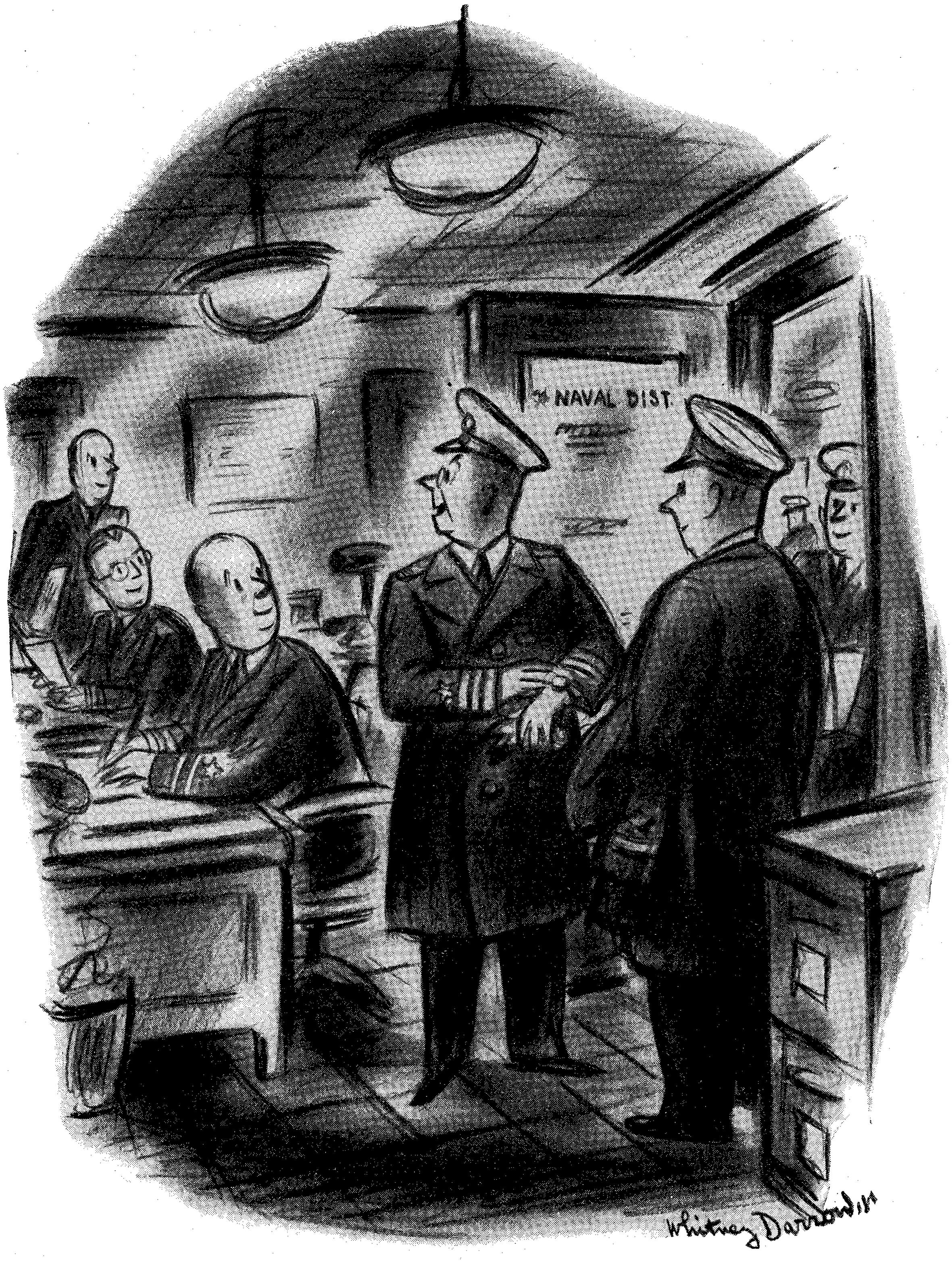




"I saw it last year."

probably used his counterpart whenever he had reason to fear for his life, as, for example, when he had appeared in a bad play. On such occasions, he could send his alter ego to lunch at Sardi's and hide at home in safety, brooding over *Variety*.

Having discovered this, what did Arthur Hale do? He did one of those quixotic things that men who live dangerously so often do, foolhardy but gallant in a way. He went to a certain group of men who stood to lose plenty if it became known that there was more than one Horace Braham (never mind who they are; I'm not telling everything I know). He confronted them, offered them a choice. If, said he, they made a clean breast of the existence of the two Brahams, he would drop the matter; otherwise, he would be forced to denounce them publicly. I do not think Hale fully gauged the malignity of the group he was dealing with. They pretended to acquiesce, played for time so they could put their organization in motion. Then they removed him—how is just a matter of bookkeeping with men as ruthless as these—and paved the way to foist



"Very good, gentlemen—Men's Grill, Schrafft's, seven o'clock. Now let's synchronize our watches."

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his facsimile on the newsreel audience.

So far, so good. But now, as I reconstructed it, an ironic circumstance intervened to confuse the camarilla, and they made a fatal slip. There were, you recall, two Horace Brahams, and, upset by Hale's unscheduled irruption, the higher-ups lost their heads and chose the wrong one—the double. The real Braham happened to be out of town at the time. On his return he instantly realized he had been thimble-rigged and made trouble. The ring was terrified lest the false Braham (that is, the false Hale) would join forces with the real Braham (assuming, naturally, that he *was* the real Braham and not one of his earlier doubles) and expose the details of Hale's disappearance (*if* they were aware what had become of him, which, of course, I had no way of knowing). My blood froze as the sordid web of deception and violence spun itself out. I shuddered to think of the lengths the satanic coterie might go to, gambling for such stakes. At this exact juncture, a heavy hand gripped my shoulder. I sprang up, determined to sell my life dearly. One of their creatures, disguised as an usher, grinned down at me evilly. The house lights were on and the customers were filing out to the strains of "La Vida, Maid of Spain."

I'M still working on it, and I wouldn't care to say any more about it right now. I do know, though, that two squat men with anonymous faces borrowed a light from me in front of the Fred F. French Building yesterday and that the pile of handkerchiefs in my bureau drawer was asymmetrical this morning. As far as Arthur Hale is concerned, you may see him in the newsreels or hear him on the air, but everything I've said still stands. He's no more Arthur Hale than you are—less, maybe. I'll just reveal one fact and you can draw your own conclusions: Robert Benchley has a double who looks a darn sight more like Arthur Hale than he does Benchley. The next time you see Benchley, buttonhole him casually and ask, "Ever hear anything of Horace Braham?" Then watch what he does. But for God's sake, don't say I told you.

—S. J. PERELMAN

CHICK

I HAD lived for years next door to Jap-occupied areas of China and I had read a vast amount of stuff about the Japanese Secret Service. My mind was so full of information about Japanese methods that when at last the authorities in occupied Hong Kong set a man on me, I had the feeling that it had all happened many times before. They took their time getting around to me. They were shorthanded after so many quick and easy victories; at first they didn't have enough men in Hong Kong. Also, I can't have been very important to them. That is why I was flattered, in a perverse way, that they gave me as good a man as Watanabe.

There is no English word to describe the official body to which Watanabe belonged. They call themselves the Kempeitai, which one can translate as the gendarmes, or military police, but they are much more than that. They are the Japanese Gestapo. They are envied and enviable, because, officially, they take orders from nobody but the Emperor, and everyone knows that actually they don't even take orders from him. They do just what they like. The chief of the gendarmerie in Hong Kong really rules the roost. There is a Japanese governor, put there for show, but it is always the gendarmerie who make the ultimate decisions.

Watanabe came to know us in a roundabout manner, carefully planned to look accidental. There were six of us living then in my apartment: Irene and Phyllis, young Eurasian war widows with their small babies, my baby Carola, and myself. We were coming to the end of our resources about that time, two months after the surrender, and were growing frantic in a proud, secretive, ladylike way. The girls had been stenographers before the war but couldn't get jobs now, because almost nobody was doing any business. One day Irene encountered Mr. Kung, a Chinese who, as she vaguely remembered, had been a clerk in some firm for which she had worked. He was now splendidly prosperous as interpreter at the main gendarmerie office, down on the waterfront.

"I didn't even know before the war that he could speak Japanese," she told us when she came home. "And today he went out of his way to speak to me—crossed the street and everything. I wonder if he used to be in love with me and I never suspected. He seemed very much interested in my future and he wants to get jobs for all of us. He says there are a lot of gendarmes who want to take English lessons, especially from people like us, because most Chinese girls aren't good teachers, on account of the accent. He said they would pay well. What do you think?"

"Better not," said Phyllis.

"It sounds fishy," Irene said hesitantly.

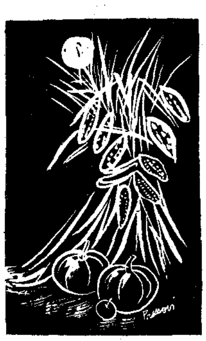
"We don't want them getting the Wrong Idea," said Phyllis.

"Just what I said," Irene retorted triumphantly. "I said to him, 'Now, Mr. Kung, you must promise me there won't be any funny business. We're not that kind of girl.' And he said, 'Oh no, Mrs. Fincher; you don't think *I* would let you in for anything embarrassing? My friend is a sincere man. He is a rich aristocrat. If he want to, he can be very helpful. And he has a girl friend already; don't worry.' Mickey, what do you think?" she said, turning to me. "I hate having anything to do with Japs, but—"

"But we've got to find work somewhere soon," I said.

"What do you think your husband would say?" Irene asked me. "It's in his line. He was the Japanese expert for the government."

We decided to wait until I could find out. Finding out was a delicate business, for officially I was holding no communication with Charles. He was imprisoned in the military hospital and, like all military prisoners, was supposedly incommunicado. In those early days, however, before the Japs tightened up all around, there were ways and means. We civilians brought food for our men twice a week to the hospital and we were led under guard into the building itself to hand the stuff over. The "walking wounded" lined up to watch us march past, and a lot of whispering went on during those little walks. Later on, the guards found out about it and we weren't brought into the hospital any more but were met outside, on the road, by Jap officers, who took the parcels.



I slowed up as I walked past Charles in the lineup next day, and whispered, "Any objections to my teaching English to some gendarmes?"

Then I had to move on. On the way out he slipped a note to me. I read it at home. "No objection. According to custom, civilians in surrendered territory can earn their livings any way at all but in political activity; i.e., helping the enemy. After all, we let you down."

"Well, I don't know how to teach," Phyllis said, when I read the girls Charles' note. "You do it and I'll stay home and take care of the kids."

MR. KUNG really seemed very keen on the project. He phoned Irene and arranged a meeting at his club, downtown, for the next day. He was oddly insistent that Irene bring me along, although he didn't know my name. "Her English ought to be pretty good," he explained. "My friend won't mind her being American. He is very broad-minded."

The club, over a barbershop, was luxurious. Mr. Kung had forgotten to mention that it was a gendarmerie hangout, but we knew that immediately from the men we saw about. Even those in mufti had revolvers in their belts. Mr. Kung seated Irene and me at a small table and plied us with canned pineapple and beer while we waited for Mr. Watanabe. Both these commodities were rare at the time. All of it—the ceiling fans, the linen, the beer, and other evidences of prosperity—contrasted sharply with our usual surroundings and roused in me that fierce and familiar resentment that made life in Hong Kong so difficult. I had promised the Japanese Foreign Affairs Office people, when they gave me permission to live outside the concentration camp, not to "harbor unfriendly feelings." This meant that I was to act like a neutral rather than an enemy. Any failure to keep this promise, any hint of my real feelings, and I and my baby would join my compatriots out at Stanley concentration camp. That meant not enough food for Carola, no more glimpses of Charles for the duration, and no chance of communicating with him even under cover. It meant that Charles would have no food but the pittance issued at the hospital.

We are sometimes led into strange paths. I was, I reflected, experiencing an adventure which would have seemed utterly impossible before the war. I was actually waiting to beg for a job with Japanese gendarmes. It was incredible. It was nauseating. In another moment I would have dragged Irene out of the club and made it necessary for Watanabe to figure out another

"Is that yours, or ours?"

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approach. But he came in just then.

He could have been a Chinese; he was fairly tall, his legs were straight, and he had no gold teeth. There are several distinct types of Japanese face; his was the thin, ascetic, pointed-nose kind. His eyes were small and restless and they betrayed him as his hands never did; you could tell from the way they flickered what he was thinking. He was about thirty-five. It was all nonsense about the English lessons; that was obvious as soon as he talked. His English was nervously fluent and the accent scarcely noticeable.

He tried to ignore me and talk to Irene, but now and then those eyes flashed over to my face. I knew then what it was about. They thought I was a spy (they always think that about practically everybody) and he was investigating me. He looked me up and down in quick, stolen glances: the tired black dress, the runs in my stockings, the mended shoes. Irene and he were talking in the Cantonese dialect, which he also spoke fluently.

"Well, now," he said at last, "about these English lessons. For myself, I need more vocabularies. Perhaps your friend . . . You are Eurasian?" he addressed me for the first time.

"American."

"*So des* [so that's it]." He did not look surprised. "We will talk awhile every day for practice. And I have a friend, also a gendarme, a very good fellow, who speaks no English at all. You will teach him, Mrs. Fincher. An hour or two every day, starting tomorrow. That will be satisfactory? Your husband, I believe, was killed in the war. That is very good. We Japanese respect people who are killed in the war. I know about *your* husband—a very brave man," he ended, and bowed to me. The pretense of not knowing who I was had served its turn. "Now then, what do you need in your kitchen?"

So he had observed how eagerly we had eaten the pineapple. He brought out a notebook and pencil. Irene gasped and sat up straight, speaking quickly. "We need flour, and rice, and tinned fruit, and some baby food."

Watanabe wrote busily. "Butter? Oil for cooking?"

"Yes, if you've got it. I thought nobody had. And sugar, oh yes, sugar. Good clean sugar. The babies need it, and in the market it's adulterated with sand." Her voice, in spite of her watchfulness, was trembling. So was I. Was he really going to give us all those things?

"We will correct those conditions in the market," said Watanabe, writing all the time. "It takes time, that is all. Can you people eat fish? Sometimes we cannot find meat. Well, then." He put away his notebook. "There is a car outside if you wish to be taken home. There will always be a car when you are downtown. Phone Mr. Kung when you want it."

Veterans of many miles' walking every day, Irene and I stared at each other. We had not yet caught our breath. "We were going to the market," I quavered.

"You need not go to the market," said Watanabe. "I promised. All these things will be given to you. Go home now and rest. You must be tired, I know. This war is hard on ladies." He turned to Kung and talked rapid Japanese.

"Mr. Kung will give you my phone number and all that," he said. "Goodbye for now. You need worry for nothing ever again."

He bowed gracefully and hurried out.

"But what is he?" Irene asked Mr. Kung.

"It is what I told you. He is a rich young man. The car is waiting," said Mr. Kung. The car turned out to be a station wagon that had been imported for a British firm just before the war. An Indian in his shirtsleeves was driving it. Cars were so scarce that none were on the streets save an occasional military vehicle. The Indian negotiated the twisting street up the mountainside very rapidly, and everyone we passed turned around to look at us.

"He must be awfully important," I said. "Only an important gendarme would dare let women ride in his car. It's against the law."

"He's probably Hirohito," said Irene. "Whoops, isn't this marvellous? I think I'm going to be carsick. I'm not used to this."

The breeze that met us at the corners, the speed of the car, the promise of all that foodstuff went to our heads. We sang as the car swooped around curves and laughed loudly. The Indian smiled. Two Eurasian women we knew, taking a stroll on May Road, looked at us sourly as we went by.

"His first name," Irene said, "is Chikanori. Kung told me. I'm going to call him Chick."

"O.K. Here, chick, chick, chick!"

We laughed louder than ever.

CHICK was in officer's uniform, with a sword trailing at his left side, when he turned up at our house the following afternoon. When we opened the door to him he was standing with a short, bandy-legged, bullet-headed soldier whom he introduced as Sergeant Yoshida. Yoshida looked quick and clever but shy. He spoke no English. But we were paying very little attention to the two Japanese, for behind them came some coolies and they looked as if they had come out of "The Arabian Nights."

Ah King, my servant, opened the doors into the pantry and then stood aside in amazement, which he tried to conceal, as the supplies were brought in by the coolies and piled up on the floor. There was a sack of rice, and it was the standard size, containing more than two hundred pounds. There was flour, and a sack of brown cracked wheat with an American Red Cross sign on the side. There was a case of tinned pineapple, and a case of dried apricots, and a case of raisins, and two tins of butter, and Japanese tinned milk, which later turned out to be bad. There was a lot more. It looked as if they had been looting a warehouse, as indeed they undoubtedly had. Over and above all these permanent sorts of thing, they had brought us fresh vegetables of a strange species, a side of beef, and a huge flat fish like a kite.

"Your man can cook?" inquired Watanabe. The corners of his mouth were twitching. He wanted to behave like a dignified gendarme officer but he also wanted to smile. He was awfully pleased with himself. Phyllis was on her knees among the sacks and boxes, reading the labels. Irene was speechless. Ah King's wife kept saying "*Ai-yah*," and laughing aloud for joy. In the path outside a group of children were lingering, having followed the coolies all the way up the stairs to look their fill at the food.

"I can cook," said Ah King.

"Then I thought we might have our lunch here," Chick said to me, "and study English afterwards. You are not busy?"—just as if our days were full of social engagements.

It was a memorable meal, the first of a series. Yoshida, Chick explained, was in charge of the gendarmerie commissariat, which was why he had access to so much food. Without him, Chick could not have managed the show. I noticed later that all his activities depended heavily on such extra-official aids to his princeliness. We ate a good deal. The gendarmes did especially well; they loved foreign-style food, and Ah King was a good cook. I might add here that I have never seen any Japanese soldier exhibit the restraint they are alleged to show at table. They are little hogs.

All through the meal, Chick talked. He lectured us on Japan and her excellences. The Japanese were the kindest, most openhanded people in the world, said Chick. Regard how well we were doing, now that the wicked British were out of the way, safe in their concentration camps! Japan had a corner on the wealth, the culture, the benevolence in the world. It was a pity that some Chinese still didn't understand this, but they soon would. It was also a pity that we had suffered so much privation before he, Chick, had saved us. This was also the fault of the British. They should not have resisted when the Japanese Army asked the island to surrender. If they had given in then, there would have been none of the distress we had experienced. The Japanese were agonized at the idea of depriving ladies of all they were entitled to of comfort and security.

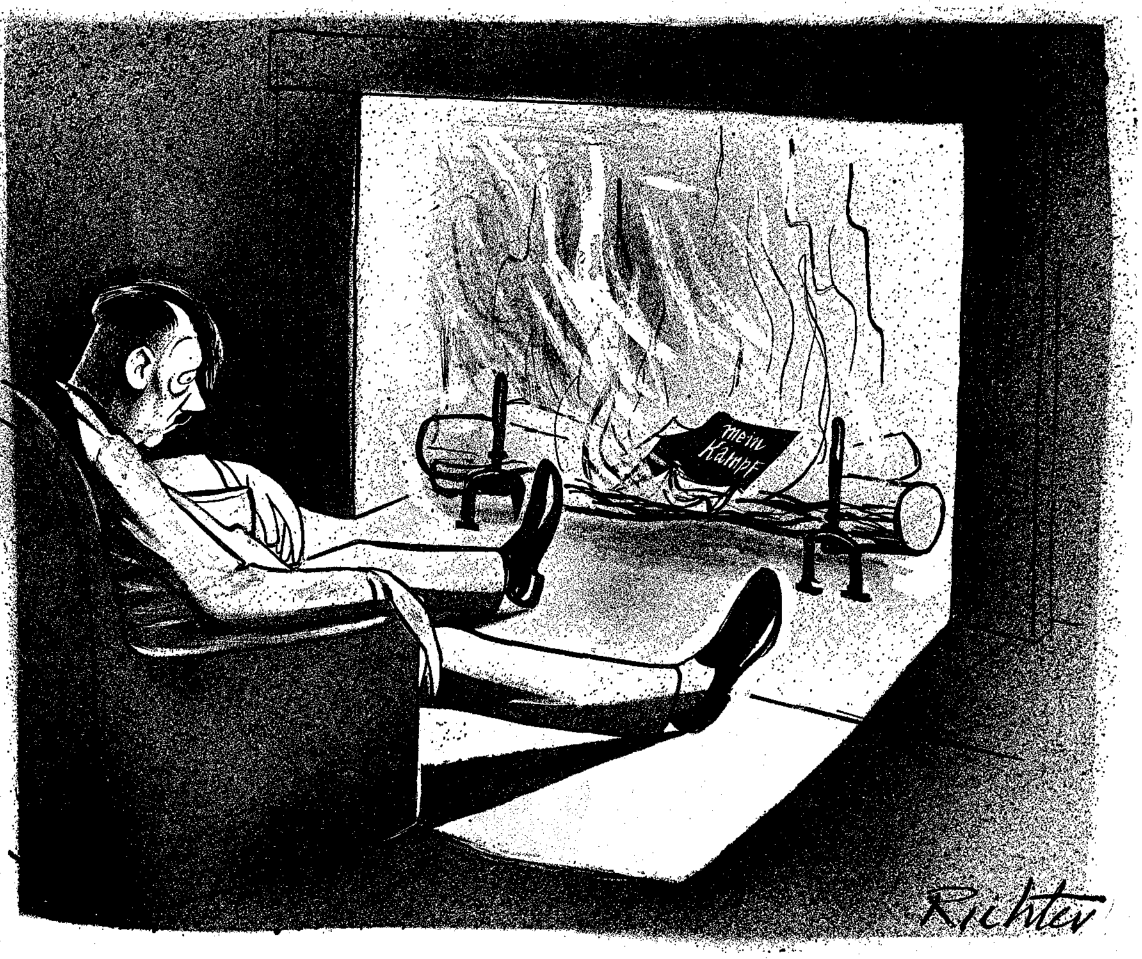
"But it was the Japanese who killed our husbands," said Phyllis, honestly puzzled. Phyllis never had any tact.

Yoshida had not heard of this; when Chick translated her remark to him he exclaimed in horror. His eyes were really sorrowful as he looked at Irene and Phyllis. He grunted sympathetically and asked where they were buried and in what capacity they had fought. Then he took another big mouthful of noodles.

The Japanese, Chick resumed, regretted exceedingly that this sort of thing had happened, but there again, it was not the fault of Japan; it was England's fault. Japan was invincible; that much was evident. Why, then, had the British wickedly elected to send so many gallant native sons to their death in Hong Kong? It was obvious that the Eurasians had been put in the front ranks to save the white soldiers.

"That's true," said Irene eagerly. He was on her favorite subject. "All the Fifth Battalion was wiped out, and they were our best Eurasian boys. The English have always treated us like that, in peacetime too."

Chick settled back. He was well away now. Never in all his harangues did he trouble to look at me; he aimed what



he said at Phyllis and Irene. He played on them skillfully. It was a long luncheon and in the excitement nobody got around to teaching Yoshida any English.

"Wow," I said as the door closed on them at last. "I'm tired."

Irene looked flushed. "Hateful little beasts," she said. "Just the same, there was a lot in what he said about the Eurasians."

AS far as I can figure it out, Chick decided to give just a month to us, carrying the light to the heathen Eurasians and settling his mind about me. Almost every morning during that month the Indian chauffeur arrived with coolies and their loads of food. We became the scandal of the neighborhood. Chinese, Indian, Eurasian, and Portuguese women gathered at their windows to watch the laden coolies file into our house; their faces were dark with envy and suspicion.

Chick would notify us to prepare dinner for six or eight, and all day we would work at it. We had not bargained, when we took the job, on running a restaurant as well, and we hated using up so much of the food they gave us, but I thought of the ever-present threat of Stanley and did what he wanted. They would arrive at about five o'clock, Japanese businessmen and officers, to find us dressed in our best, sitting demurely in the living room, the children crawling on the floor, the radio turned on (until radios were called in, that is). Introductions, with everyone bowing deeply. One order for beer all around. Dinner, solemn and silent. Usually none of us women spoke unless she was spoken to, but sometimes I couldn't help kidding Watanabe. He was easy to tease: he maintained his dignity perilously at the best of times. When this happened, the other Japanese would look at us in solemn astonishment and Chick would make a speech to them.

"I am saying," he explained to me once, "that you are an unusual and witty *okusan* [lady]; you earn your own living, you are intelligent, yet you are a good mother." Irene snickered. Japanese spectacles were trained on me, gentle approval in the eyes behind them. Then everyone went back to his food and the moment passed into the dull normal. After dinner Chick would carry on the main business of the evening—talk. He would talk and talk and talk. It was actually a relief when he changed his tactics and began to ask me questions.

They were adroit questions, but I was a disappointment to him: he got very little information for all the time and food he had lavished on us. I wasn't a spy. I didn't know anything about the Army, or any other matter that would interest the Empire's intelligence service. Even Chick realized that after a couple of weeks. During the time it took him to find this out, though, he worked hard. In the meantime, Irene and Phyllis were complaining. In spite of all his early pep talk, the lot of the Eurasians grew harder and harder under Japan's benevolent supervision. At last Irene naïvely pointed this out to him.

"Yes," she said, "yes. It's nice of you to give us rice."

"But what happens when you go away?" Phyllis, the tactless, blurted.

"The Food Control Board won't give us rice ration cards," Irene said. "Chinese can have them, but Eurasians can't. Did you know that?"

Chick looked embarrassed. "*So des*," he murmured.

"And we can't buy flour either," continued Irene. "Because we aren't Europeans they won't let us have flour rations. Really, it's just as bad as it used to be before the war." This was a commendable piece of understatement, considering everything. Chick was silent and sulky.

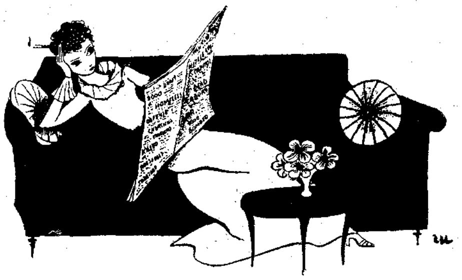
"Tell him about the milk," whispered Phyllis.

"Oh, yes. They've stopped letting anyone buy milk," said Irene. "We used to get a bottle every day for the babies; now the stores just pour it out in the gutter, you know. Japanese don't drink milk. But they won't let us have it."

Next day we and other mothers found it possible to buy milk again. Chick must have arranged that much. "You see?" he said proudly that evening. "Japanese are not so bad." Further than that he did not go. Irene and Phyllis were growing more and more pro-British, and he knew it.

WISE through necessity, we realized that the days of our prosperity were numbered. Yoshida still took language lessons from Irene, but he was taking lessons from a girl in a cabaret downtown, too, and you could see that he rebelled against coming all the way up the hill to the virtuous Irene. To relieve the pressure on Yoshida, Chick began taking us out to restaurants for meals. Following our usual policy of discretion, we went without complaint. He was well known among the habitués, and very openhanded and popular. "I like it," he confided to me. "I used to run night clubs in Tokio. I would buy a club and put a girl friend in charge. I had twenty clubs at once, twenty girl friends. All right, wasn't it? I was a big shot."

He liked to use Americanisms. He seemed both to love and hate America, just as he had loved and hated his American-born Nisei wife he told us about, who had divorced him because she couldn't stand Japan. I don't think he fooled himself. He knew that when he spouted about Japan's invincibility he was talking a good deal of nonsense. Yoshida wasn't so smart; Yoshida believed most of the talk, but Chick was clever. It was, he told me, because of a piece of independent work that he had such a high position in the gendarmerie.



WITHOUT A CLOAK

Hate has a fashionable cut.
It is the garment mankind agrees on,
Snug, colorful, the proper weight
For comfort in an icy season.

And it is weatherproof, they say—
Becoming, also, to the spirit.
I fetched Hate homeward yesterday,
But there it hangs. I cannot wear it.

It is a dress that suits me ill,
However much the mode sustains me.
At once too ample and too small,
It trips, bewilders, and confines me.

And in my blood do fevers flow,
Corruptive, where the fabric presses,
Till I must pluck it off as though
It were the burning shirt of Nessus.

Proud walk the people folded warm
In Hate. They need not pray for spring.
But threadbare do I face the storm
Or hug my hearthstone, shivering.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •

"For one year before the war I lived as a Chinese in Canton," he said. "Even the Chinese were fooled."

ONE afternoon Chick took me to a tea party for China's Youth Movement. This affair was his own idea, though he had got the pattern from Germany. We went to the lounge of the Matsubara Hotel. Chick had invited all the young Chinese boys he could find whose fathers were wealthy. They were all smart and sleek and prosperous, dressed in English clothes. We sat around a long table and ate very small, sparse sandwiches and drank tea. There were five Japs, counting Chick. The Chinese looked as puzzled as I felt.

After we had eaten one sandwich apiece, Chick stood up and made a speech in English, Japanese, and Cantonese. He said it was his privilege and joy to organize this meeting of the future leaders of China. He went on to sketch what lay in store for China's youth, now that Japan had liberated them. He drew glowing pictures of what they could do in public life under Japan's beneficent guidance. Then he called for a reply.

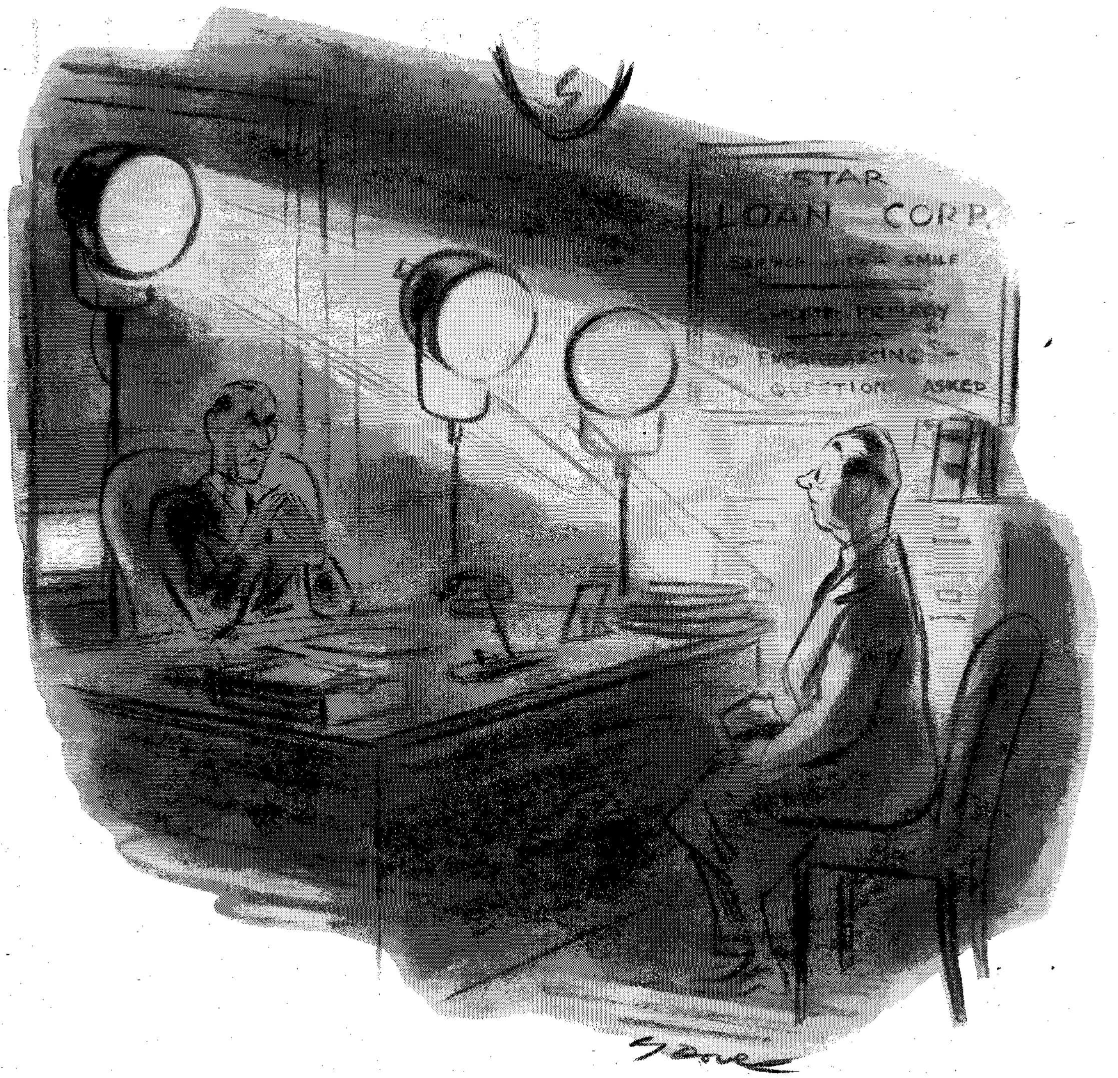
Nobody answered. Everyone looked at one another and waited for somebody else to speak. Chick, bending forward a little, smiled around encouragingly. "Someone, anyone, say a few words," he urged. "Anything at all. If you have any ideas—"

Still nobody said anything. Then the young men began to urge Willie, the richest among them. "It's your job, Willie. Go on, say something."

Willie shambled to his feet, blushing, and I watched him with a rather sick feeling in my stomach. I had no high hopes of his powers of resistance against this sort of thing. These Hong Kong people, I said to myself, are too soft. I braced myself to listen to a lot of stuff, promises, compliments to Japan. Willie cleared his throat.

"I haven't anything to say," he protested.

"But you represent the new Co-Prosperity Sphere," insisted Chick. "Your father has properties in Malaya and the Philippines."



"We should be delighted to make you a loan, Mr. Baker, but first I must ask you a few perfunctory questions."

• •

"But has he?" asked Willie. "We haven't heard from them since the war."

Chick hastily broke the silence that followed. "Tell us what suggestions you may have for the improvement of Hong Kong. How can we make it a better place?"

Willie brightened. He had, it seemed, some ideas after all. "Six point four taels of rice—" he said. This was the official ration for one day, fixed by the Japanese as the limit for every Chinese in town. It was about a quarter of the average coolie's necessary portion. "Six point four, Mr. Watanabe, isn't enough. Tell the government."

He sat down, still blushing. I was numb with surprise and admiration. No Chinese with any manners would dream of making such a short speech; that is, if he intended to be polite. I stared incredulously at Willie's pleasant, vacant face, and then at the rest of the young men. They all looked alike, smiling and smooth and just a little foolish.

Chick was in a bad temper when he escorted me home. "These Cantonese," he grumbled. "No vision. They're all the same. All they think of is their stomachs." He paused, musing. "I think I will go away soon," he announced suddenly. "I can do no more here."

Smiling, smooth, and looking, I suspect, just a little foolish myself, I did not reply.

—EMILY HAHN

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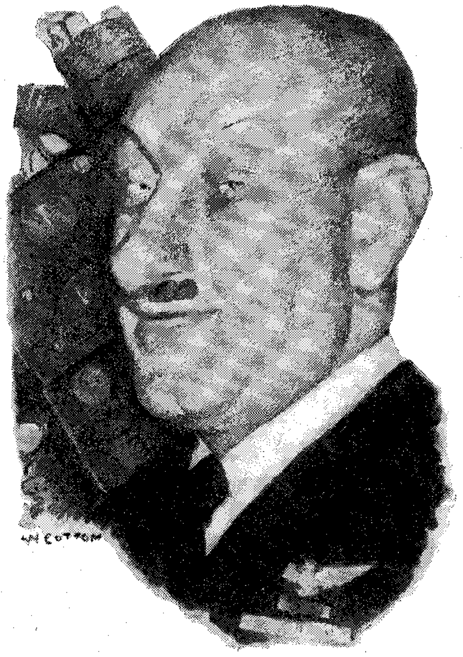
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Havana Post*]

Many of the fair sex, guests some of them and others visitors from town, were in bathing in noon hours yesterday in the salt water pool of Hotel Nacional. Not only were attentions from those in the curious among the public for those in the water but likewise for others of them in the green, especially the shapely ones in the middle, faces down if turned to the side for glances up duly reciprocated.

PROFILES

CAPTAIN AMONG THE SYNTHETICS—II



THE life story of Captain Luis de Florez, U.S.N.R., the head of the Navy's synthetic training devices, is impressive for several reasons. It is chiefly noteworthy, perhaps, because it throws light on the mysterious business of inventing. The lay public thinks of an inventor as a half-mad genius, with untidy hair and an abnormal gleam in his eye, who periodically emerges from his cellar with an earth-shaking new contrivance and no idea where it came from. This is a mistake. Inventions are made, not born. Captain de Florez, who by all standards, including the financial, must be seeded high in the field of practicing inventors, likes to debunk invention. He feels that, given a certain knack and a good deal of energy and curiosity, a man will build things as the need arises. Just as his first invention, an electric fly trap which he turned out at the age of eleven, was inspired by the unusually large number of flies in his neighborhood, other short cuts to comfort are supplied on demand. In the latest edition of *Who's Who in America*, the Captain, in a lengthy rhapsody, lists as his most imposing discoveries the de Florez oil-cracking process, the de Florez temperature-control system, the de Florez vertical furnace, safety drilling systems, blind-flying methods, and aviation instruments and accessories. These are merely high spots. Also, *Who's Who* came out too soon to include the many devices de Florez has developed during the war to simplify the training of naval aviators.

The Captain's ancestral background is singularly out of tune with mechanics. On his father's side, he comes of a Spanish family that was considered ancient when the unfortunate Armada was being fitted out. During the monarchy, various of his forebears were on the royal staff, and the Captain speaks familiarly, even patronizingly, of the late Alfonso. One of his father's brothers, Admiral Manuel de Florez, was head of the Spanish Navy for many years. The Captain often complains about the popular misconception of Spaniards, and of the Spanish nobility in particular. Most people, he thinks, picture the typical Spanish nobleman as a middle-aged and slightly hawk-nosed hemophiliac climbing down a hotel fire escape in an effort to duck the bill. "Spaniards are tough, hard," he says. "They can live and fight on nothing. Why, they're more like the Scotch than like anybody else." De Florez's father, Rafael, and the latter's brother, Pedro, emigrated to New York in the late eighteen-sixties, when they were young men, and established a shipping business here. Rafael de Florez married the daughter of a French immigrant a few years afterward. Luis, their fifth child, was born in 1889. The de Florezes lived on Ninth Street, near Washington Square. Owing to its polyglot nature, the family always had an interesting time conversationally. The children liked to speak the English they were learning in school, the mother liked to speak French, and the father leaned strongly toward Spanish. As a result, Luis developed a facility in languages. He speaks English, Spanish, and French fluently and Italian and German fairly well. He says that he thinks in English for the most part but that he used to dream in Spanish a good deal.

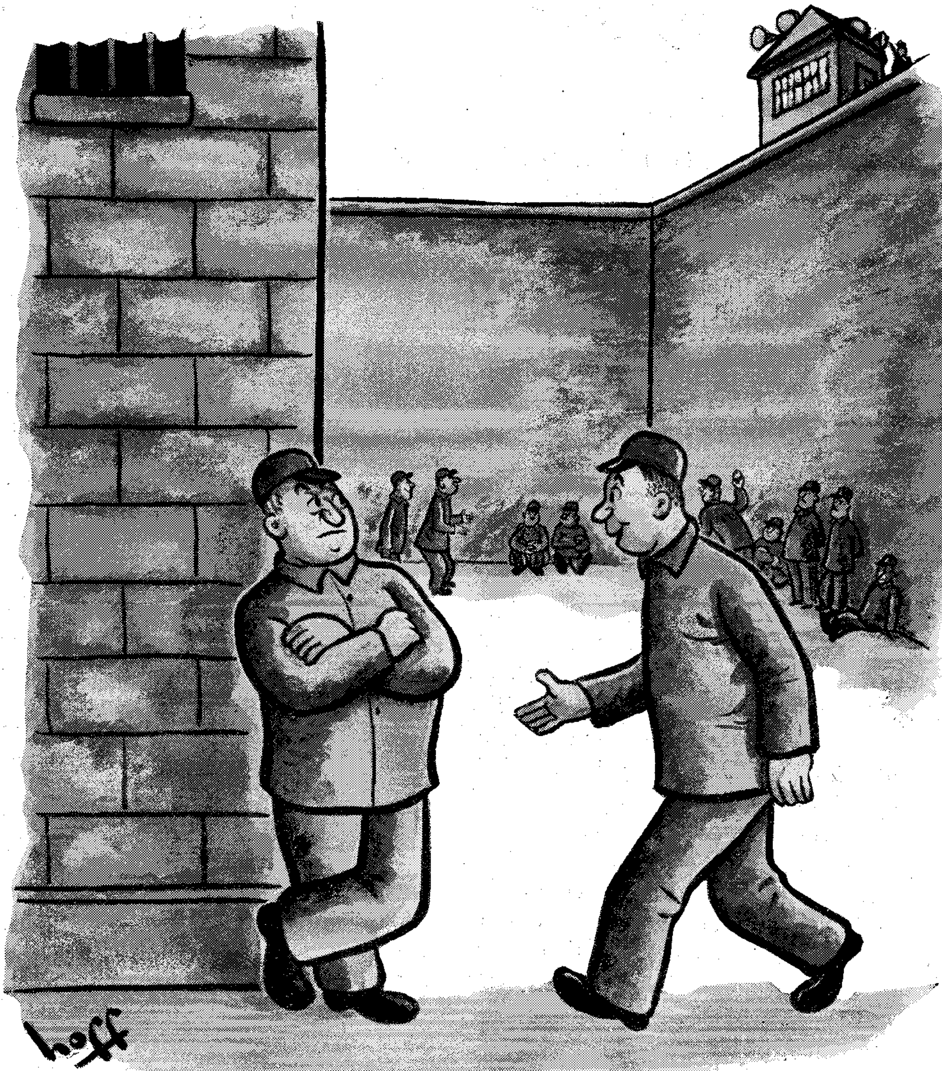
In a fit of nostalgia, his father took the family on a visit to Europe in 1897. The trip lasted five years. Part of this time they spent in Paris, where the children attended a Jesuit school, and the rest they spent in Spain, living near the father's relatives. Luis had a succession of Jesuit tutors, all of whom seemed to have a peculiar addiction to mathematics. Choked full of formulas, the boy began to dabble with electricity. Judging by the reports of relatives, he became an outstanding nuisance. "He wired up the house like a bale of hay," one of them said not long ago. Among the amusing electrical phenomena that animated the family's life during this period were bells that rang at all hours of the night, arms that reached out of closets and hit people in the nose, and chair seats with a substantial current running through them. People came from miles around to view his handiwork, and before they left, most of them were painfully shocked for their trouble. Photographs of the young de Florez and his family during their foreign stay give glimpses of a form of life that is probably gone for good. In one of his scrapbooks he has many views of himself and his relatives assembled, ready for the hunt, in front of one ducal palace or another or engaged in other interesting phases of feudal high life. De Florez, who today is just over five feet tall, stands out in several of the pictures, since on horseback he looked a little like a professional jockey dressed for a masquerade. His father died in 1902 and the mother and children came back to New York. At the age of thirteen, Luis entered De La Salle Institute, but he spent so much time loitering in an electrician's shop around the corner that his mother sent him to St. Paul's. There, in spite of his size, he played football and baseball and did considerable fighting with schoolmates who heckled him about his accent, which had temporarily taken a Continental turn during the five years in Europe. A year later his mother decided that St. Paul's was too expensive and transferred him to the Foster School, at Cornwall, Connecticut. The boy's interest in electricity revived in the bracing Connecticut air, the renascence taking the form of dynamiting various objects, quite often trees on nearby estates. The young inventor, a coil of wire around his neck, a couple of sticks of dynamite in one hand, and a battery in the other, proceeding on all fours through the shrubbery toward a fine white birch, became one of the dread sights of the community. "He developed into a kind of neighborhood curse," a man who knew him said recently. The boy also began to do a lot of hunting, which laid the foundation of his present skill in marksmanship.

De Florez entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1907. At first the faculty was reluctant to admit him, since his knowledge struck them as warped. Of grammar, for example, he had only the haziest notion, but in certain mechanical subjects he was better grounded than the instructors. By tutoring all summer in grammar, he finally made it. He majored in mechanical engineering and had a mild success at football and baseball. The men who taught him mathematics considered him an enigma. In the elementary courses he was unable to solve problems by simple methods, but he could work them all out promptly by methods that clearly belonged in the upper strata of the science. The people at M.I.T. eventually decided to let him carry on in his own curious way, even though they agreed that he was going through the college backward. Today the Captain can discuss higher mathematics with the best authorities, but he has extreme difficulty adding a simple column of figures or making change.

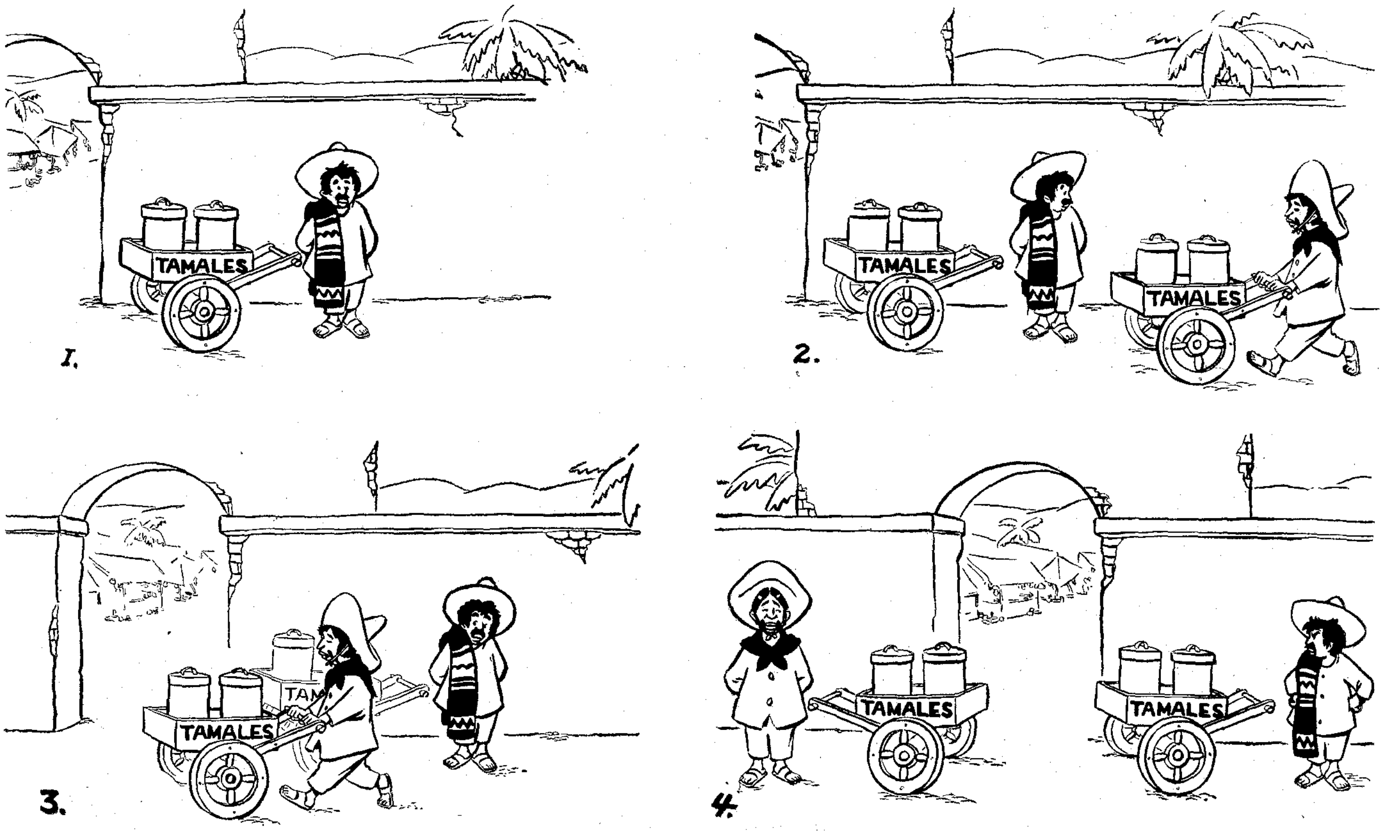
In his sophomore year, de Florez became interested in aviation. This interest was to influence his life profoundly. He began to build all sorts of airplane models, and one weekend he went to an aeronautical demonstration near Boston that made a big impression on him. A man had built what purported to be a glider; it was complete except for a pilot. The inventor would have flown it himself, he said, but he had been feeling a little peaked lately and didn't think he could do it justice. When he called for volunteers, de Florez stepped forward without delay. Tow ropes were attached, a group of muscular young men pulled them, and the plane was whisked off a hilltop into a high wind. It got up almost thirty feet in the air, then turned over in a beautiful arc and came down on its nose. De Florez climbed out of the wreckage unharmed and with a feeling of great exaltation; he was convinced that aviation was here to stay. In his last year at M.I.T., he conducted a series of aviation experiments with Alfred De Forest, another student, that were given wide attention in the press. The two measured the "thrust," or push, of airplane propellers in flight and also determined the amount of strain necessary to break struts and other parts. De Florez made their findings the subject of a thesis, the first on aviation that had ever been turned in at M.I.T.

After his graduation, de Florez went to work on Long Island for W. Starling Burgess, the boat designer, who was then trying to build seaplanes. The salary was ten dollars a week, and since de Florez began taking flying lessons from Burgess at forty dollars each and also got married, he decided that he should change jobs. He had eloped with Miss Marian Elizabeth King, whose family lived in Boston and with whom he recently celebrated his thirty-second wedding anniversary. They have one son, Peter, who works for American Export Airlines. De Florez's next job paid a little more money but was rather unsatisfactory. He was hired to knock out the fires of locomotives on the Long Island Railroad. The work was so grimy and the acid in the ash bit so deeply into his skin that he was forced to invent an instrument for rubbing in and sucking out cold cream. He named this device the Cleanopore, obtained a patent on it—his first—and tried to peddle it to several cosmetics firms, together with a tract he had written about pimples. Neither the Cleanopore nor the tract caused any great stir in the cosmetics industry, so he laid them aside in 1912 and got a job, at twenty-five dollars a week, in the laboratory of some men who were trying to make gasoline out of kerosene.

THE appearance of oil in de Florez's life was the real beginning of his career. The laboratory, he recalls, was unimpressive. It was operated by a pair of promoters named Hall and Berg, was managed by a man named Scott, and employed another man named Ratner. "They were proceeding rather haphazardly," de Florez has said. To keep the plant on a paying basis, Scott and Ratner were producing a fairly successful sheep dip, and in between times they wrestled with the kerosene. Their luck had been uniformly bad. No matter what they did, at the end of the day they still had kerosene. De Florez changed all this. "We've got to do some measuring, fellows," he cried when he heard their story. Scott and Ratner willingly turned over the kerosene to the new man and proceeded



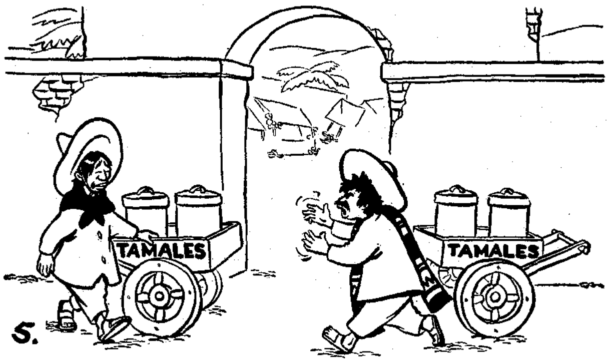
"I'm Skeets McCarthy. I've always wanted to meet you and tell you how greatly I've admired your work."



with the sheep dip. De Florez provided himself with buckets, scoops, cans, and other containers, and started to work. "Heat and measure, heat and measure," he says of his efforts. "I had a slide rule and a hell of an education. The conclusion was foregone." Sure enough, the kerosene shortly began to give way before his onslaughts. He reported to Hall and Berg that he had "cracked" kerosene and obtained gasoline. Cracking, which is unlike refining—the purely mechanical method by which petroleum is separated into its lighter and heavier component liquids, ranging from gasoline to heavy oils—is a process by which the less valuable liquids, such as kerosene, can be chemically changed to produce gasoline. The partners were understandably delighted with the report; they increased de Florez's salary from twenty-five a week to thirty-five.

As almost always happens in science, several other people were conducting similar experiments around the same time. De Florez's was one of the first practical formulas, however, and Hall took out a patent on it for the company. (It is the basis for much of today's cracking.) Then the partners decided that a plant to crack kerosene on a large scale could be operated more cheaply in England than in America. "We'll get somebody to build it," they told de Florez, "and you and Ratner can go over and work for him." De Florez recalls that his answer, verbatim, was, "Gentlemen, you can go straight to hell!" Shortly after this, he picked up his hat and headed for the door. The upshot of his unexpected mutiny was that he was allowed to supervise the building of the plant himself and to become its manager. It was operated as the Hall Motor Fuel Company. In London he and Ratner demonstrated the gasoline-from-kerosene on an omnibus, causing quite a sensation. De Florez enjoyed his stay in London. He rode back and forth to work on a motorcycle and found that his thirty-five dollars a week went farther in England than it had in New York. As manager of the new plant, he had several noteworthy triumphs. For some time he had insisted that gasoline obtained by high-temperature processes was better than the ordinary variety. This conviction led to experiments that resulted in one of the first anti-knock, or high-test, gasolines. The partners took over this new fuel without enthusiasm, but de Florez was vindicated years later, in 1927, when high-test gasoline became popular. A discovery of de Florez's that proved an exception to his necessity-is-the-mother theory of inventing was petroleum-derived toluol, from which TNT is made. Toluol appeared in the Hall plant by accident. De Florez was heating a batch of kerosene and something went wrong; a heavy brownish liquid turned up instead of the usual gasoline. Analysis showed that it was toluol, the first that had ever been made from petroleum. The British Ministry of Munitions was much excited by de Florez's valuable blunder. Because of the demands of the munitions makers, there was a shortage of toluol, which up to then had always been made from coal tar, and petroleum could now be a supplementary source. After he had found out how it had happened, the British called him in to build a plant to produce toluol, and later he designed one for the Russians.

By the time de Florez reached this stage of his career, he was an acknowledged marvel, but his monetary take was still small. Hall and Berg were the pleasantest of men, but they didn't believe in burdening a youngster with worries about patents and money. If a man could produce toluol on thirty-five dollars a week, why jangle his nerves with eighty? This reasoning looked flawless, but it played out. De Florez's nerves became severely jangled by the thirty-five just after we entered the war, and he left his job and came back to the United States. The partners soon missed him acutely. Berg contracted to build a cracking plant for the Texas Oil



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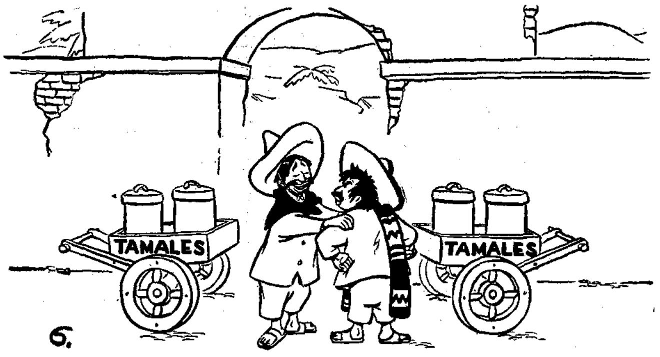

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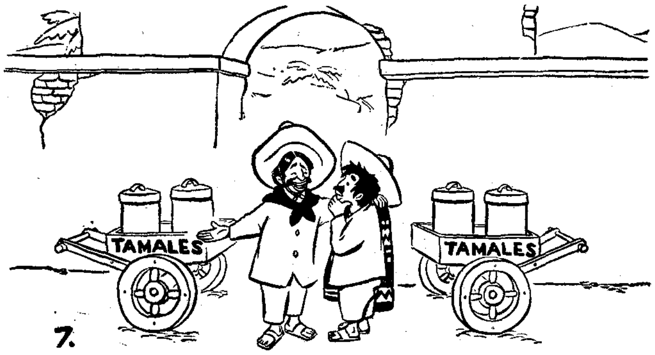

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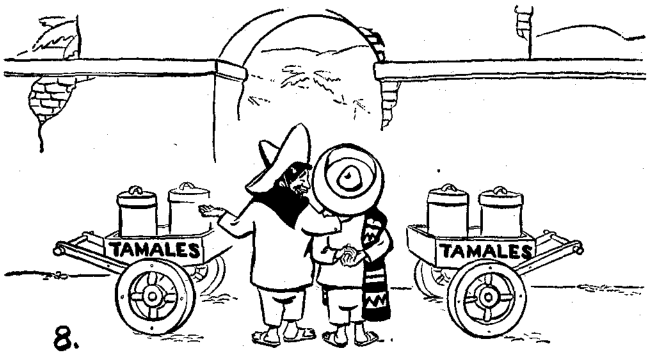

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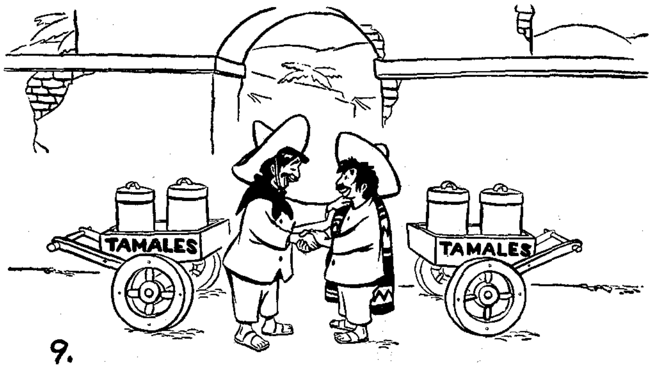

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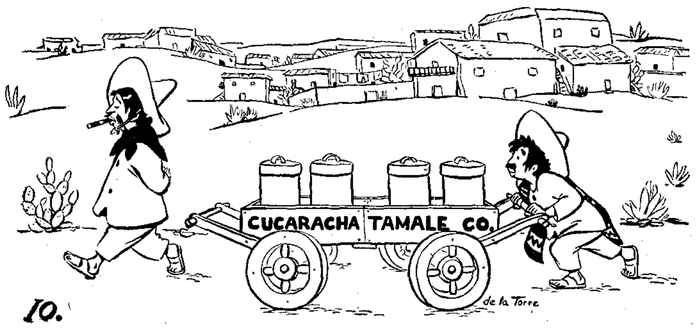

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Company at Bayonne, New Jersey, but he was embarrassed when he realized that he had no idea how to build it. He looked up de Florez and said, "You can have anything you want." "At that time," de Florez says, "I was unable to think higher than five thousand dollars a year." Going to work at five thousand, he built a plant at Bayonne and equipped it with the first central-control panel the oil industry had ever seen. All the indicators in the plant were on one board, eliminating the need for checking on conditions from pump to pump. Not long after this, de Florez went to Washington as a civilian employee of the Navy. During the war he developed thirty-nine devices for Navy planes, including many of the instruments used in them today and such important accessories as the first safety belt and the first shoulder harness. He turned them all over to the Navy.

AFTER the armistice, de Florez found himself in an odd situation. He was twenty-nine, he had been hailed as a boy wonder in two countries, he was out of a job, and he couldn't have raised a hundred dollars by selling his entire wardrobe. His wife and child were living with his mother in Short Hills, New Jersey. At only one other period in his life, during his affair with the Cleanopore, had his fortunes been so low. However, the time had come for de Florez to obtain a strangle hold on affluence that was never to loosen. The gold-plated twenties were about to begin, and businessmen were ready for men of genius. Drawn back by sentimental memories of M.I.T., he went to Boston to look for work. One afternoon he walked into the Copley-Plaza to get a shoeshine and ran into a college friend who had come to rest in a banking house. The bank had acquired some oil properties and needed an engineer to develop them. De Florez took the job, and, in contrast to his earlier experiences, things began to hum for both the employer and de Florez. In the interest of safeguarding the depositors, he built refineries, cracking plants, and other necessary machinery, but this time he patented all his inventions and discoveries in his name. A basic patent that made him a lot of money was on a temperature control that regulated the flow and firing of fuel in furnaces. Another big winner was a vertical furnace, which, presumably, was an improvement over the ordinary, or horizontal, furnace. Altogether, in the next five years, he made around three-quarters of a million dollars on patents alone. De Florez was never a man to fool with royalties; he sold his patents outright. He says he disliked the nuisance of going to the bank and cashing big royalty checks every few days. Besides, he had a theory that by selling his better patents to the oil companies, he could also sell them his mediocre and poor patents.

In the middle twenties, de Florez joined the New England Refining Company and sank some money in it. The company got overextended and went into receivership. He was not inactive for long. Three other oil companies offered him jobs as a consultant, and he accepted them all. From that point on he was to function chiefly as a consulting engineer, distributing advice to the needy with an open hand. He opened an office at 19 Rector Street, in New York, which he still has. Although he has not been in it for four years, his secretary optimistically tells callers, "Mr. de Florez is away for a few days." While he was consulting engineer to most of the big oil companies, he built plants all over the United States, in Mexico, and in several other countries and then acted as trouble spotter for the plants he had built. The Captain's particular genius in handling emergency cases is difficult to analyze. A message would come in, say, from the Mississippi Valley Crude Oil Company that its Kalamazoo cracking plant had mysteriously bogged down. Without bothering to go home first, he would hastily throw a pair of overalls and a pair of socks into a bag and jump on the first possible plane West. At the plant a sizable assemblage would be on hand to watch the master at work. Having changed clothes, he would shake hands with the plant manager and then disappear into a maze of pipes, coils, furnaces, and vats. There would follow a brief interval during which the assembly waited anxiously. Then de Florez, covered with grime, soot, grease, and various petroleum derivatives, would emerge, possibly from the end of a pipe, and shout, "Throw the switches, men! Everything's fine!" A rousing cheer would go up, and he would be ready for the next job. The Captain says he can generally spot a hitch right away because he sees the plant as a whole and not as a lot of individual machines. Like a family physician, he is so familiar with the patient's anatomy and habits that small maladjustments are easy to diagnose. When his clients ask him to develop a new machine, de Florez says, he views the task as being simply that of filling a small gap in a known mechanical chain, and he gets hints from the known parts, much as one might deduce the meaning of an unfamiliar word from its context. It is difficult, he admits, to explain exactly how an inventor works, but there can be no doubt that his system has been highly successful.

Inventors as a class are not particularly interested in financial gain, but de Florez was delighted with his. As soon as the money began to roll in, he bought a 450-acre estate at Pomfret, Connecticut, and engaged a valet. "I always hated to pick up things," he says, "so I got this chap and told him to stay about two steps behind me." The valet, a Filipino, stayed about two steps behind de Florez until 1940, when he resigned and established a hairdressing business. Once de Florez was on a solid financial footing, he began to devote more of his time to aviation. In 1928, together with such other aeronautical citizens as Tommy Hitchcock, Jim Taylor, and Charles Lindbergh, he helped to organize the Aviation Country Club, on Long Island. This project, in the minds of the sponsors, was going to revolutionize private flying in this country. "We were going to bring aviation to the common man," de Florez says. To do this the members planned to ring in the nation's farmers, who were to maintain landing fields on their property at low rentals. When airplanes started coming down in everybody's back yard, the members felt, people would become convinced that the automobile was finished. The Aviation Country Club flourished, but aviation was a little slow in coming to the common man. The big trouble was, it seemed, that the depression had arrived, and some of the common men had difficulty buying things like shoes and considered airplanes a strain on the budget. The club, now closed because of the war, turned out to be a popular watering hole for

"That must be close to twelve dollars' worth. Now can I have half a pound of butter and a pack of Camels?"

Official U. S. Coast Guard Photo

Try to tell these guys it's all over!

No, this isn't Hollywood. It's the real thing.

You're in the open jaws of a big LST, watching sodden men struggle through heavy surf with what it takes to hold a hard-won beachhead.

The jungle still spits snipers' bullets. Not far away, fanatical Japanese are regrouping for a desperate counter-attack. Those stretchers you see going ashore empty will come back loaded.

And this bitter, bloody pattern must be repeated many, many times before the Rising Sun finally sets in the far Pacific.

If you have any idea that a German knockout practically ends the war, *tell it to one of these Marines!*

If you've figured on forgetting War Bonds from here on in, *just remember that there's a vast difference between lending your money and giving your life!*

SURELY, AS LONG AS MEN GO ON DYING, IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO GO ON BUYING. Buy *all* the Bonds you can during the Sixth War Loan.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

ETHEL BARRYMORE
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN
A New Play by L. BUSH-FEKETE
& MARY HELEN FAY
Based on a Novel by FRANZ WERFEL
with ALBERT BASSERMAN
Eduard Franz • Sanford Meisner • Martin Blaine
NATIONAL THEATRE, W. 41st St. MATS. THURS. & SAT.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • OSCAR KARLWEIS
Marianne Stewart • Harold Vermilyea
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE Harry STOCKWELL Joseph BULOFF Evelyn WYCKOFF
St. JAMES. W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

AMERICA'S NEW
Ballet INTERNATIONAL
"A SURE-SHOT HIT!"
—Quirk, News
"A gala event that proved to be a milestone in the cultural life of New York and those responsible for it deserve a big round of applause."
—GRENA BENNETT, Journal-American
INTERNATIONAL THEATRE
COLUMBUS CIRCLE at 59th ST.
Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:30 and Sat. & Sun. Mats. 2:30
Prices all Perfs. $1.20 to $4.20 Tax Inc. No Mon. Perf.

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The new operetta triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

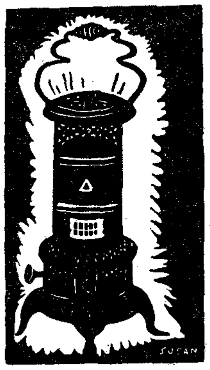
"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
BROADHURST THEA. • W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Thanksgiving 2:40

FRITZ KREISLER'S
OPERETTA
Rhapsody
OPENS WED. EVG. NOV. 22
Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
CENTURY THEATRE
7th Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with ONSLOW STEVENS
2nd YEAR!
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 37

millionaires, but it did much to advance the cause of aviation. In 1940 it had a hundred and sixty members. Describing it in a tone that pleased the members, *Life* once said, "In an atmosphere as informal as that of a golf and tennis country club, members fly in on a business or social visit, have a swim and a drink, stay on for dinner, and fly off again for a weekend in Maine or a directors' meeting in Chicago."



De Florez bought a Fairchild airplane in 1937 and, flying it himself, commuted between his home, in Pomfret, and New York. Within a year he had sold the Fairchild and bought a more expensive Beechcraft. He is regarded as a competent but fairly informal pilot. One of his most notable qualifications is his self-confidence; he has been known to fly in any kind of weather and to attempt landings in swamps. Aloft, he sometimes naps if he is behind in his sleep. He says his ear is so well attuned to the engine that any departure from the normal awakens him promptly. However, friends flying with him are often disconcerted to observe the pilot slumped back in his seat with his eyes shut.

One of the Aviation Country Club's main attractions was Demonstration Day, a fête which occurred whenever the members felt that they had something to demonstrate. De Florez was a leading spirit on these occasions. He was considered unexcelled at balloon bursting, an event that was viewed in a very bilious light by the Department of Commerce. Toy balloons were released and the members whipped and zoomed around in their planes, trying to burst them with their propellers. Since all this was done close to the ground, the merriment was likely to be interrupted now and then by the noise of a crashing plane. The Department of Commerce finally stopped it.

One of de Florez's most spectacular contributions to aviation was his demonstration, in 1936, that it is possible to fly an airplane blindfolded. The question whether a man could fly entirely by ear had become a major controversy in flying circles. De Florez had, irrelevantly, discussed blindfold flying with Dr. Albert Einstein, reminding the scientist that blindfolded birds never even attempted a take-off. Dr. Einstein expressed the opinion that blindfolded pilots would be just as helpless. De Florez summoned all his inventive energy and worked out a sonic contrivance, part of which fitted around his head like earphones. It produced a humming sound that remained steady if the plane flew straight but pulsated if the plane dived, climbed, or turned. After having familiarized himself with these sounds in the laboratory, de Florez, blindfolded, and with an observer aboard, flew a plane for forty minutes. The *Times*, in an excited news story, indicated that many aircraft instruments might be on their way out. It said, among other things, "Relatively crude apparatus, Mr. de Florez explained, developed to test aural control, had demonstrated that the use of sound as a guide was not only practical but, in some respects, easier and more nearly instinctive than the reading of a group of instruments." Since nothing has come of de Florez's relatively crude aural apparatus, it may be assumed that his opinion might have been over-enthusiastic. In his spare moments the Captain is now trying to develop an artificial horizon that will take the place of instruments for blind flying, an activity that has nothing to do with blindfold flying. Whether he succeeds or not, it is likely that pilots will continue to depend on their eyes more than their ears for some time to come.

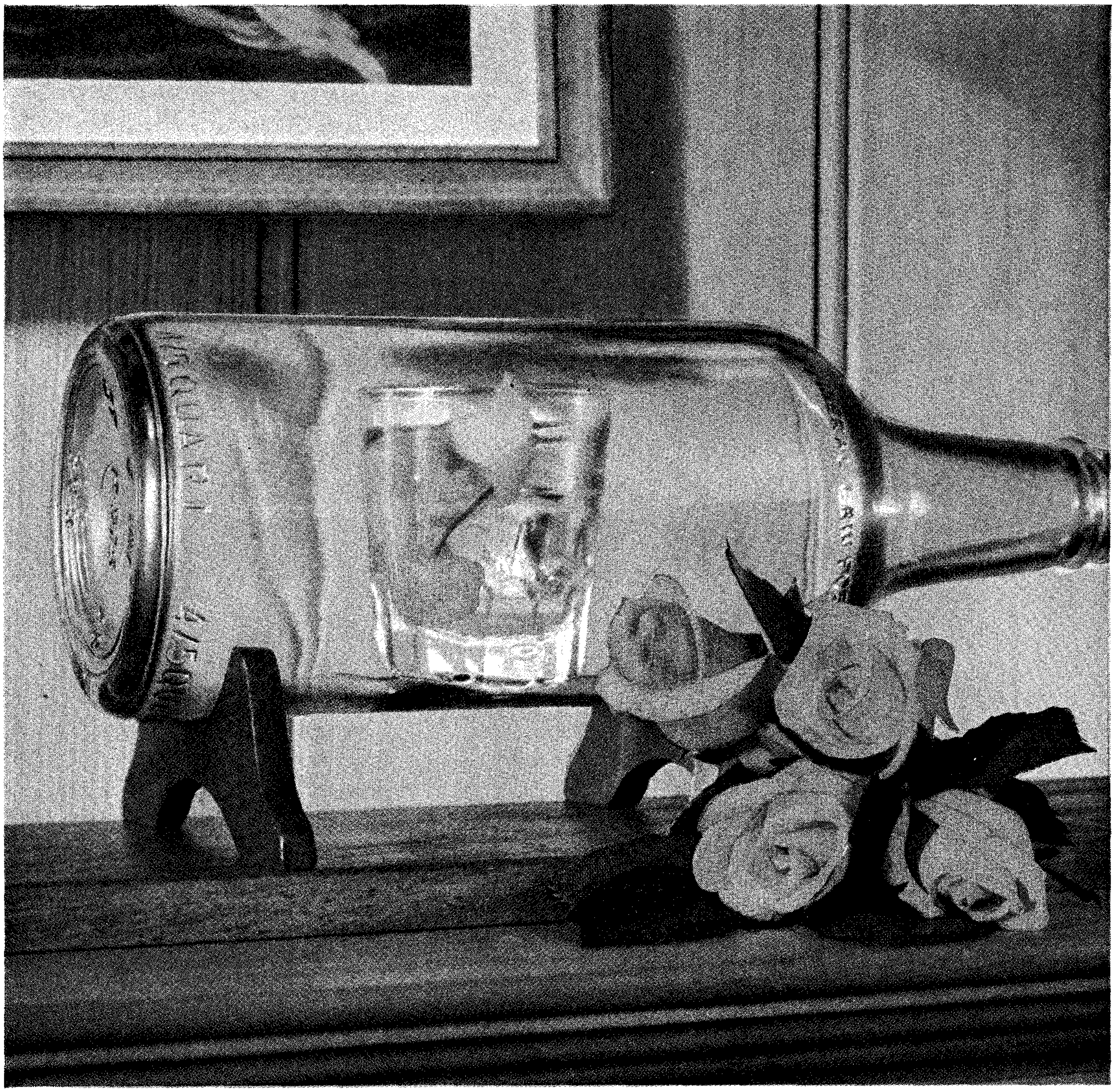
De Florez turned over his Beechcraft to the government when the United States entered the second World War, but he still does a good deal of flying as head of the Navy's Special Devices Division. Since he has flight orders, he gets a plane whenever he needs one, and he manages to need one often. He commutes by air between his Special Devices Depot in Washington and a branch office he has opened in New York. Since he believes in steady expansion, he keeps leasing new office space here and there. The New York outpost is at 1 Park Avenue, where much of the administrative work of his division is done. He has small patience with bookkeeping detail, but he now realizes that in the Navy the business of buying as much as a box of paper clips involves the signing of several papers, including a check, and he keeps the proper machinery on hand for the job. The basic-training devices developed by de Florez and his staff of two hundred and fifty officers and a hundred and fifty enlisted men and civilian technicians—such as the mechanical gunnery instructors, and synthetic turrets, instrument panels, and

Blue Grass... for a heart stirring Christmas

Now that a new light seems dawning on the world... when once again there may be gaiety in your greeting... how better convey that message than with BLUE GRASS... a gift that is in every sense a tribute to a lady! Give her BLUE GRASS perfume... or make it the entire series in this incomparable fragrance...

Blue Grass Perfume
Blue Grass Flower Mist
Blue Grass Eau de Toilette
Blue Grass Brillantine *to touch the hair with sheen and fragrance*
Blue Grass Illusion Powder, *gossamer-fine to give the skin a porcelain finish*
Blue Grass Bath Salts *to change the tub to a perfumed pool*
Blue Grass Body Sachet *for top-to-toe fragrance*
Blue Grass Bath Oil *for body friction after bathing*
Blue Grass Hand Soap *curved to fit your hand*
Blue Grass Fluffy Milk Bath *brims the tub with rainbow bubbles*
Blue Grass Dusting Powder, *snowy soft against the skin after bathing*

Elizabeth Arden



An old-fashioned trick worth knowing

Our photographer, a very skillful man, somehow managed to get this Old Fashioned *into* a bottle. It was highly difficult, and we're still not quite sure how he did it.

But a much more practical trick is knowing how to get the finest possible Old Fashioned *out* of a bottle. And to do that you need remember just one thing: always use Four Roses—the most gloriously smooth and mellow whiskey man ever made! And also remember, Four Roses is still the *same* magnificent whiskey it was before the war.

Recipe for a
Four Roses Old Fashioned

½ lump sugar	1½ oz. Four Roses Whiskey
2 dashes Bitters	1 twist of lemon peel

Muddle sugar, bitters, and lemon peel with a little water in Old Fashioned cocktail glass. Add ice cubes, then pour in whiskey and stir.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

—the same today as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN ✤ NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

GEORGE ABBOTT'S 2 Comedy Hits
"SNAFU"
By
LOUIS SOLOMON & HAROLD BUCHMAN
HUDSON Thea., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2ND YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Nov. 23

"A SMASH HIT...
a distinguished play."
—MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S
COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
in
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Most important American comedy-drama in 20 years."—RASCOE, World-Telegram
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed., Sat. & Nov. 23.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

bombing machines—are in operation at all the Navy's air stations and training centers. Many of them are also in use at advance bases throughout the Pacific and on the big ships of the fleet. Right now a lot of de Florez's devices are on exhibition at the Museum of Science and Industry in Rockefeller Center. Machines that simply teach flying and marksmanship are only a small part of the Captain's output. Convinced that the war can be won synthetically, he has branched out in many directions. Among other things, his division now has a recognition machine—a movie projector that flashes all the known types of enemy aircraft on a screen and makes it possible to measure the time an observer takes to identify them; a device for studying the trajectory of machine-gun bullets that consists of a gun shooting ping-pong balls; and small peepshow machines that teach enlisted men such things as how to do their laundry and the proper way to drive a nail.

The Captain has also worked out methods of teaching meteorology with three-dimensional weather charts and teaching navigation in a cockpit mounted in a room rigged up like the Hayden Planetarium. In addition, he has devised a novel system of taking aerial photographs, perhaps of an area to be invaded, and then making accurate models of the terrain from the pictures. This process is still mostly secret. It is expected to solve some of the problems of making safe landings with invasion craft. Not long ago de Florez conceived the idea of recording battle noises aboard aircraft carriers in combat; student fliers are supposed to play the records in air-station juke boxes and develop an immunity to battle fear. The device perhaps nearest the Captain's heart is his recorder, which teaches pilots and crewmen how to speak distinctly in radio conversation. They talk into a microphone, turn a switch, and hear their voices amplified through a loudspeaker. Unlike a dictaphone, which makes permanent records on wax, the device magnetically records sound on a wire without cutting it, so that the sound can be erased an indefinite number of times. De Florez spends a good deal of time talking into this machine. Ever since college, he has fancied himself as an orator and an actor of considerable versatility, and he is frequently called upon to serve as toastmaster at Navy banquets. He specializes, for his own entertainment, in synthetic foreign speech of one kind and another. Students who switch on the

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
IN PERSON
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St. West of Broadway
Every Eve. (ex. Mon.) 8:40: Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
Book by
HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
George Givot • Wilbur Evans
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th Street
Mats. Thanksgiving Day & Saturday, 2:30

"A ROARING HIT!"—Time Magazine
BLOOMER GIRL
—HAROLD ARLEN—E. Y. HARBURG, Songs
CELESTE HOLM MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS
DOOLEY WILSON MABEL TALIAFERRO MATT BRIGGS
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evs. 8:30—Mon. thru Thurs. $1.20 to $5.50; Fri. & Sat. $1.20 to $6. Tax Incl. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

DAVID WOLPER (in association with) AL BORDE presents
GERTRUDE NIESEN
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
JACKIE GLEASON
Buster West • Irina Baronova • Tim Herbert
Eves. Except Sun. 8:30 44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'way. LA. 4-4337
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday & Thanksgiving

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with
SIDNEY BLACKMER • LOIS WILSON
PLYMOUTH Theatre, 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Thanks'g

CONCERT
CARNEGIE HALL NOV. 26 SUNDAY EVENING at 8:30
MENUHIN
Tickets at Box Office
(Steinway) Jack Salter Artist Mgt.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"MRS. PARKINGTON"
Edward Arnold • Agnes Moorehead
Cecil Kellaway
Spectacular Stage Presentation
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Mix Magic
Abbott's
BITTERS
BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

LISTEN: NOVEMBER 18, 1944

He's 20 now. He's had 50 flying missions over Germany. He returns to civilian life. He is a pilot, used to making decisions and leading men. He faces the problem of finishing school but school seems static to him now and a little out of joint.

There are millions of him, with experiences as alike as they are varied and perilous. Some will come home to wives they have known for only six months. Some will meet children they've never seen. Some will find it hard to go back to the routine of their prewar jobs. Some will return physically handicapped.

What can be done to help them?

On December 9, CBS will try to provide a few of the answers in the first of a significant series of dramatized programs called *Assignment Home* (Saturdays, 4:30 to 5 p.m. EWT). High-ranking Army and Navy officials will take part. You will want to listen, because you will pretty certainly have to help.

★

Sample nonsense dialogue:

Lum (in London): This ain't no regular radio . . . it's shortwave. Regular wave is longwave.

Abner (in Chicago): You must have that mixed up, Lum. This must be the longwave we're using. You couldn't hear me clean over there in England.

Lum (in London): No I ain't mixed up...The shortwave is longer than the longwave.

The foregoing double-talk marked the first radio broadcast of a two-way shortwave conversation between America and England. They went over the CBS network as recently as July 21, 1938. Lum was at a BBC microphone, Abner at WBBM.

Since then shortwave has carried matters of far greater moment.

★

It took the nicest kind of coordination on the part of some 900 nation-wide CBS news gatherers, engineers and technicians to bring to the world a steady stream of 10 hours of America's election returns. All of it funneled through the vast nerve-center of CBS' Election News Headquarters in New York, with its batteries of computing machines, teletypes, intercoms; its massive black slate showing the chalked-up minute-by-minute state totals; its 5-foot dais seating the broadcasters and their microphones.

Before the night was over Americans not only heard the candidates themselves but a host of political figures and celebrities—Jim Farley, Norman Thomas, the country's oldest voter (108), the country's youngest voter (18). They heard the news go overseas by shortwave in French, German, Spanish and Portuguese. It also went out in Dutch, Polish, Serbo-Croatian and Czech. They heard Ed Murrow in London describe the reactions of the British.

At 3:58 Wednesday morning, Nov. 8, Bob Trout, the plunging back of CBS news announcers, went on the air for his 31st broadcast of the night. He had read a total of 832 state returns, had spoken a total of 3 hours and 52 minutes. Trout gave the popular vote to that point, then signed off. When he finished the world knew how its greatest democracy worked out its cardinal problem of the moment, saw it spit on its hands, and get back to the job of finishing the war.

★

The roster of people who think of radio in terms beyond mere entertainment or instruction has been further expanded within the last six months by the addition of 21 names of citizens of Rochester, New York.

They are all people so handicapped in their bodies that they cannot move about except in a wheel chair, and so straitened in their economies that they could not afford the chair itself.

So Citizen Al Sigl of Rochester, a newscaster on the CBS affiliate station and newswriter for the *Times Union,* went on WHEC and rallied the Friends of the Wheel Chair Brigade. Out of garages and attics rolled 20 chairs. The twenty-first was made by an orthopedist to the requirements of a woman who had been bedridden for 7 years.

★

This is CBS the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

machine after de Florez has been using it are generally amazed to hear a cackle of Chinese syllables or a rumble of German gutturals.

In one of his scrapbooks the Captain has preserved a review, from a Boston newspaper, of an M.I.T. play produced during his senior year. The reviewer took a calm stand on most of the performers but went overboard for the comedian. "In addition to his rôle as the French chauffeur," he wrote, "de Florez did some fine bits of character work in connection with the song 'If I could only talk like that,' in the first act. In rapid succession he appeared as a German inventor, a French roué, an Italian organ grinder, and a Chinese opium fiend. He was forced to return again and again with his Chinese act."

Being equipped with the temperament as well as the talents of the dramatic artist, de Florez has been fortunate, during his Navy career, in having a staff of consistently equable assistants. In some respects the composition of the staff is refreshingly varied. His executive officer is Commander Donald L. Hibbard, formerly president of Parsons College, in Iowa. Among his other assistants are Lieutenant (j.g.) Cornelius Roosevelt, son of the late general; Lieutenant (j.g.) Douglas Leigh, owner of most of the big electric signs on Broadway; Lieutenant Commander Duane Wallick, who was the manager of the Providence-Biltmore Hotel before the war; Lieutenant Robert Barton, president emeritus of the Parker Games Company; Lieutenant Commander Henry C. Knutson, former professor of electronics at Lehigh University; and Lieutenant Rogers Follansbee, an engineer whose father-in-law, Sewell Avery, recently made photographic history. Quite a few of de Florez's assistants are M.I.T. graduates, for whose technical skill he has great admiration. With one or another of these men he frequently makes trips into the combat zones. Nearly every time he does, he manages to work out some new device. Recently, while in the Pacific, he was distressed to learn that it was taking hours to load the bomb bay of a torpedo plane on a carrier deck in the dark. The Captain relayed this unhappy news back to Lieutenant Roosevelt, who designed a lightproof bomb bay that worked on the zipper principle and cut down the loading time to a matter of minutes.

De Florez keeps pretty much on the move between Washington, New York, the naval air stations, and the fighting fronts, but he often manages to spend weekends at his estate in Pomfret. His house, a low, ivy-covered stone structure, is considered a showplace in an area of good houses. It looks across a long stretch of lawn to a pond fed by springs, and behind it is a grove of evergreens. He has a landing field on the property that has been turned over to the Civil Aeronautics Authority for the duration, but the Captain still uses it when he flies home. Mrs. de Florez, a pleasant, composed woman, doesn't share her husband's zest for aviation. She usually takes one ride in whatever new plane he has bought, climbs out, and says, "It's awfully nice, dear," and never gets in it again. The two often visit at the nearby home of Vinton Freedley, the theatrical producer. De Florez and Freedley see eye to eye on domestic and foreign affairs, and their wives carry on a brisk exchange of garden produce. The Captain and his wife try to be as self-sustaining on their place as possible, and raise not only their own vegetables but poultry as well. De Florez likes to show visitors around and announce the points of interest. He generally conducts these tours at a dog trot, and carrying an enormous mug of beer in one hand. "The barn!" he will cry. "Made out of old boards. Bought them so it wouldn't look new. Duck pen, chicken house, stream dammed up to make a swimming pool—haven't been in it for years. Corn patch, horse trough—no horses. Gardener's quarters—no gardener. Flying field beyond the woods there." The de Florezes had a man of all work, but he was drafted, which they think was a mistake. "He could have raised crops for the troops," de Florez says, "and you know how he winds up in the Army? As a dental assistant." The Captain and his wife are afraid that he may become attached to his new line of work, so they are planning to install a second-hand dental chair in the barn to keep him happy after his return. "He can practice on the animals and his friends," de Florez says.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of two articles on Captain de Florez.*)

•

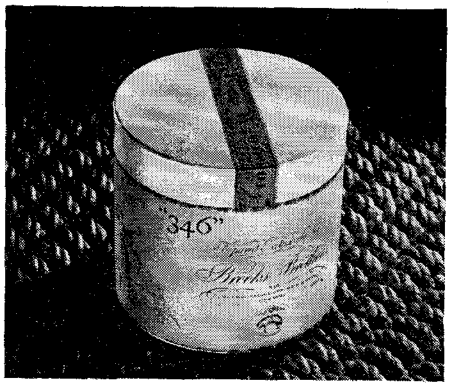
Lou Nichols, assistant director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is sure he has a double who is a football fan. He has listened to the past two Redskin games and each time he has heard the announcer say: "I see Lou Nichols of the FBI, enjoying the game from his box." And each time Lou has been hard at work in his office.

—*Washington Post.*

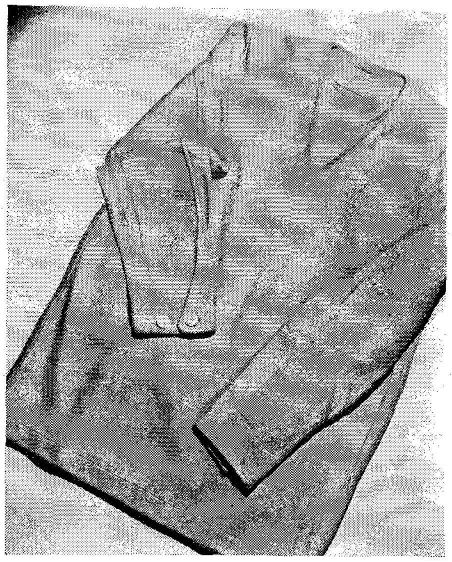
A good investigator would investigate that.

MEN'S GIFTS

346 TOBACCO: A blend of the finest imported and domestic tobaccos especially prepared for Brooks Brothers. 1 lb. package, $3.50, or ½ lb., $1.75

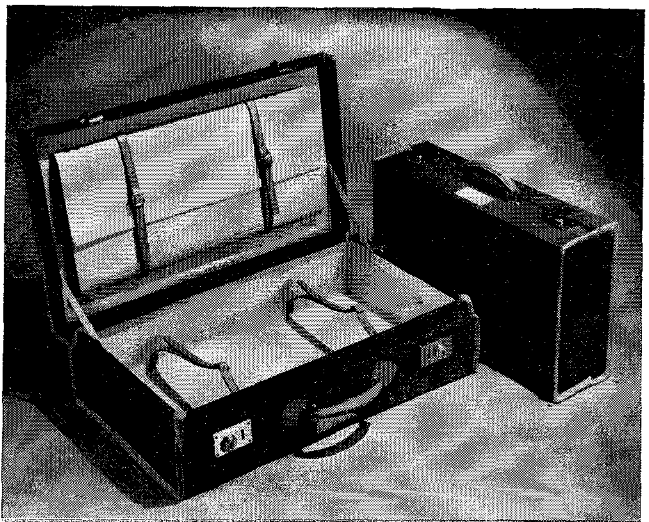


BROOKS BROTHERS' TOBACCO POUCHES: Roll-ups in Striped Silk, $4.75; Sporting Flannel, $3.75; Tan Leather, $3.50. Tan Leather "Pocketbook" style tobacco pouches, slide fastened, are $3.25 (with additional pipe compartment); $3 (plain).



BROOKS BROTHERS' CHAMOIS SHIRT: V-necked Pullovers with snapped-in throat flap. Selected skins, natural chamois color. Sizes 36 to 46. $29

BROOKS BROTHERS' CANVAS SUITCASES: Heavy dark brown canvas, handsomely finished with tan leather binding and brass locks. With shirt pocket, 26" long, $40*; 29" long, $45*—or without shirt pocket, 21" long, $30*.
*20% federal tax additional



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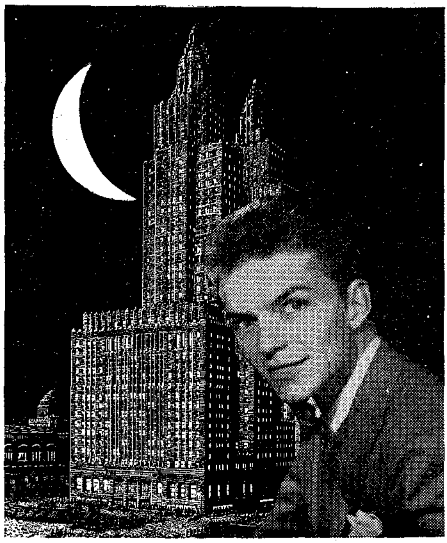
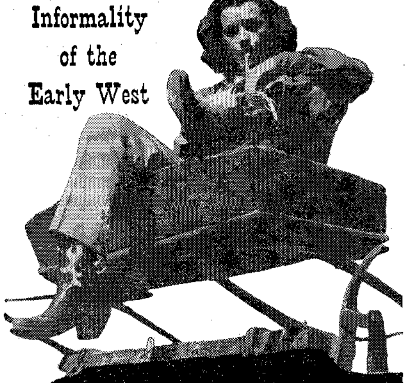
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES & ACCESSORIES
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
46 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON 16, MASS. · 1 WALL ST., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
727 WEST 7TH ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CAL. · 111 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO 4, CAL.



THE WEDGWOOD ROOM

At Supper FRANK SINATRA
Dinner and Supper NAT BRANDWYNNE and his Orchestra • Mischa Borr and his Orchestra alternating at Supper • Cover from 10:30, $2 • SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE... No Cover • Mischa Borr and his Orchestra

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA



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Hotel LAST FRONTIER
LAS VEGAS NEVADA

All Outdoor Sports
Ramona Room . . . Meeting Place of the Stars
Club "21" Casino

Write for full particulars

THE THEATRE

LULL

EXCEPT, of course, for Reginald de Koven's music, the revival of "Robin Hood," at the Adelphi, strikes me as operetta's closest possible approach to total imbecility. I wasn't around when this venerable turnip was first offered to the public in 1890 and I didn't happen to see any of the intervening versions either, so I can't compare them with the current production. I can say, however, that if the plot and the humor and the general behavior of the performers were even approximately what they are today, its success with those bygone audiences is as mysterious to me as the disappearance of Judge Crater. It isn't necessary, thank God, to tell you what "Robin Hood" is about. They are all there—the Sheriff of Nottingham, Sir Guy of Gisborne, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian—and the story follows, or stumbles, vaguely along the paths of the old legend. We'll consider, then, only a few details of the massacre.

The humor, to take that up first, is gruesome, even by the standards of a dramatic form which is notoriously hostile to it. The worst offenders are the Sheriff and Sir Guy, who bear a very accurate resemblance to some of Shakespeare's more painful clowns. They have the usual drunken scene (in which they execute funny-paper staggers, as distinguished from the *drinking* scene, in which the chorus men shout and clink their empty pewter mugs), they pursue or are pursued amorously by women (Sir Guy, I suspect, was lifted almost intact from Sir Andrew Aguecheek), and they have lines that might have dismayed the earliest editors of *Punch*. Two samples are certainly enough:

DAME DURDEN (a stout widow): Come in and you shall have a steak.

THE SHERIFF: Ah, well, here goes another martyr to the stake.

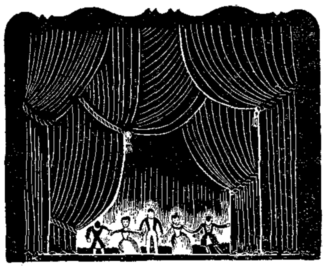
And:

THE SHERIFF (to the same Durden): Don't get so gay with your hubby, chubby.

I suggested to the lady with me, who has a nine-year-old son, that all this might be just about up his alley.

"Goodness, no," she said. "He's *much* too old."

Since the program gives no credit to a scenic designer, I can only conclude that "A Market Place in Nottingham," "Sherwood Forest," and "The Courtyard of the Sheriff's Castle" are simply reproductions of those in some earlier rendering, conceivably the original. To paraphrase Miss Louella Parsons, who was talking about something else: Sherwood Forest never looked tawdrier. The costumes, with the notable exception of a fancy blue riding habit, worn by Maid Marian, which can't have antedated 1750, are presumably twelfth century, with its enthusiastic emphasis on the gentlemen's thighs and the ladies' bosoms. These ladies, incidentally, are not handsome and provide almost nothing to divert your attention from the assorted miseries of the libretto. My final complaint is against tradition: Allan-a-Dale has always been played by a young woman and is here. This, I'm sure, can be defended as useful musically, but, since the current Allan is almost as richly feminine as those pictures in *Esquire*, the effect is a little perplexing visually, especially in his (or her) rather specific love scenes with Annabel. Even in Shakespeare, these things can be embarrassing, and Mr. de Koven, after all, was not Shakespeare.



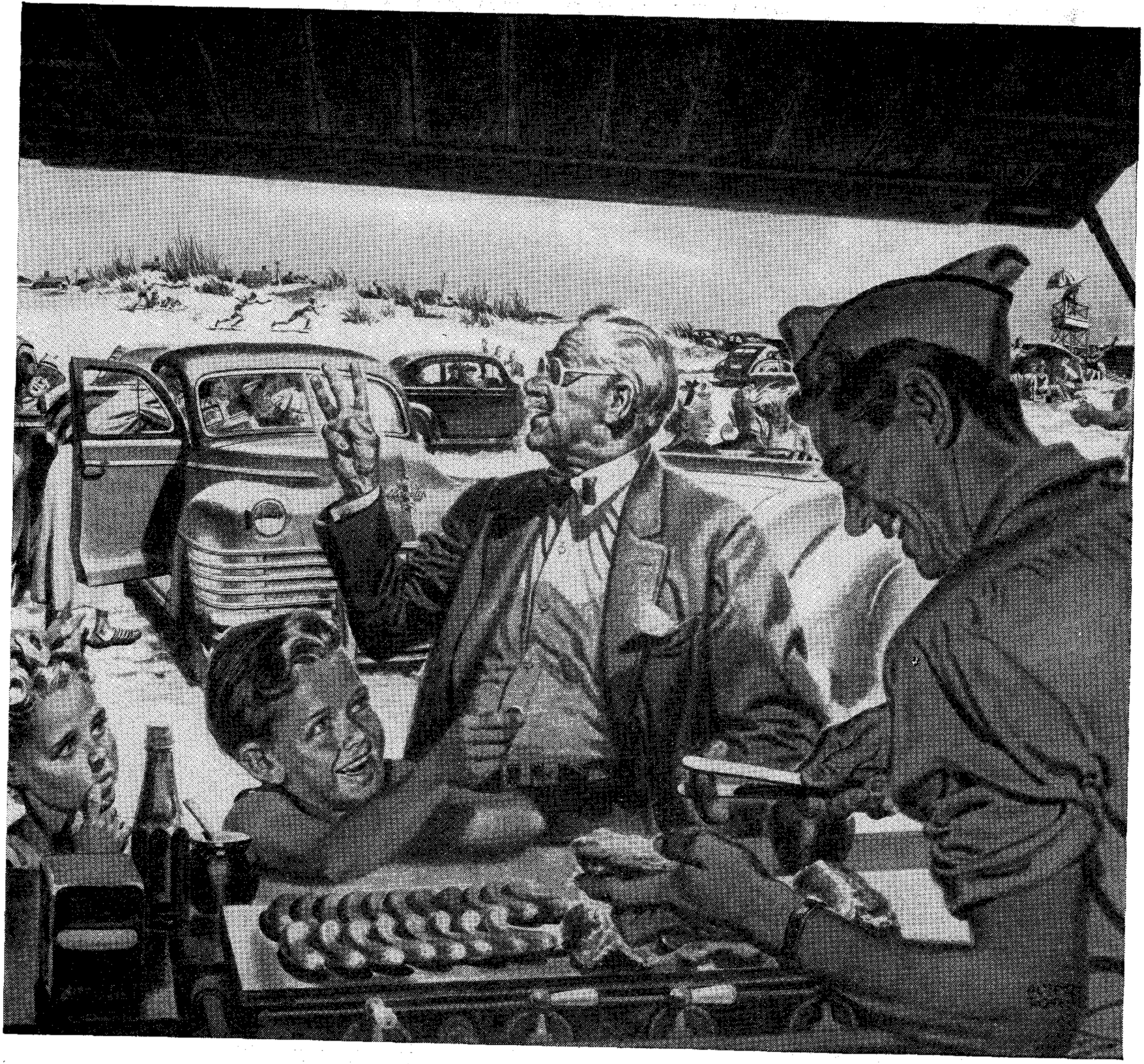
The music, as you certainly know, includes such ancient favorites as "Brown October Ale" and "Oh Promise Me," and it is sung by people like Barbara Scully, Robert Field, and George Lipton, who clearly know how this sort of thing should be done. This, I'm sorry to say, is the extent of my politeness about "Robin Hood."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

By her former marriage, Hilah also has a son, tall, devil-may-care Donald Andrews, who substituted white tie and tails for the uniform of the U. S. Army shortly after Pearl Harbor.—*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American.*

Original sort of chap, anyway.



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LETTER FROM BARCELONA

OCTOBER 1 (DELAYED)

BARCELONA is a long, long way from Madrid. Barcelona is Catalan and Madrid is Castilian, and the mountains that separate Catalonia from France are not as high as the invisible barrier between Catalonia and Castile. Madrid is the past and Barcelona the future of a once great nation. Like all seaports, Barcelona is a natural city, which has grown out of its geography. Madrid is an artificial city, an arbitrary capital.

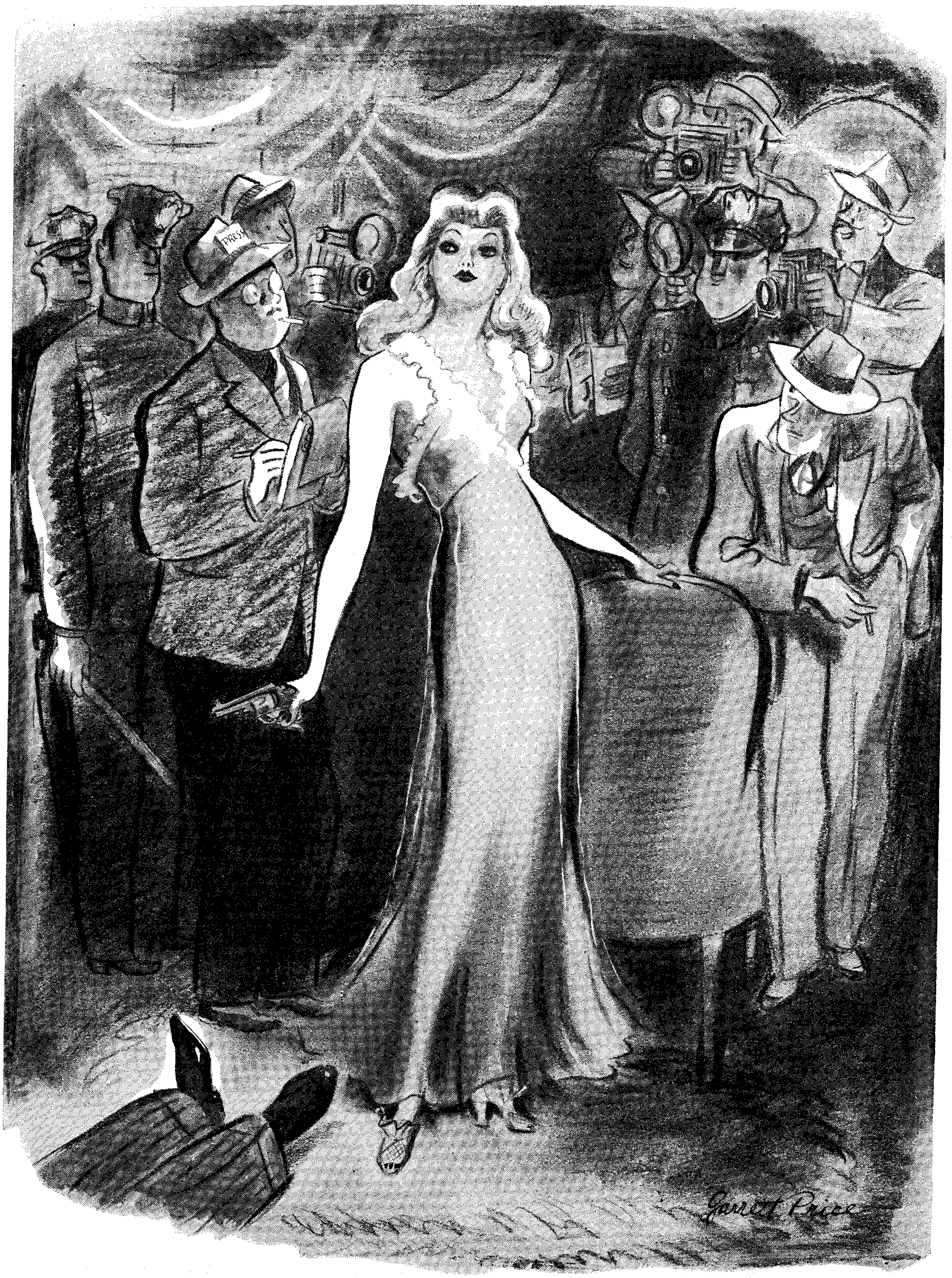
The long, wide, leafy boulevards of Barcelona—the Ramblas, the Paseo de Gracia, the Diagonal—give the city a bright, aerated quality that Madrid lacks. The people jaywalk and no whistle jerks them back. You see fewer Army officers, fewer police, and little evidence of the pervasive and almost Prussian bureaucracy of the capital. In the morning, the streets are crowded with people on their way to work, for nearly everyone works here. People work in Madrid, too, but there two hours in an office is considered a tough day for a man and no nice woman works at all. The Barcelona girls are not as pretty as the Madrilenians, but they walk with freedom and assurance, almost like American girls. Barcelona has, in general, an American spirit; its energy, eagerness, curiosity, and humor provide a contrast to the dark, ingrowing nationalism of central Spain. The Catalan is by temperament a progressive. He has plenty of traditions, but he is receptive to new ideas. The industrialists of Catalonia are, of course, conservative, but even they are receptive to change and friendly to America. Catalan intellectuals, artists, and workers, muzzled and frustrated though they are at the moment, are more than receptive and more than friendly. They are only a hundred miles from a free France, and from their exiled and resurgent countrymen there.

The Catalan has some special vitality as the result of the fact that he produces—not only for himself but for most of Spain. Catalonia provides silk, cotton goods, olive oil, and wine. It is also the peninsula's breeding ground for talent. The mysticism of Montserrat and the Mediterranean lightness of spirit make a fine creative mold. The combination is nowhere more visible than in the Barcelona Cathedral. Inside it is dim and grandiose, but in the courtyard there are fountains, geese, magnolias, and playing children. Catalonia has produced many of the best modern Spanish painters, beginning with Rusiñol and Fortuny, in the late nineteenth century, and continuing with Dali. Madrid has only one gallery which exhibits contemporary art; Barcelona has thirty. The Catalonian taste is evident everywhere—in the city's shop windows, which are among the most elegant in the world, in its clothes, in its ceramics. The Barcelona Opera, which ranks with the Paris Opera and La Scala, has been having some brilliant seasons, owing partly to the contribution of the best German singers and musicians. It is also offering a novelty—a Japanese conductor, well thought of here, who is frequently seen at the Ritz with a copy of the London *Daily Mail* under his arm. The old Ballet Russe always included Barcelona in its tours. The Catalans themselves do a great deal of ritualistic, complicated street dancing. Pablo Casals, probably the world's greatest cellist, is a Catalan.

The Catalans read a lot, but they are now officially restricted, for the most part, to historical romances (there is safety only in the past) and to government-inspired essays. One of the most popular books at present, and one that the government has not plugged, is a biography of Churchill; another is a volume of Mickey Mouse comic strips in Spanish. There are only a few French books and almost no English or American ones. The newspapers, except for the weekly *Destino*, which has somehow managed to be pro-Ally all along, are uniform and without substance. Most of their space is devoted to Falange activities, to the Church, and to the enthusiastic receptions El Caudillo is presumably receiving throughout Spain. They are also given to the discursive, emotional journalism in which every piece begins with a series of rhetorical questions. The only publication which contains the characteristically caustic and crazy Spanish humor is *Codorniz*, a completely non-political weekly that devotes itself to gags, jokes, satires, and expert cartoons.

Barcelona is full of places to go at night, from large outdoor restaurants with good dance bands to small joints in the narrow streets of the Barriocinos, where Andalusian entertainers sing flamenco until five in the morning. The Catalans love flamenco, which has

(*Advertisement*)


PRESS
Garret Price

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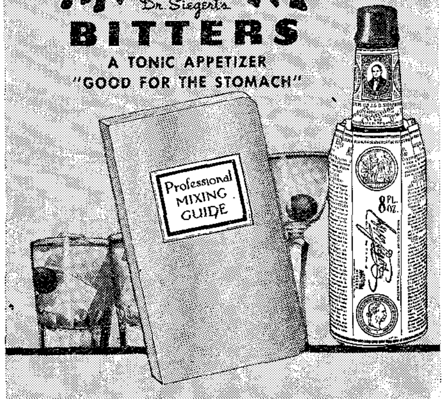

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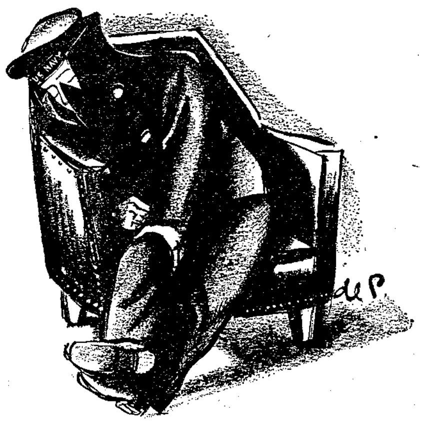
the hopped-up, frenetic quality of a jam session but with profoundly tragic undertones. The city also has a lot of pleasantly bohemian cafés where amateurs get up and sing or dance before quiet, shabby audiences. Besides all this, there are beautiful beaches an hour away, and nearby there are mountain villages, with rapid streams and cool, dry air, as a summer antidote to the smothering humidity of the city.

BECAUSE of all its physical and spiritual wealth, Catalonia is resented by the other, poorer regions of Spain. In the interest of Falange unity, the Madrid government has attempted to level out the people of Spain. This levelling has been done not by law but by a series of restrictive measures that amount to the same thing. The Catalan language may not be printed, sung, or spoken in public. Taxes are theoretically the same for all of Spain, but their collection is rigidly enforced only in Catalonia. There is no law against establishing new businesses in Catalonia, but innumerable bureaucratic obstacles are put in a Catalan manufacturer's way and "inspectors" are sent out from Madrid to supervise Catalan industry. These men receive no salary; instead, they are given forty per cent of any fines collected for infractions, however trivial, of government regulations. Needless to say, they live in affluence if not in the hearts of their countrymen.

There is a certain amount of separatist talk from time to time, as there always has been, but few intelligent Catalans seem to want an independent state. They merely want, and think they deserve, certain personal and cultural liberties which are now withheld. Catalans in industrial and financial circles believe that these and other aims will be realized before long, probably, as they might be expected to think, through the establishment of a constitutional monarchy. Photographs of Juan II (now in Switzerland) hang in many offices, and copies of his plan for a new government



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are discreetly circulated. This business group is violently opposed to Franco and Falangism, but it feels that the Spaniard is not yet capable of sustaining a real democracy. Some Catalan priests are also members of this conservative opposition to the Fascist regime. The majority of the workers, who have a long record of revolutionary action, are not content to place their hopes in Juan II. But whatever happens, Barcelona is united in its hatred of Falangist control, and Catalans of all groups will be in the first wave of revolt.

MOST Catalans were elated over the change of neighbors across the border in August. They and the Basques, of all the Spaniards, have been the least affected by German propaganda. However, Catalonia is still full of Germans, most of whom came here to engage in both business and intelligence. Until recently, Lufthansa was operating a regular Berlin-Stuttgart-Barcelona air service, and there was a constant coming and going of Nazi agents. Now that the German planes can no longer stop off at Lyon and are in danger of being shot down by Allied fighters anyway, this traffic has just about ceased, and a regiment of spies is immobilized. No one knows what will happen to them. Some have already changed their names and moved to smaller towns. Some have left for South America. Most of those remaining are concentrating on their legitimate businesses. Intelligence can wait.

The Nazis are subjected, along with other visitors, to an unusual torture devised by Catalan elevator boys. When taking passengers up or down, the operator faces toward them instead of toward the door and keeps his eye steadily on them. The elevator is very small, the trip very slow, and the silence very heavy. There is no telling what this experience may do to the conscience of a retired spy. —MARYA MANNES

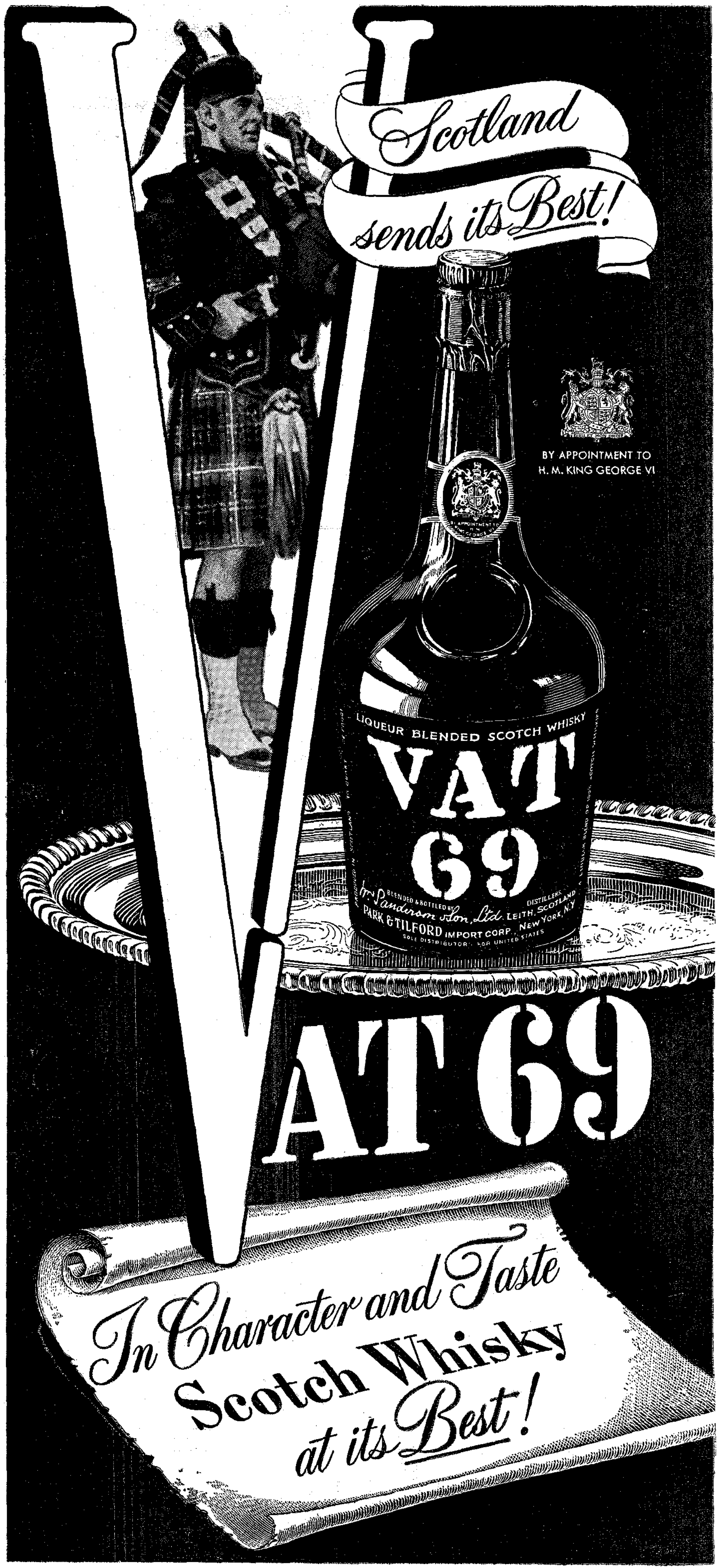
•

Dear Friend:

When we were a feckless lad of fifteen, we wrote clumsy quatrains to a girl in the Eighth Grade. Two years later, we having become a Man and she an Uninteresting Child, we gave her up. We met her again at college, and she had bloomed into the World's Most Fascinating Woman. We could have kicked ourselves.

Seems to us, Gentle Reader, that's exactly the way things have been between you and *The Saturday Review of Literature*. You loved us once, and you jilted us. If you could see us now, you'd be sorry.—*From a Saturday Review of Literature promotional letter.*

Still thin?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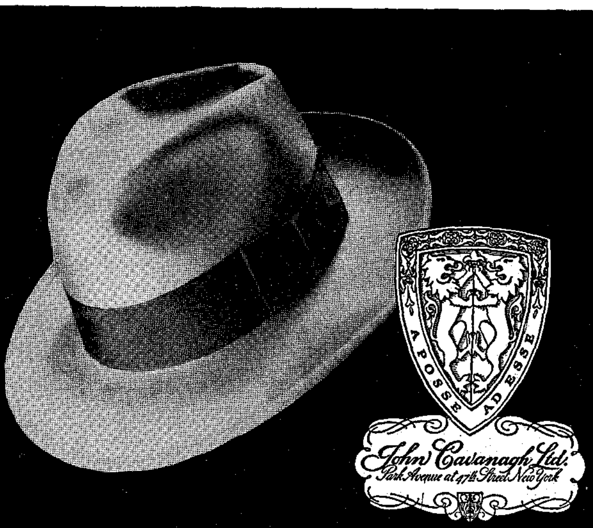

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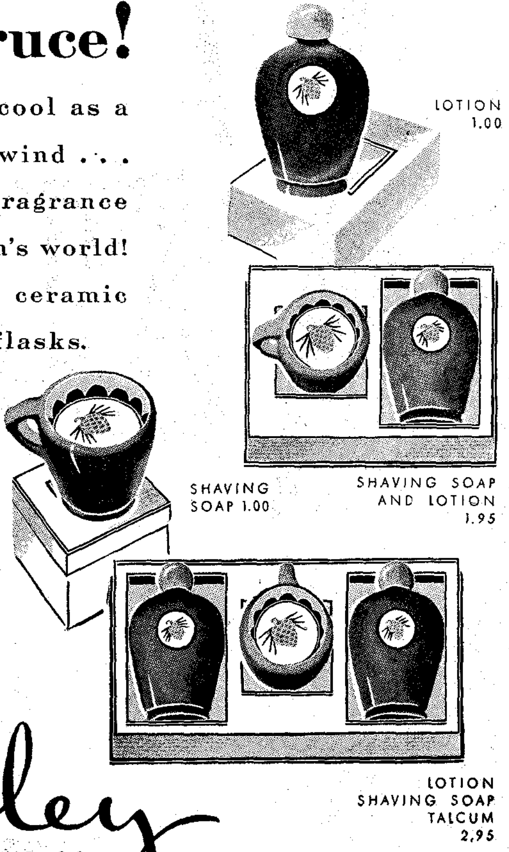

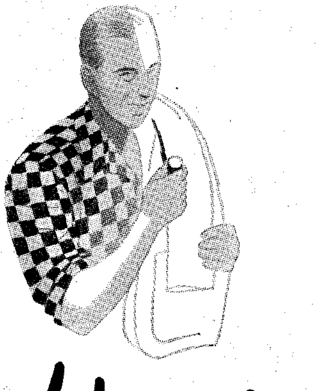

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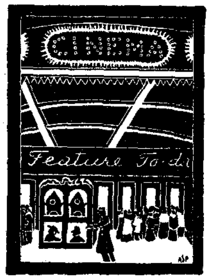
THE CURRENT CINEMA

From Nuts to Corn



MANY of the ingredients present in "San Diego, I Love You" cannot be identified without chemical analysis, but right offhand you will spot Saroyan, "You Can't Take It with You," Ruth McKenney, and some of the less powerful barbiturates. The first, second, and fourth of these items are not listed by the manufacturer, though they seem plainly to have inspired, respectively, the picture's title, its central idea, and its occasional anesthetic effect. Miss McKenney gets a screen credit, for authorship once removed (original story), and she, I expect, is responsible for the few funny notions that help this promiscuous dose down your throat. There is a butler, haunting a deserted house, who is asked to make almost no sense at all, and Eric Blore is becomingly addled and droll in the part. Buster Keaton, as a bus driver, yields to a long-standing temptation to drive his passengers along the edge of San Diego Bay instead of over his grimy regular route. Here already, in the two most pleasant phases of the picture, you have two distinct, mismatched types of zanyism, and every other type known to man is piled in beside them, with one of those wacky, carefree, hobby-ridden families on top. The last is an institution that "You Can't Take It with You" might decently have taken with it when it went, since it failed to leave any instructions for varying the form, which has run ever since to crackpot inventors and persons who play wind instruments around the home. "San Diego, I Love You" is the slavish student of all such recipes for being daffy if it kills you.

DAMON RUNYON is the producer, not the writer, of the new Twentieth Century-Fox musical show called "Irish Eyes Are Smiling," but I think he had a hand in the selection of its subject material, which involves Ernest R. Ball, the composer, and Stanley Ketchel, the middleweight fighter, both deceased and widely mourned in their respective circles. Judged without bias, the picture is an ordinary and familiar specimen of Fox musical, with Technicolor, expensive period sets, and a blonde named June Haver carrying on for Alice Faye and Betty Grable, both temporarily disqualified by motherhood. Myself, though, I can't consider the film with complete detachment, because I am, as the producer seems also to be, a sucker for the work of its leading character, Mr. Ball. A brief preface over Mr. Runyon's signature says that Ball wrote "the most sentimental ballads the world has ever known." It would be anachronistic to call him the king of corn, for he predated the first special use of the word "corn" by swing musicians, but he was the quintessence of what they had in mind. His songs, besides the one the picture uses for its title, included "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "Turn Back the Universe and Give Me Yesterday," "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Boy o' Mine," "Goodbye, Good Luck, God Bless You," "After the Roses Have Faded Away," "Shure, They Called It Ireland," and "You Planted a Rose in the Garden of Love." Ball did not, as the picture suggests, write lyrics as well as tunes, but he undoubtedly stirred his poet partners to their richest creations—as with James J. Walker in "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" Many of Walker's speeches and banquet tributes, in fact, sound like lyrics to music by Ball.

Several Ball hymns are sung and played in the picture by Dick Haymes, as the composer, and always with deep satisfaction to admirers of this lush art. The rôle of the great Ketchel, a minor player in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling," is less satisfying. It appears that Maxie Rosenbloom, a competent but careful light-heavyweight champion in his day, was the only actor with pugilistic experience around the Fox lot, and they gave him the part. It would have been better to get hold of the free-lance actor Freddie Steele, a sinister and talented ex-middleweight. Mr. Rosenbloom today has three times the displacement of Ketchel and twice the displacement of his old professional self. Mr. Runyon and his casting department have been guilty here of misrepresentation and a hint of something bordering on the sacrilegious.

—John Lardner

•

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

LOVELY AMERICANS

FOR nearly two and a half years the American troops in General Douglas MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Command fought in some of the world's most uncivilized territory. As they made their way along the New Guinea coast and invaded New Britain, the Admiralty Islands, Biak, Morotai, and other places with strange names, they experienced none of the satisfaction of the Allied troops in Europe, who have been marching through town after town on triumphant crusades of liberation. The only towns the men in the Pacific saw were the native *kampongs* and the only welcome they received from the not visibly overjoyed inhabitants was an unintelligible chatter. With the invasion of the Philippines, MacArthur's men finally got their reward. Ever since Bataan, as the world knew, MacArthur had had one aspiration: to return to the Islands. For him the invasion of Leyte was a personal triumph, the end of a long, complicated battle. But for the men, weary of jungles, it was something more; it was like coming out of darkness into the light.

I landed on Leyte the morning of October 20th as a correspondent attached to the Seventh Regiment of the First Cavalry Division, which was dismounted when it left the United States, soon after Pearl Harbor, with the objective, even then, of helping recapture the Philippines. Under cover of violent naval gunfire, capped by a cascade of rockets that literally tore our landing beach apart, we got ashore successfully, with less opposition than we had expected. A few bomb-happy Japanese snipers were still in the trees and a few others were still in the concrete pillboxes along the shore, but these were quickly disposed of. The snipers were picked off their perches by sharpshooters with carbines and Garands and the pillboxes were dynamited. Three divisions to the south of us, particularly the Twenty-fourth Division, on our left flank, ran into much heavier opposition. We were able to push rapidly north toward the town of Tacloban, four miles from our landing point. It turned out that the troops of the notorious Sixteenth Imperial Japanese Division, whom our division had expected to encounter in the Tacloban area, had been moved south just before the invasion. In the village of San José, some four hundred yards from where we landed, we found several Japanese automobiles, a large quantity of Japanese beer (bottled in Manila), and some new guns the enemy had not taken the time to destroy in his flight. San José was deserted. All but a few of the houses, which had been bombed for days from the air before the landing and shelled for hours from the sea that morning, were rubble, and even those that were standing looked as if they were ready to fall down. The cavalrymen didn't stay in San José very long. They pushed on toward the Barayan River, a narrow stream a little less than a mile ahead. Here the Japs had, conveniently, left a bridge intact, so the cavalry kept moving. By dusk we had reached what was supposed to be our second-day objective, a road junction a mile or so from Tacloban. Here we established a perimeter defense for the night, and here began the magnificent reception we got in the Philippines. This, it seemed to me, was what all the men had been waiting for during the long, malarial months in the jungles.

Hundreds of soldiers will always remember the white-clad figure of the Filipino who came walking toward us (running was more like it), wheeling a bicycle, at four o'clock that afternoon. It had been raining and the road was too slippery to ride on. The advance troops spied him several hundred yards ahead through the trees and held their fire when they saw him waving frantically, taking off and putting on his broad-brimmed hat again and again. As he approached, his face appeared to be composed entirely of smile. It was impossible to understand what he was saying, but it was easy to see that he was filled with an almost hysterical happiness. He grabbed the hand of every soldier he could reach and shook it ecstatically. When he had quieted down, we were able, with the help of one of the Filipino soldiers with us, to learn that his name was Isaios Budlong and that he had formerly been a telegraph operator in Tacloban. To him went the honor of being the first liberated Filipino. He had left the town that morning and made his way through whatever was left of the Japanese lines to reach us.

Having liberated Budlong, the troops began digging foxholes and setting up mortars and machine guns in preparation for a possible Jap counterattack. As they dug in, more Filipinos came running down the two roads leading to the junction. In half an hour there were a hundred of them milling around us. There were men, one of whom brought a large box of Japanese hard crackers and gave it to Lieutenant Colonel Robert P. Kirk, our squadron commander; and there were young girls, mothers carrying crying infants in their arms, and old women, their faces wrinkled, their skin hanging loosely. One old woman stood at the side of the road, her hands outstretched. Like Budlong, she reached out at the soldiers near her, but whereas his hands had darted eagerly, hers moved through the air with a gentle, swinging motion, touching a man only now and then, as a woman would fondle a piece of silk. She looked as if she were dreaming and couldn't believe her dream, and she had as beatific a smile on her worn, brown face as I have ever seen.

Most of the men and women who came toward us were in rags. After a few minutes, those of them that lived nearby ran home to change into the clothes they

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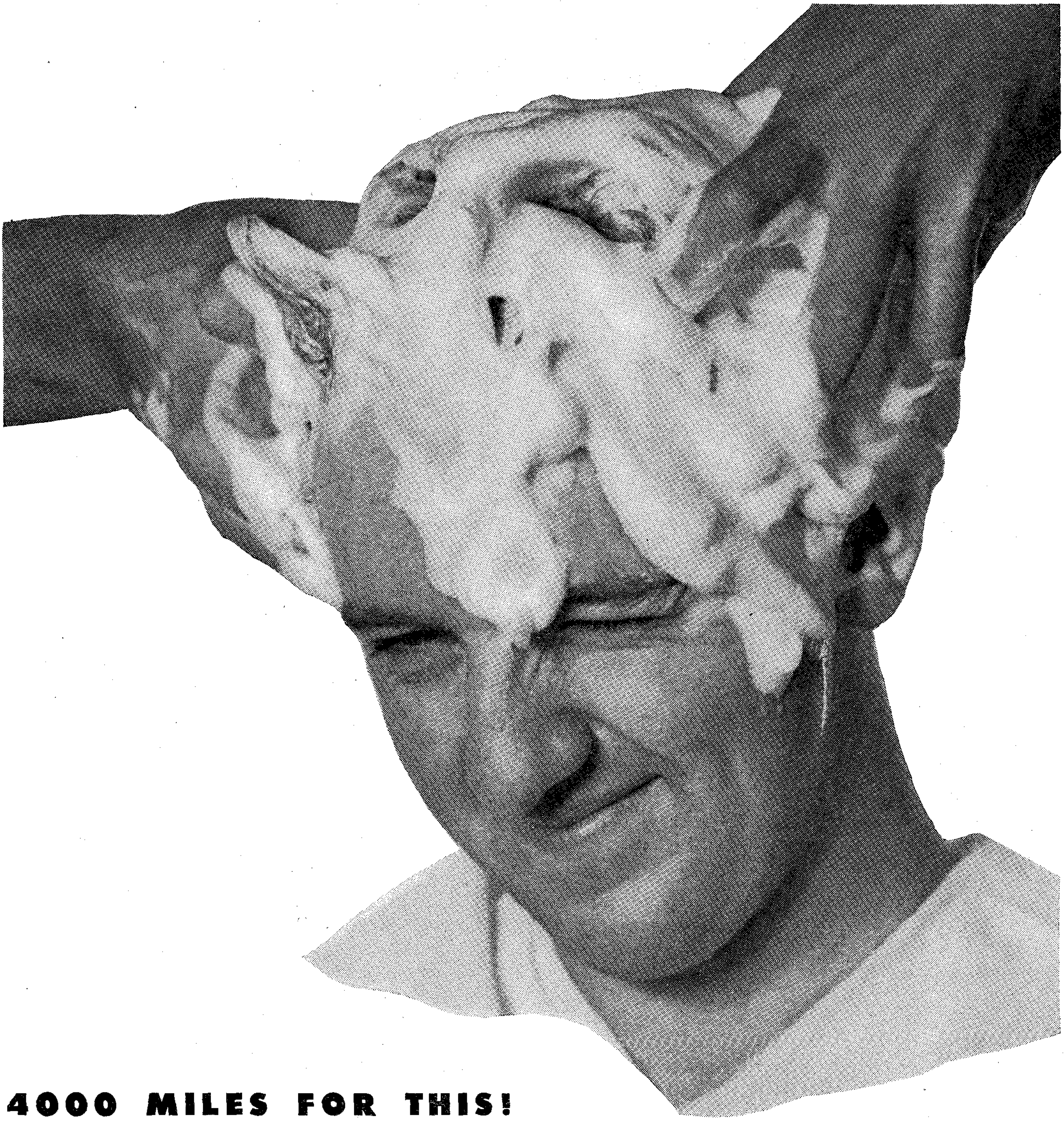

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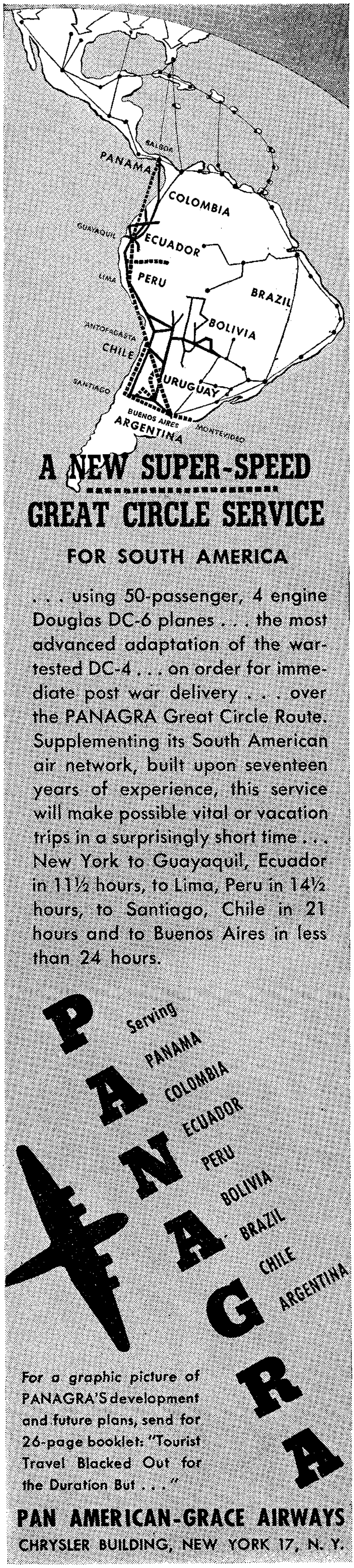

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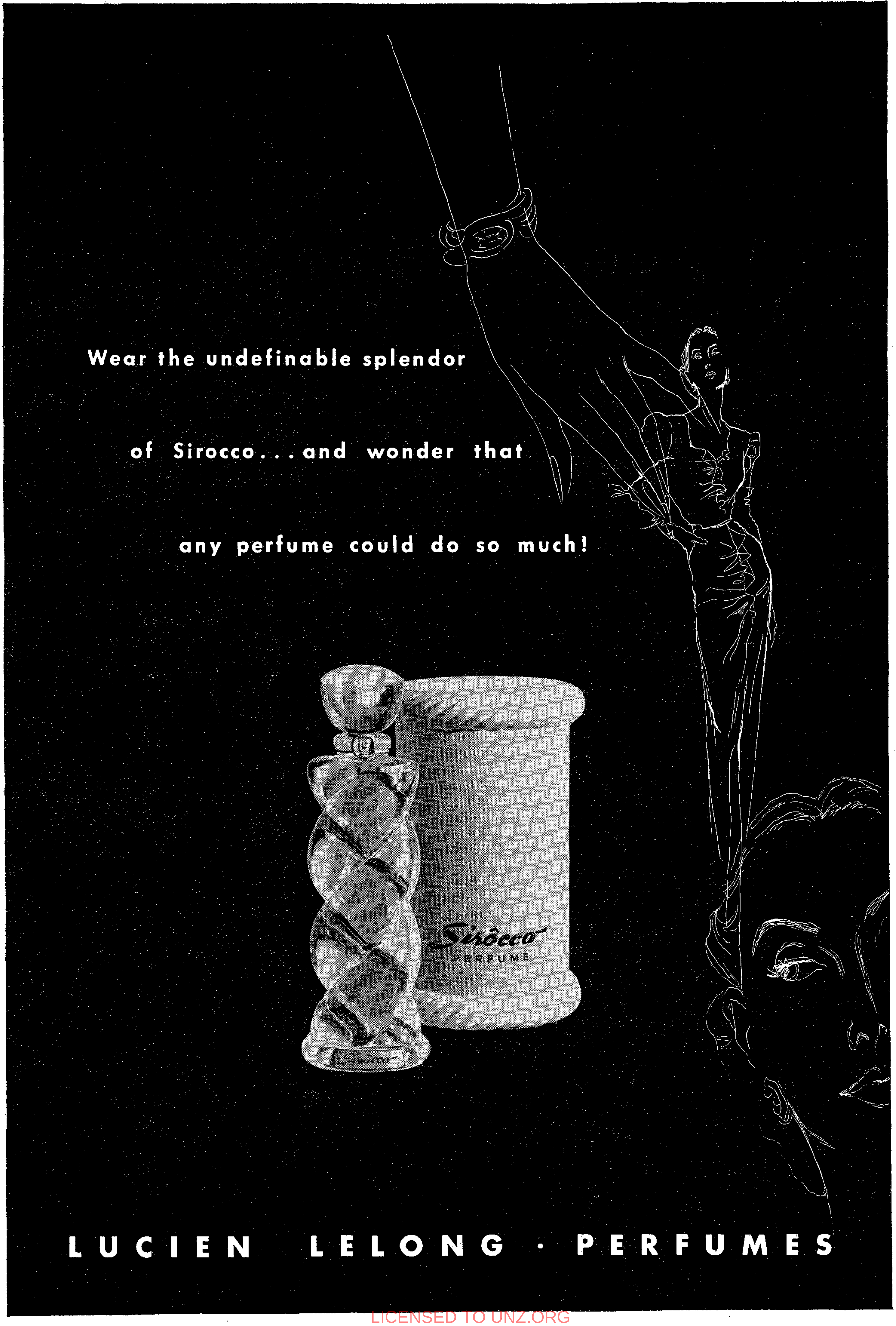
had been saving for the day of liberation. Before it was dark, they were back again, the girls in bright cotton dresses, the men in white or blue trousers and shirts. The young men were exuberant. They wanted, even before food—which they obviously needed badly—guns, so that they could join in the fight against the Japs. Most of them spoke English, but haltingly. A twenty-one-year-old lad named Guillermo Peñaranda asked us, "Where is our President?" We were glad to be able to tell him that President Sergio Osmeña was with General MacArthur and would be in Tacloban in a day or two. Restituta Jarohohon, a pretty twenty-year-old girl with her first child in her arms, shook hands with everyone and said, "We are very glad to meet you." The Filipinos told us that the Japanese had fled into the hills beyond Tacloban. Despite the artillery and mortar fire from the beach behind us, and the mosquitoes that swarmed into our foxholes, we slept peacefully that night.

IN the morning, we went on north toward Tacloban. On the outskirts, we ran into some opposition. Two hundred Japs were well entrenched on a low hill on the southeast side. It took us three hours to clean them out with artillery and mortar fire. While we were stalled, the Filipinos once again came to us before we could get to them. A long-legged, loosely put-together figure who looked as if he had been drawn by Thomas Benton came running up the road to Colonel Walter E. Finnegan, our regimental commander, and said that he was Governor Bernardo Torres. He wore lavender pants, a yellow shirt, and a broad yellow hat. He told us that he had been the Governor of Leyte Province before the Japs came to Tacloban, in May, 1942, and that the Japs had kept him on as Governor until they had become dissatisfied with him in that job. Then they had appointed him Director of Agriculture for the Philippines and put him in charge of food production for the Visayan island group, of which Leyte is one. Torres seemed more than eager to tell us what he could about the Japs—where they were and what they had done to the civilians of the town. He said that the hated Kempeitai, the Jap military police, had had a large force in Tacloban and had maltreated the natives.

The case of Torres is a queer one and a good example of the ticklish question: when is a collaborationist not a collaborationist? Torres was so eager to tell everything he knew that he was suspect. Three days later, when Colonel Ruperto Kangleon, the guerrilla chief on Leyte, was made military governor of the island, one of his first actions was to have Torres put in jail, together with about two hundred other suspected collaborationists. Kangleon had for nearly three years led an armed revolt in the hills, and his forces had killed thirty-eight hundred Japanese soldiers since February. This was a case of a bitter, fighting opponent of the Japs showing his contempt for a man who had stayed behind and tried to compromise. Yet there may well be something to be said for Torres, and if there is, it will be said at the trial that he and others like him will get before the Philippine and American authorities. Townspeople whose loyalty to the Americans cannot be doubted thought highly of Torres and trusted him. He got for them what little food the Japs did not steal and maintained as amicable relations as possible with an entrenched enemy through the difficult months. He was no Pétain, like the Japanese puppet Governor Pastor Salazar, but he was not a Tito, like Kangleon, either.

While we were talking to Torres in front of the command post, we could hear shots in the center of the town. From the windows of the houses, Jap sharpshooters were trying to pick off the Americans in the streets. Before the war, Tacloban was a town of eighteen thousand. It had a movie theatre, an ice plant, an athletic field, several restaurants, and a sizable business district near the wharves. The Japs had occupied practically all the business buildings and the best dwellings, and when several other correspondents and I reached the town, the remains of their paraphernalia of war were scattered everywhere.

We correspondents walked into town behind the troops and were directed to the two-story house of Mayor Vicente Quintero, a small, bespectacled man, who was looking very happy. He set up some Jap beer for us and also brought out a bottle of whiskey he said he had been saving for the great day. His home had beautiful, polished floors of narra and molave, Philippine hardwoods. Quintero has been Mayor for twelve years. "We are very glad to see you," he said. "It has been a long time. Things have been very hard under the Japanese." Until three months before, he said, most families had managed to get enough rice and *camotes*, or yams. Since then, the Japanese had pressed more and more Filipinos into



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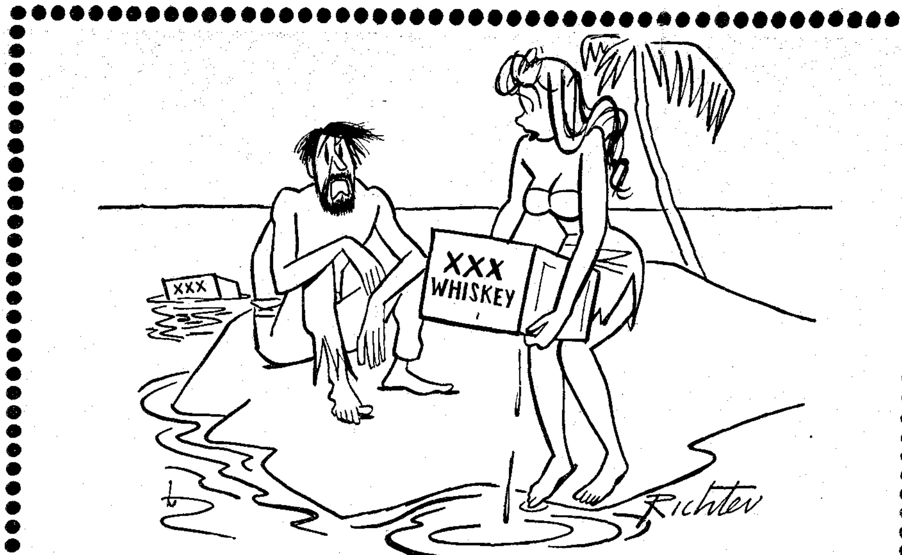

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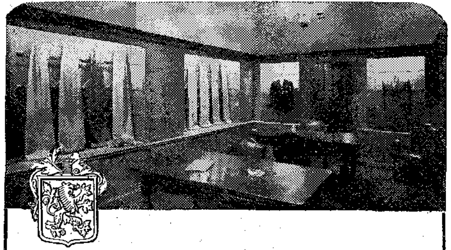

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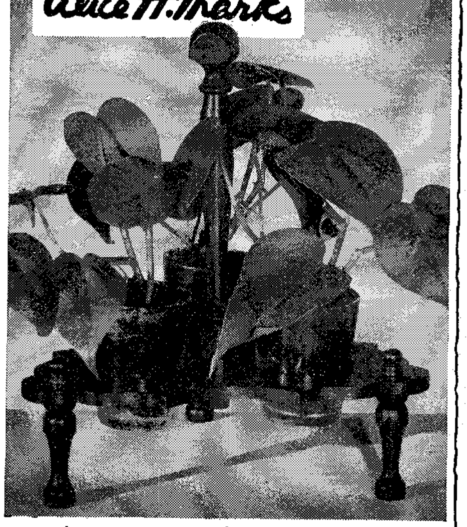

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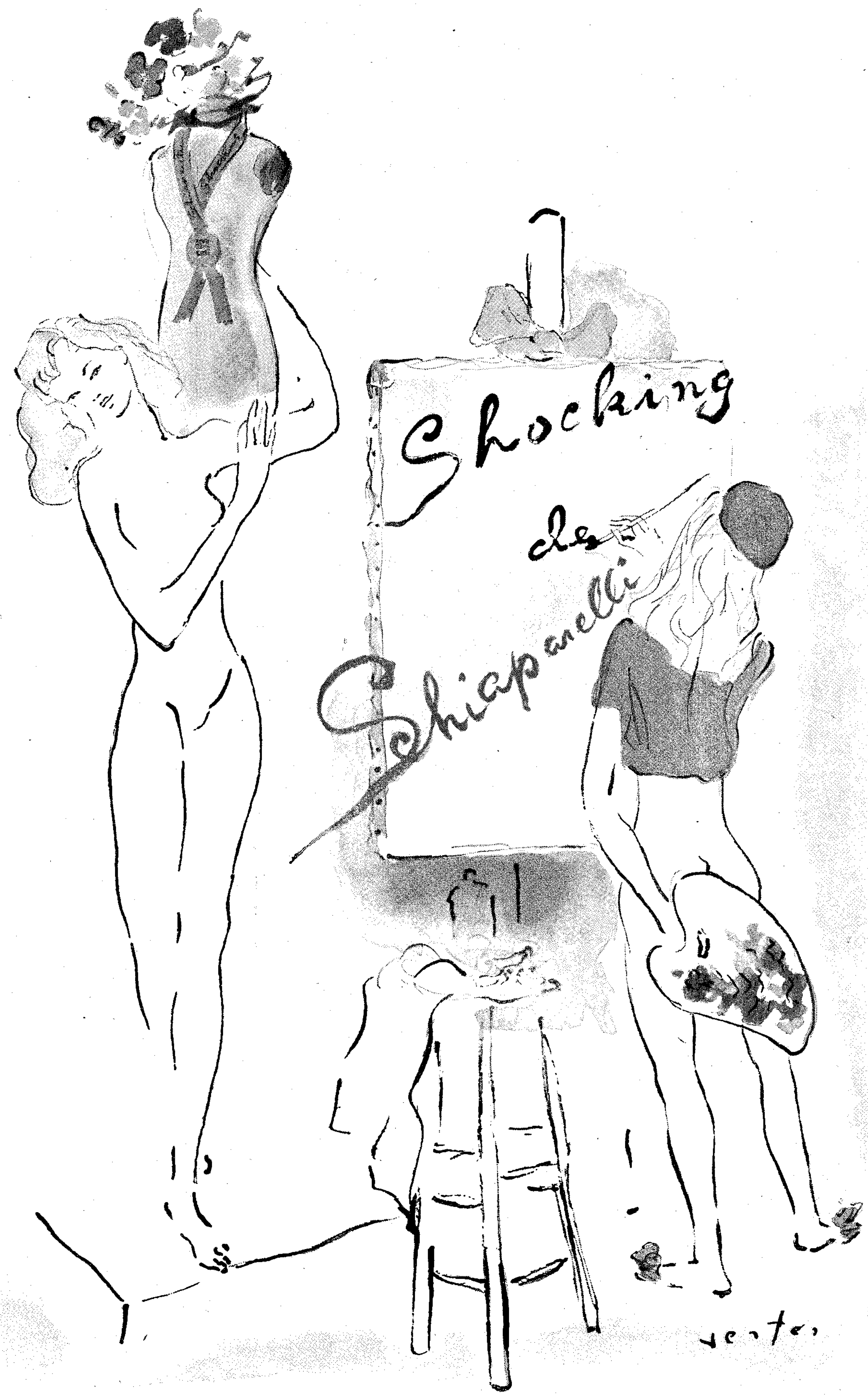
the labor battalions, and there had been few left to work the fields. The Japanese had needed the additional forced labor for a series of air strips they were feverishly building all over the island. Children as young as ten, as well as old men and women, had been conscripted, Quintero told us. As we left his house, toward evening, we encountered fifty Formosans, used by the Japs as laborers, who had been taken prisoner by our forces and were being brought through town to division headquarters. They looked scared and frazzled as they stumbled by, their thin arms upraised.

THAT night I slept, along with many of the cavalrymen, on the floor of the Leyte Intermediate School for Girls. In the morning I walked to the market place, where there was to be a meeting of citizens at ten o'clock. There I met young Bob Price, the son of Tacloban's most celebrated citizen, Walter Price, an American. The elder Price went to the Philippines as an infantry captain in the Spanish-American War and stayed there when the war was over, married a Filipino, and raised a family of seventeen. Price was the founder and owner of the Leyte Transportation Company, and probably the wealthiest man on the island, and he and his family lived in a luxurious concrete house that has six bathrooms. He is now a prisoner of the Japanese in Manila. Bob and his brother Joe, who were beaten and imprisoned three times—once for seventy-seven days, on a charge of working with the guerrillas—were allowed to remain in Tacloban. They both look more like Filipinos than Americans.

The ten-o'clock meeting was the principal event of the liberation of Tacloban. One purpose of the gathering was to welcome the American troops and another was to recruit native labor to work for the Philippine Civil Affairs Unit, an organization set up in Australia a year ago to control civilian affairs on the Islands when we got there. The meeting was opened by Caesar Sotto, a former Davao assemblyman and Labor Commissioner of Leyte Province, who had been forced by the Japs to recruit the workers for the air strips. Sotto was dressed in an immaculate white suit. He mounted a platform that had been set up in the center of the market place and, in a brief speech in Visayan, introduced Saturino Gonzales, a member of the Provincial Board, who spoke in English. "The Americans have arrived to redeem us from slavery,"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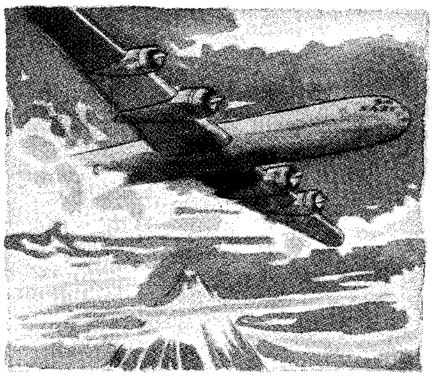
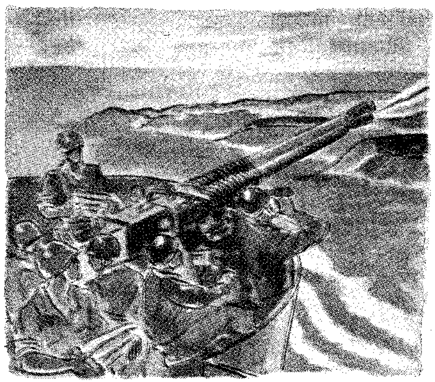
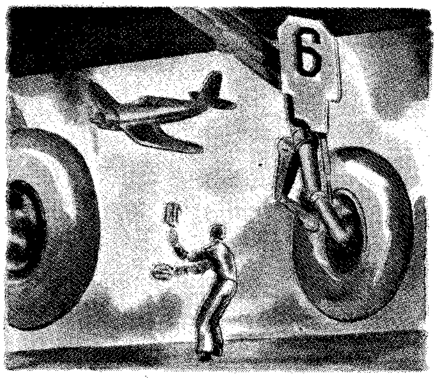


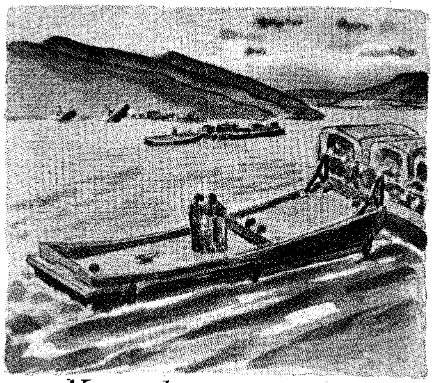
Japan —Nose cabins, 2200-hp. Wright Cyclone Engines, cowlings and leading edges of wings for Boeing B-29 Superfortresses.



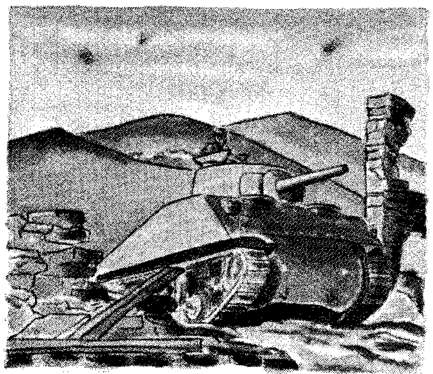
Truk —Bofors 40-mm. Anti-Aircraft Guns . . . twin-barreled for the Navy and single-barreled for the Army.



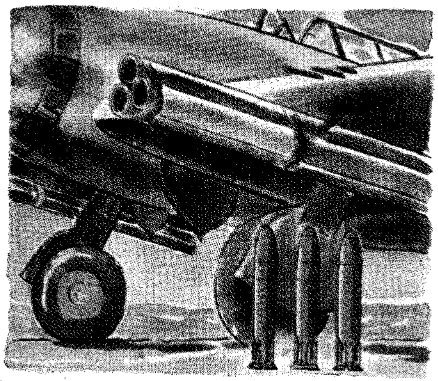
Guadalcanal —Retractable Landing Gears for those swift and deadly Vought-Corsair Navy Fighters.



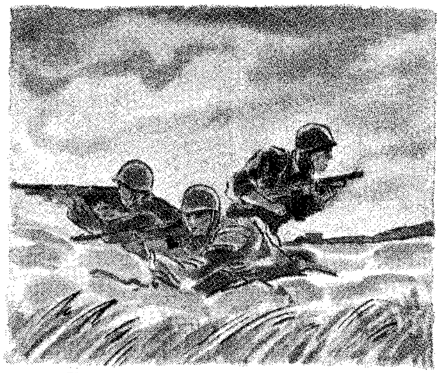
Normandy —"Sea Mules" help maintain a steady flow of supplies to our forces in the field.



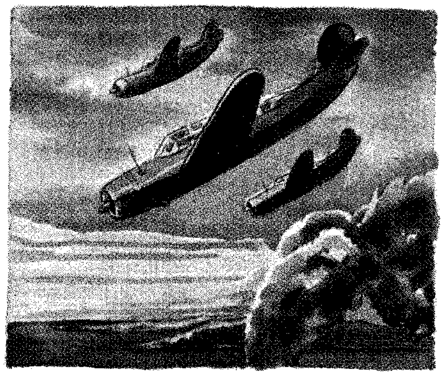
Aachen —Medium Tanks spearhead the advance of troops into battle.



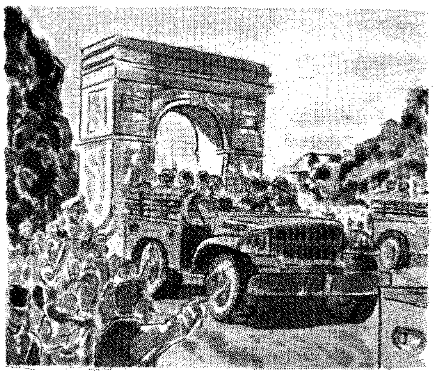
Metz —Rockets increase the fire power of formidable Fighter Planes.



Burma —Ammunition of .30 and .45-caliber for Carbines, Tommy Guns and other small arms.



Guam — Wings for Curtiss-Wright Navy Dive Bombers which have proved their mettle in countless engagements.



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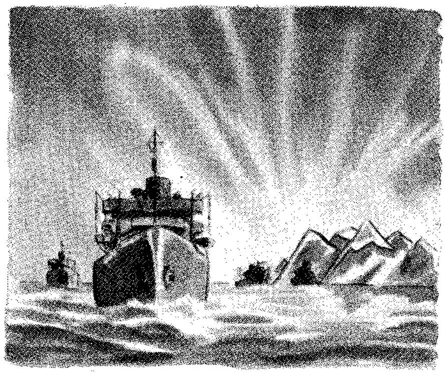

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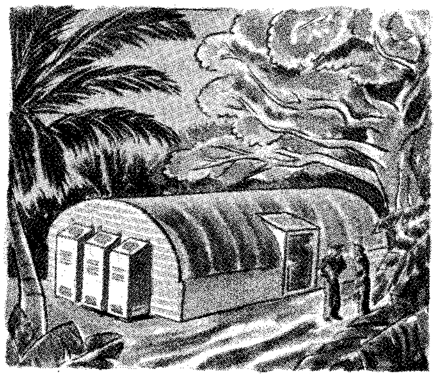

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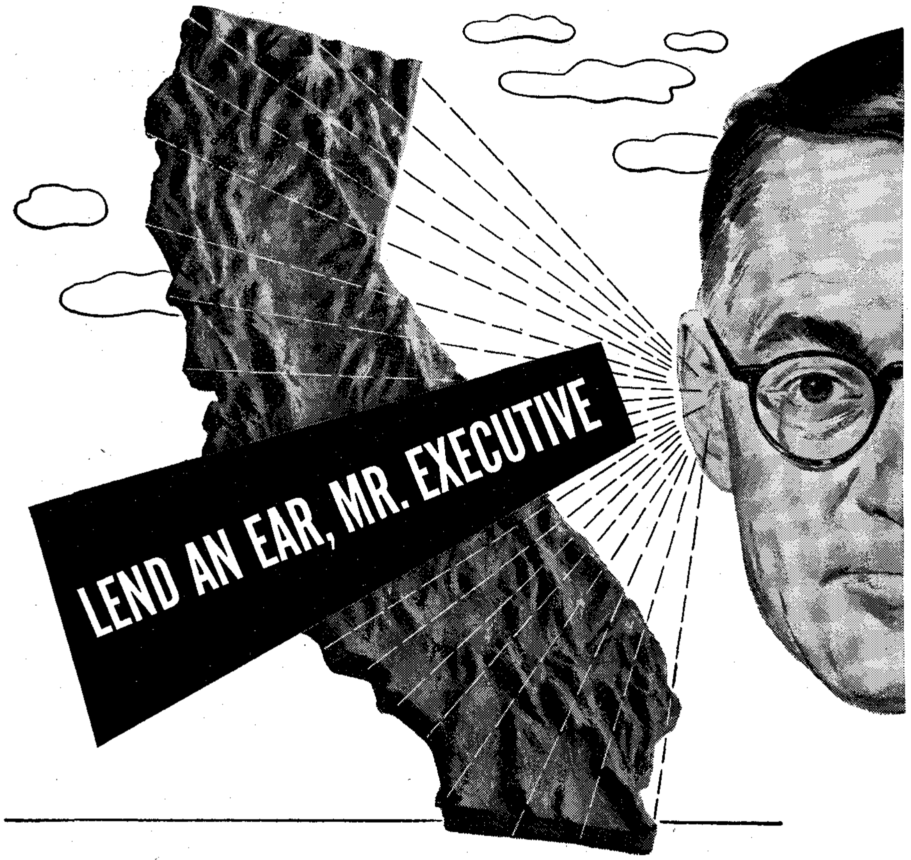
Gonzales said. "We had to obey the Japanese to save our necks, but there was never any doubt, as you know, what our feelings were beneath. I ask you to consider now what the policies of the American government were like before the Japanese came and how they are to be compared to the Japanese administration. You will now understand the famous democratic ways of the United States."

Sotto spoke again, and a man next to me in the crowd explained that he was comparing the food policies of the Japanese and Americans as an argument to round up labor volunteers. As Sotto waved a K-ration container to emphasize his point, the crowd roared, in English, "Long live the Americans! Lovely Americans!" Mr. Sotto went on to say that ten thousand tons of rice would be brought in shortly by the Americans and that President Osmeña was already on Leyte. The rice and their president being the two things the Filipinos most wanted, this statement brought forth further cries of "Lovely Americans!"

The next speaker was Captain Abner Pickering, one of the American Civil Affairs officers. Pickering has been in the Philippines off and on for twenty-five years and before the war was in business in Manila. "My friends," he said, in English, after the applause died down, "when I landed in Leyte the day before yesterday, it was the first time in three years that I had been in the Philippines. The Japanese will never come back to Tacloban. It took us several years to get organized, to get the ships, to get the bases for us to return, but now we're here to stay. The Philippines are yours. Your Commonwealth Government will be set up under your own president, President Osmeña. We are going to see that you get food and clothing. We want you to be patient. We need labor. You will get paid for the work you do in Philippine currency and with it you will be able to buy the rice and the other products we will bring. But by God, you'll do it as free men!" It is doubtful whether most of the audience understood everything Captain Pickering said. Whether they did or not, the important fact to them was that here, on the platform in front of them, an American was talking; that was enough. When he finished, the applause lasted several minutes.

Vicente Delacruz, ex-Governor of Leyte Province and the last speaker, touched upon more spiritual matters. "We all need to be rebaptized in our churches," he said. "The first sin was committed by Adam and Eve. The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second sin was committed by Germany and Japan. When the Japanese were here, our mouths were talking for them but our hearts were a hundred-per-cent American. For the Americans we will work not three, not four days a week but three hundred and sixty-five days a year, and we will work for nothing." Captain Pickering waved a hand in protest, but the gesture was ignored. "Lovely Americans!" the crowd shouted. "We will work, we will work!"

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

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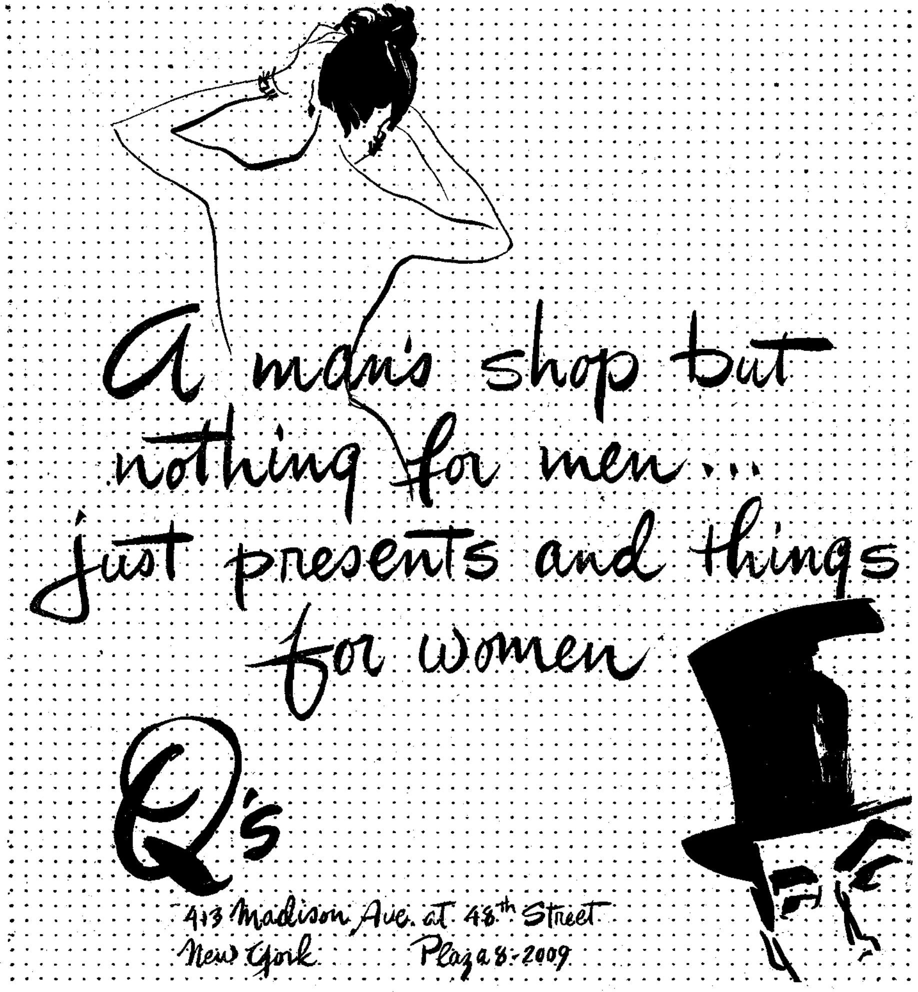
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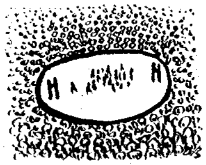

A FEW minutes before the fun began up at the Yankee Stadium last Saturday, the three Army teams came out of their dressing room and trotted, ten yards apart, down the field. Every man was in his normal position, as though the squads were already playing, and from time to time the center of each team passed an imaginary ball to his quarterback—Kenna of the first team, Lombardo of the second team, Tucker of the third team. Whenever the three imaginary balls thus changed hands, all the men put their heads down and ran like hell for a few steps. It was so formal and ritualistic that it looked like a chariot race in Barnard College's Greek Games or something in the ballet at the Metropolitan. It also looked like a large and deadly piece of machinery being warmed up for a job.

The Notre Dame teams came on the scene later, and they came on one by one. The first one to appear took the field at two o'clock, to receive Army's kickoff, and the next one came on, to everyone's astonishment, at about 2:01, right after the kickoff. This team ran off three plays, which gained only seven yards, and kicked the ball back to Army. Another flock of Notre Dame players swarmed onto the field, and Army drove slowly but directly through this collection of men for a touchdown. A new set of Notre Dame performers took over. Army kicked off again, and Notre Dame, remembering what its scouts had said about the West Pointers' inability to defend against passes, tried throwing the ball, but Kenna intercepted the pass. On the next play, he handed the ball to Minor, and Minor sifted through the whole Notre Dame team for a touchdown. More new Notre Dame faces. Army kicked off once more, and Notre Dame, still believing that its scouts were telling the truth, tried another pass. Again Army intercepted, and again, on the next play, Kenna tossed the ball to another good friend, who went through Notre Dame for a third touchdown. It was only 2:15, but already a few people were getting up and walking out on the show. If they haven't bothered to find out what happened after that, the final score was Army 59, Notre Dame 0.

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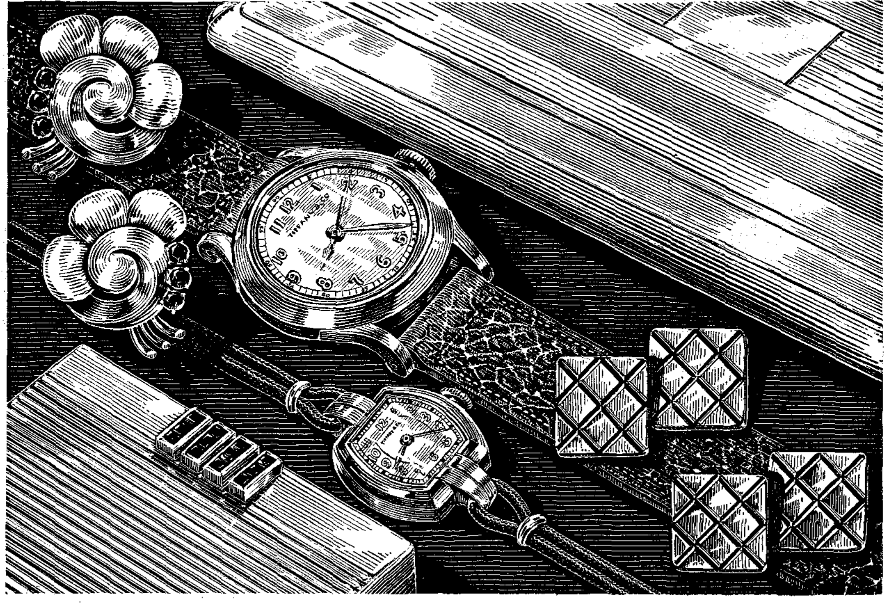

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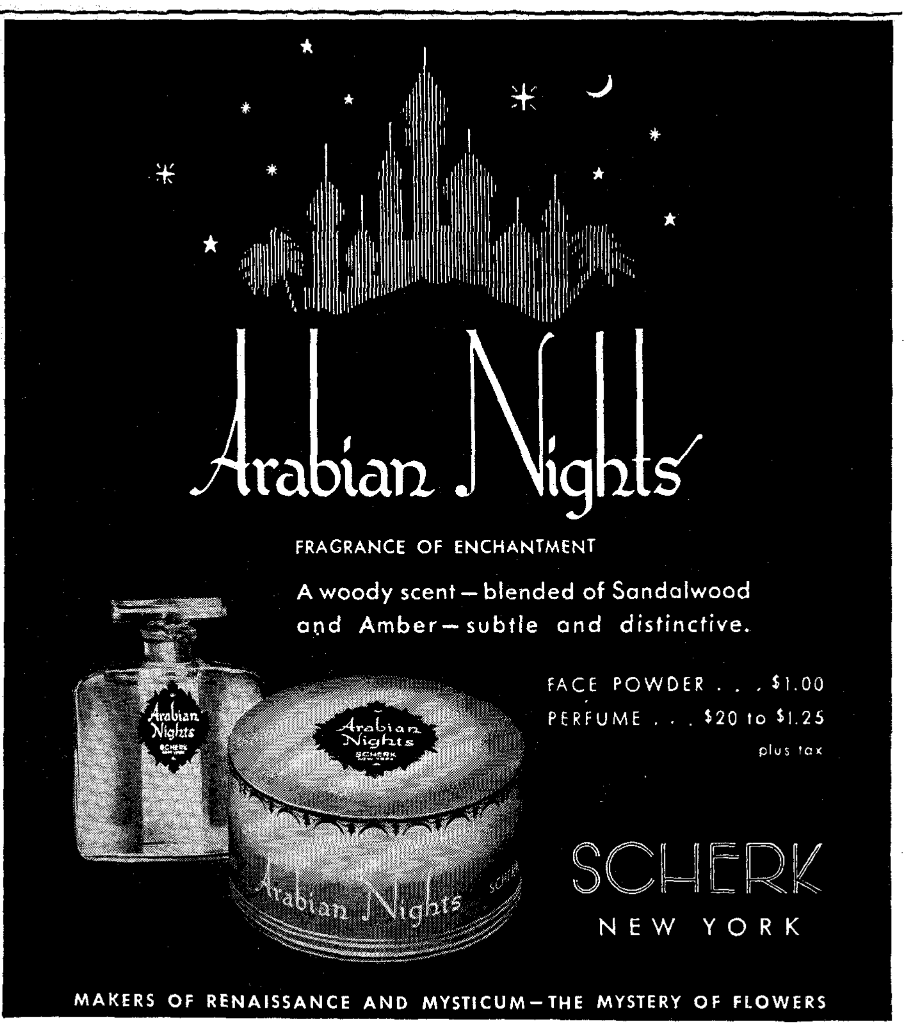

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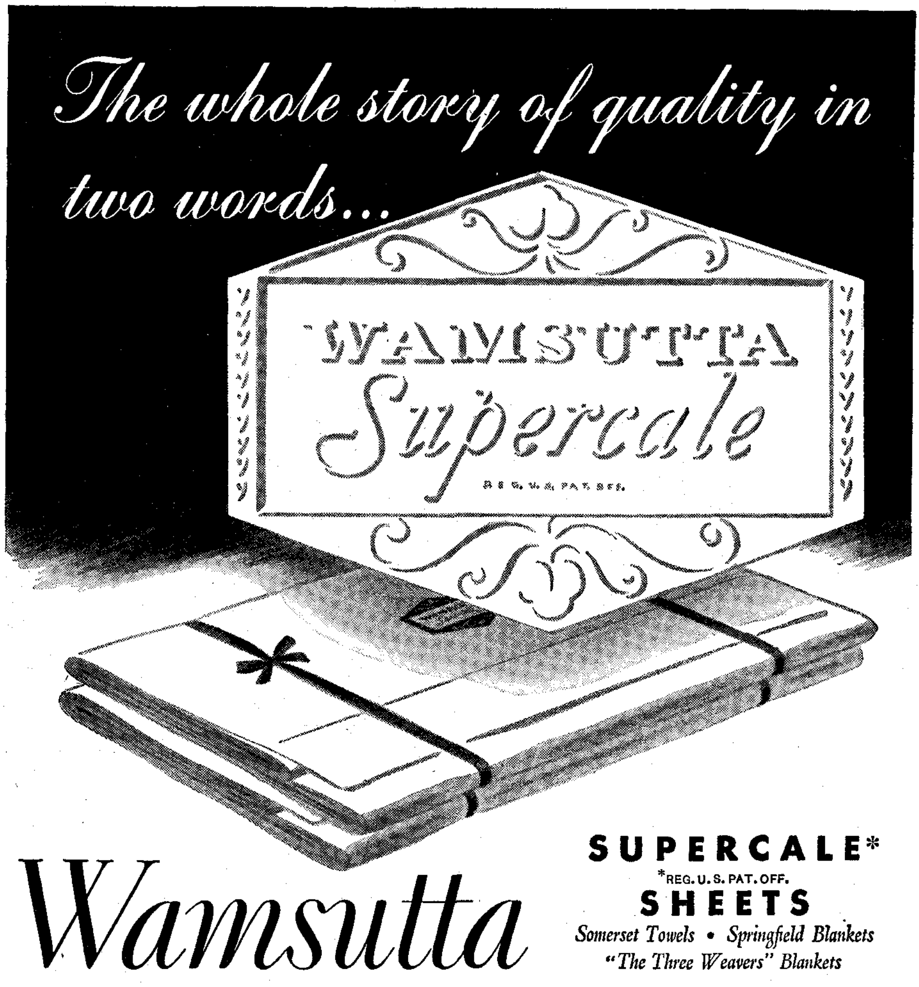
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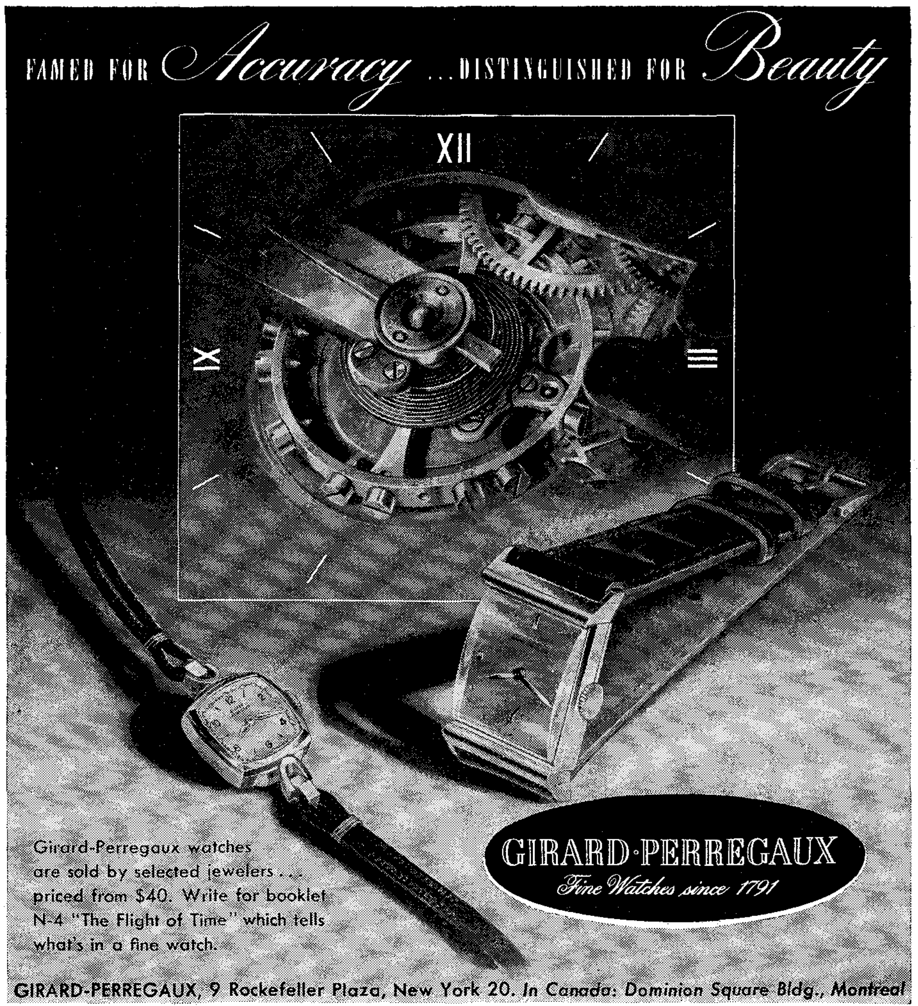
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the collapse of what a fortnight before had been modestly called the greatest wartime team this country has produced. The reason that is firmest in mind is Navy, which had given Notre Dame a comprehensive going over the week before. Notre Dame was troublesome in that game and had to be put down by main force. Against Army, on the other hand, it looked slow and not especially clever, which was unfortunate, for the Army team—whether it was Kenna's, Lombardo's, or Tucker's—was as bright as a new penny and even more slippery. Another reason for the disaster could have been that the Notre Dame teams kept changing so often that none of their men really had a chance to get the feel of things. Army, it may as well be said, was not noticeably merciful. After all, it had not scored against Notre Dame in five years and had not beaten the team in thirteen years.

It is easy to pat plenty of Army players on the back for their accomplishment last Saturday. For that matter, it is easy to pat Wendell, a Notre Dame back I had not noticed before but who looked wonderful to me for as long as he played against Army. Nevertheless, this department's man of the day, and perhaps of the season, is Kenna. When people talk about all-round athletes, Kenna is the sort of player they mean. He calls the signals, bucks the line, passes, punts, and plays the safety position. He is a handy fellow at pass defense and runs back kicks with the speed of light and with great guile. Once, trapped at one side of the field by six men, he ducked them all and was pulled down on the other side of the field by another mob only after he had gained fifteen yards. Trapped again after receiving another kick, he handed the ball, behind his back, to Minor and then led his tormentors a merry chase across the field. By the time the boys had discovered that Kenna had got rid of the ball, Minor was touching it down behind the Notre Dame goal, half a mile away. Football players too often are specialists, typed in one part. It's the protean actors, like Kenna and Scooter Scussel, the man of all trades on last year's Yale squad, who give a team that extra drive that no amount of thinking by the coaches on the sidelines can impart.

—J. W. L.

•

MISS W—— WEARS MOTHER'S WEEDING GOWN
—*Headline in the Washington Post.*

But can she pull 'em out like the old girl?

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FOR CHRISTMAS

THE expansive, carefree mood in which we used to go to the accessory counters of the big shops is not with us this Christmas season. Ever since the war started, we have approached glitter with distrust. We believe that this Christmas, like the wartime Christmases that have come before it, should not be celebrated with an extravagant exchange of presents between adult civilians. As for gifts for women, we suggest some pleasant and practical thing that will enliven an old suit or dress. You will find nonsense here and there in our suggestions, but it will be fairly inexpensive nonsense. While we're at it, we might as well remind you that no woman we've ever met has admitted that she had enough handbags, stockings, slips, or gloves. Things like that are sure to be greeted fondly.

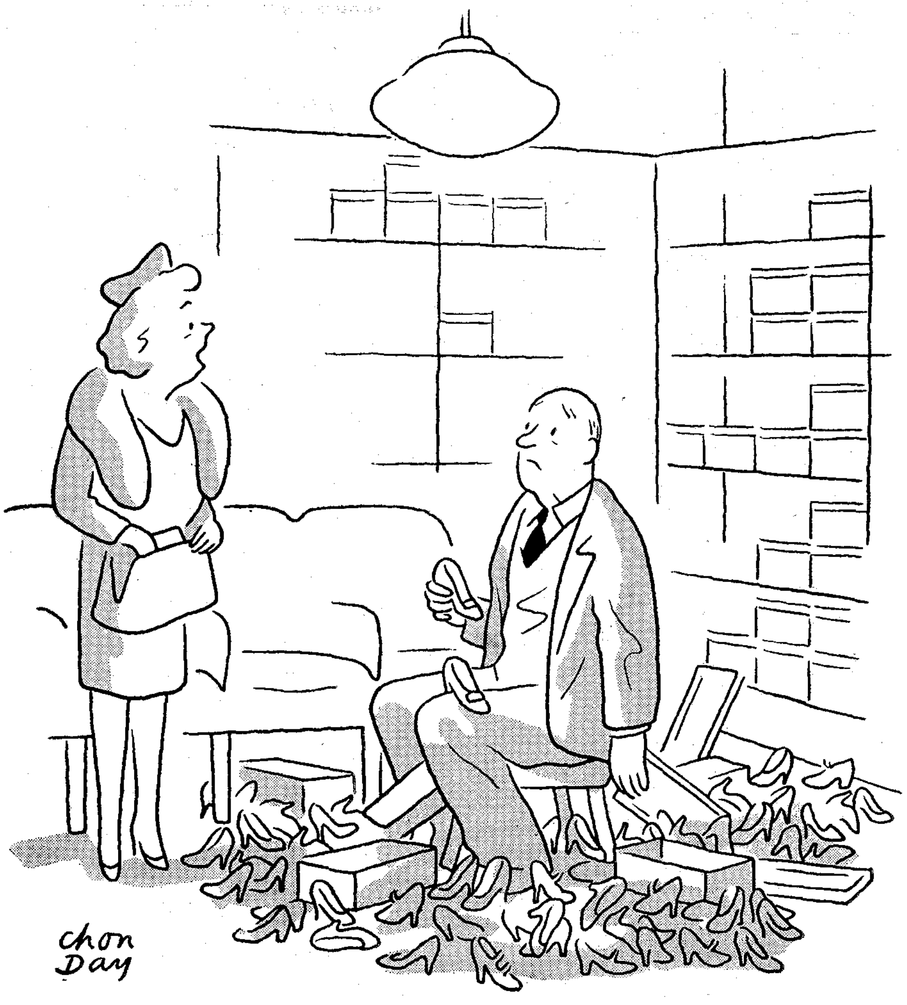
We feel, too, that we should warn you that there is an incredible amount of tawdry fancy stuff about—high-priced junk jewelry, paillettes, and things prettied up with ostrich feathers. The prices of handbags are scandalous, but we've managed to find a few that happen to be both inexpensive and good. (As you know, jewelry, compacts, pocketbooks and other leather goods, and all luggage are subject to a twenty-per-cent federal tax as well as our own paltry city sales tax. The prices we give do not include either.) There are plenty of wonderful gloves in the shops, so if that's what you are looking for you shouldn't have much trouble. Stockings, however, are where you find them, and stocks go up and down; the safest bets we know of are the small-mesh ones, and we recommend McCallum's and Gotham's. Some further ideas:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Scarves: cashmere-and-wool in natural, white, pastel, or bright colors; $5. English cotton gabardine jackets in tan or spruce-green, with detachable curly-lamb linings; $35. Wool-lined hoods to match, with bunny-fur edging; $4.50. Sterling-silver lapel pins include a cocker spaniel or a Percheron, at $15; a pheasant in flight, at $20, has matching earrings for $10.

Altman: New combs for hatless girls, topped with small velvet bows and pearl-bead centers or having bands of make-believe pearls; $2 up. Banded in solid gold; $18 up. Silver barrettes reminiscent of the twenties, and earlier, are $2 up; gold ones are $15. Other frippery: pearl or pearl-and-sequin dog collars, which tie with black velvet ribbon, (from $4), or black lace dog collars trimmed with jet ($3); to be worn with lace-and-black-sequin earrings ($2). Handbags: red, black, or brown morocco pouches with flat tops and self-handles are $12.75. Stockings: McCallum's 42-gauge small-mesh rayons in a good warm beige color, at $1.15 a pair. Gloves: frivolous, hand-crocheted numbers with contrasting fingertips—white with red, or gray with yellow; $6.75. Short black, fuchsia, or poison-green rayon jersey gloves have bands of jet medallions; $3.50. Sixteen-button-length affairs have jet medallions scattered up the arm; $5. And, for that plain, untrimmed coat, there are hand-stitched, peacock-blue suède gauntlets in eight-button length, with black braid on the cuffs; $15.95.

Bendel: Excellent inexpensive handmade lingerie in the shop's own designs. Pink or blue rayon crêpe nightgowns trimmed with embroidered scallops and applied rayon satin leaves are $9.50; matching slips are $6.75; pants are $5.75. Then, shell-pink or turquoise-blue underwear trimmed with good Val-type lace, even on the bottom of the nightgowns; gowns and slips are $9.50 each and pants are $5.75. Scarves: silk taffeta bands, with a bow at each end, form an imposing pouf when you loop them around your neck; $12.50. For jewelry: gold-plated curved-band pins that can also serve as barrettes are set with small but real rubies, sapphires, and moonstones; $22.95. Earrings to match at the same price. Gold-plated leaf-shaped pins set with one good-sized moonstone and three small rubies are $19.95; earrings to go with them are $18.95. A large assortment of multicolored sequin hatpins (nice for sprucing up a plain old hat if you're going out at night, or just for spearing cherries out of Manhattans); from $2.50 to $5.95.

Bergdorf Goodman: Lovely handbags to which you attach your favorite pin or clip as the sole adornment, among them a satin pouch eleven inches across at the widest part; $29.75. Make-believe turquoise jewelry, very light in weight, includes bead chokers at $6 and chokers interspersed with white, wavy plastic ornaments resembling ribbon candy; $10. Matching earrings, with rhinestone centers, are $4. For real jewelry: sentimentalists will like a gold link bracelet with four dangling golden discs on which tender messages may be engraved; $65, marking extra. For lingerie: well-tailored lounging jackets (apparently suggested by that jacket Winston Churchill wears) in floral rayon crêpe; $30. Nice flowered rayon challis nightgowns with lace jabots, cuffs, and high, ruffled col-



"Now, isn't that silly? I haven't a shoe stamp."

Charles of the Ritz

. . . creates an unusually striking evening silhouette by combining soft waves with a beautiful arrangement of puffs at the crown.

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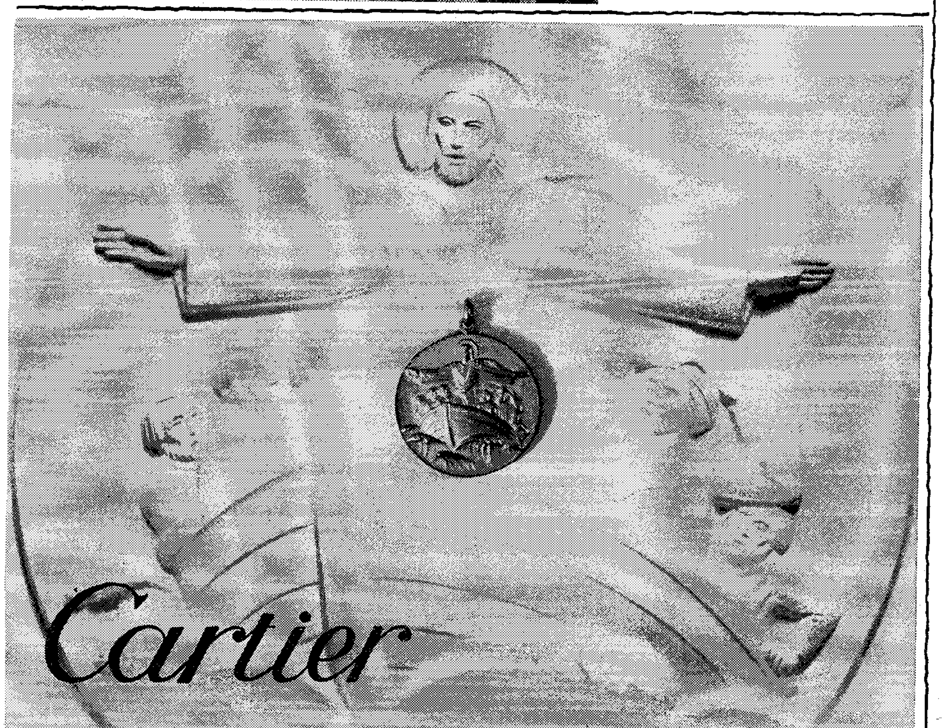

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With This "Safe Journey" Medallion Created by Cartier*

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lars; $18. Pastel plaid wool peignoirs, with a frog fastening the round, collarless neck; $25. Wonderful black rayon velvet lounging pajamas, with a long tunic which has an ermine turnover collar; $50. Hand-knitted bed jackets with ruffled collar and cuffs cost $30 (and worth every cent of it); in pink, blue, or white. Brides would love a $16.75 rayon chiffon gown (the Camille sort of thing) with a deep, round, gathered neck and Alençon-type lace on the short, puffed sleeves; it accompanies a sweeping robe with a drawstring top, at $18.

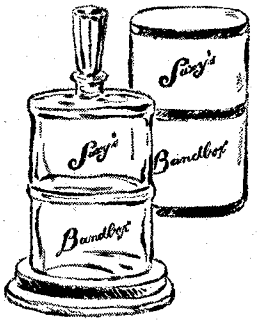
Best: Metal compacts have reappeared. Best has them, especially one with a closed powder compartment; in gold metal with a map of the Western Hemisphere engraved on the cover ($5) or a leaf design ($7.50). For youngsters: reversible white bunny and red corduroy mittens; $3.50. Nice wool pullover sweaters and cardigans, staples a school or college girl can always use more of; from $5 and $5.95 respectively, in a wide variety of colors. Good quilted robes: red or green rayon crêpe ones with round, collarless neck and buttons outlined with white crêpe, for $19.95; floral rayon crêpe reversible ones, quilted on one side and plain on the other, for $15; quilted tea-rose or pale-blue rayon taffeta bed jackets with Peter Pan collars, for $7.95. For trousseaux: white, pink, or blue rayon satin nightgowns with deep V necks edged with imitation Val and sporting a big satin bow; $10.95. A fitted robe with bows on the shoulders; $16.95.

Bloomingdale: The Green Room (no actresses; just a place to look at clothes) has added a small group of accessories; for example, a striped rayon satin ascot scarf with a *few* paillettes; $15. Elsewhere here, you'll find gay but useful straw scuffs from Haiti, such as platform affairs that break in quickly and wear indefinitely, they say; $1.69. Swell bibbed aprons of Mexican cottons and printed with bright fruits and gourds, or of glazed chintz with a huge floral design, or of peppermint-striped cotton with eyelet embroidery, pinafore style; all $2.98. For knitters, there are flexible colored plastic balls, something like old-fashioned twine holders, for fifty cents, and Susan Bates red, white, and blue knitting needles and other implements in a striped rayon case, for $4.25.

Bonwit Teller: Cocktail and dinner-at-home slippers, hand-crocheted, and beautiful is the word for them. They have felt soles, tie at the instep, come in dark or bright colors, and are trimmed with sequins (sometimes discreetly, sometimes lavishly); $4.95 to $10.50. Others, trimmed with long-stemmed fabric roses, are $10.50. The hand-made lingerie here includes white or tea-rose rayon crêpe slips trimmed with rayon satin bandings or with lace and applied satin bowknots; $7.95 and $9.95 respectively. As for machine-made lingerie, there's a good-looking rayon crêpe gown with Alençon-type lace; $5.95. Costume jewelry: gold-plated butterfly earrings set with colored glass and rhinestones, for $20; matching pin, $10. The superb real jewelry of Nadja Buckley includes a large gold safety pin with a topaz quartz set in one end; $59.50, and not to

Suzy's Bandbox

. . . Spanking fresh, vital scent of youth with a slight provocative tang—the better to keep him guessing.


Suzy's
Bandbox
Suzy's
Bandbox

Perfume, $2.25 to $35.
Eau de Parfum, $3.00

Suzy
perfumes

Other Suzy Perfumes:
Suzy's Golden Laughter, Écarlate de Suzy

Kathleen Sue

Dinner Rendezvous

In this slim black crepe dress with cascade of contrasting satin facing—satin at neck—and a jeweled butterfly. Black with emerald, royal blue, red—high fashion shades. Sizes 10 to 40—$110. . . *Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.*

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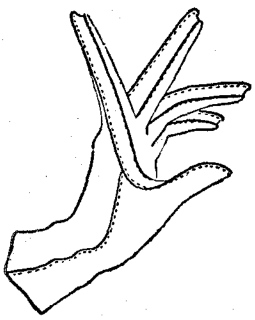


DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

GLOVES SINCE 1854

★ U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604

be worn with swaddling clothes, either.

Hattie Carnegie: Fine costume jewelry: Gold-plated Nenette and Rin-Tin-Tin pins (the manikins the girls wore on their shoulders and their bracelets in 1918, and you certainly don't remember that far back), now revived, with imitation diamond-studded bodies and ruby or sapphire faces; $10. Suspended imitation-pearl grape-cluster earrings; $15. The Jeune Fille department has fitted rayon crêpe sequin evening jackets in black, white, fuchsia, pink, or gold, at $35, as well as Santa Claus red rayon velvet lounging boots lined with white sheepskin, at $10. On November 27th, some of the best accessories will be assembled in the Blue Room, 31 East 48th Street, in a for-men-only show (no strip tease; it's just so the gentlemen can shop unharried); open Monday through Friday until 8 P.M., with expert guidance for bemused male shoppers.

Franklin Simon: If you phone ahead, they'll put together a suitable collection of gifts in the Round-Up Lounge for your inspection. If you'd rather prowl on your own: a brown-and-white pony-skin drawstring handbag; $15. Matching belts are $4.50. In the collection of inexpensive handmade lingerie: pink and white rayon crêpe slips with net tops and bodices trimmed with small embroidered flowers, $3.98; simple white rayon crêpe affairs with pale-blue embroidered key designs outlining the décolletage, $5.98; white rayon crêpe gowns with pale-blue applied flowers on the bodice and wide shoulder straps; $5.98.

Jay Thorpe: Good handbags, among them inexpensive black or brown suède envelopes with handles, and bags of black or brown broadcloth with imitation tortoiseshell clasps; all $7.95. Nice costume jewelry: a gold-plated bird, with a fat, jewelled body, sitting on a branch; to be used as a pin or as earrings, and $5.95 each. The lingerie department has everything, from simple white or pink rayon crêpe slips with contrasting pipings, at $3.95, to silk crêpe affairs with Alençon-type lace at $22.95; gowns are $35. The Casual Shop has tailored rayon crêpe blouses in white and colors from $6.95 up, as well as nubbly rayon wool pullover evening sweaters, with sequin flowers at the high, round neckline, for $14.95.

Georg Jensen: Handsome rayon umbrellas with snakeskin crook handles, in dark or bright shades; $10. Striped silk ascot scarves; $4.50. English wool scarves, thirty inches square, in foulard patterns; $4.78. Square leather jewel cases with exquisite hand-painted floral tile tops; $15. Hand-painted Lucite cigarette cases that hold a full pack, and compacts to match, are $12 apiece. Brocaded spectacle cases; $3. Thin leather billfolds with gold-stamped initials are $3; they have match cases to match at $1.60.

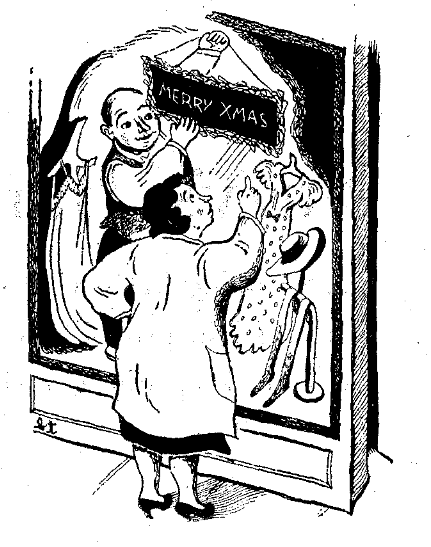
Lord & Taylor: Swell small, inexpensive evening bags in the form of lamé pouches or brocaded envelopes; $5.95. Black rayon satin roll ones with a zipper top and satin handles; $5. Narrow black- or brown-and-white pony-skin belts trimmed with leather are $4.95; wide ones with gold-metal nailheads are $8.95—very nice. Leather belts with waistcoat tabs (we forget *why*) and trimmed with zebra; $8.95. Wallets of black, red, or green rayon faille with gold-metal edges, or of Guatemalan cotton, leather-lined; $3. Silk malines makes circular evening veils with widely scalloped edges trimmed with sequins; $7.95.

Macy: The Little Shops have a good collection of choker necklaces, such as great cut-glass blobs combined with white or gray pearl balls; $9.98. Matching pearl earrings are $5.59. Classic flannel robes: double-breasted pastel plaids at $32.75 or pastel wraparounds with contrasting pipings at $21.57. Handmade silk slips with bodice and skirt edged with small embroidered scallops; $19.98. You'll find (and apparently, if you're a service man, you'll be *looking* for) gayer items in the regular lingerie department—black rayon sheer pants with wide lace trim and a matching bra with elastic (yes, elastic) across the back; $5.98 a set. Black rayon sheer nightgowns with lace bodices and wide lace at the hem are $12.98.

McCutcheon: Those Wear-Clean handstitched doeskin gloves from England, processed to resist dirt; $5 and $5.50. English beige capeskin slip-ons with elasticized gathers at the wrist and a chamois lining (warm without being bulky); $6.50. Domestic hand-sewn pigskin slip-ons in cork color; $6.50. Camel's-hair-colored woollen gloves with pigskin patches on fingers and palms; $2.95. For the college children: white Teddy-bear-cloth ear-muffs on grosgrain ribbon; $1.

Milgrim: Unusually nice black, red, or green lizard collar-box handbags; $18.75. Small zipper pouches made of multi-colored lizard patches, for sports clothes; $6.50. Jewelry: gold-plated crown-shaped earrings set with white and gray fake pearls; $12. A gold-plated pin in the shape of a ballerina with an imitation topaz head and emerald shoes; $7.50.

Peck & Peck: Nice Lucite compacts here. Round ones with pastel angels perched on clouds are $2.25; oblong affairs decorated with frisky fish, one wearing a crown, are $2.50. Silk scarves: a thirty-six-inch square called Americana has a design of Early American buildings and documents; a smaller one shows antique fire engines; both are $12.95. Sweaters, naturally, in Shetland-type wools and lots of colors;



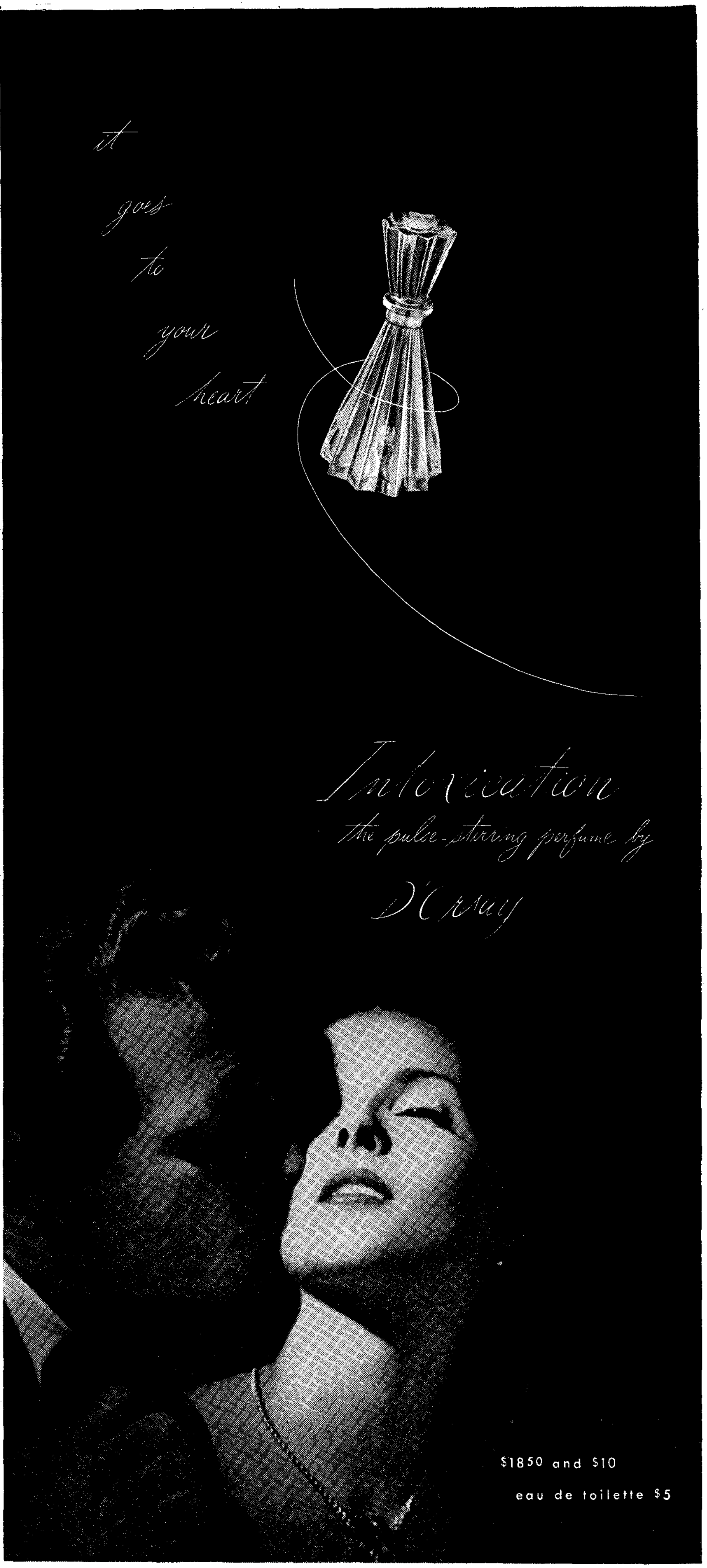
pullovers and cardigans are $8.95 and $10.95, respectively. College girls love (so P. & P. tell us) their pullovers in a brushed wool which resembles Angora; $8.95.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Marvellous gloves: colored or white felt mittens with hand-crocheted palms, at $5; wool jersey handstitched short ones with smocking and a button at the wrist, at $6.50, come in black or bright colors and feel wonderful. Luxurious thin suède evening gloves in twelve-button-length and in heavenly colors; $10.50. Hair ornaments of every possible type: ostrich tips on tiny combs, for $2; sizable sequin bowknots in black, gold, or pale blue, for $3.50; black sequin headbands with sequin bows at the sides, for $6.95. Completely transparent Lucite box-shaped evening bags with black velvet cords; $7.95, and only for ladies who keep their bags very, very neat, of course. For lingerie: basketweave wool knee-length coats with turnover collars, cuffs, and a pocket banded with white Teddy-bear cloth; $19.95. Lambskin-lined slippers for lounging, made of velvet printed to look like leopard; $10.95.

Wanamaker: The Tribout Shop (well, they had to call it *something*) has well-tailored white rayon crêpe blouses with long sleeves and varicolored stitching; $12.50, and in sizes up to 42. Good handmade rayon slips with huge lace bowknots applied on the chest are $7.95. Rayon satin bed jackets with appliquéd leaf designs are $14.75. Elsewhere here: two-piece rayon satin long-sleeved pajamas in pale blue or tea rose with white pipings; $7.95. White glacé simulated kid gloves (nice to see them again): four-button-length slip-ons with heavy white stitching on the back, at $4.85; short ones with kid dots on the cuff, also at $4.85; eight-button-length slip-ons, at $7.50. Washable black or brown simulated doeskin slip-ons are $4.85.

Luggage

GOOD leather luggage is a thing of the past (or the distant future), but the shops are full of useful and very portable fabric affairs. Some of them are so well done that it wouldn't be at all surprising if, when leathers are available again, a lot of people find that they are in no hurry to discard their wartime canvas or mackintosh carryalls. In addition to the service colors—tan, brown, navy, and Marine green—there are plenty of gay hues and even plaids among the fabrics. After two years of enforced absence, pigskin (a little of it) is back in circulation, but it is being used mostly for cornerpieces, trim, and straps for canvas bags. Dunhill has a few handsome small pigskin pieces, though, and Arthur Gilmore still makes his plain, unlined pigskin envelopes, which look so much neater than most briefcases. There are lots of nice items in our list of luggage—sturdy, good-looking, and ingenious, and designed for civilians



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There is to moonlight—and to candlelight—a gossamer charm that bathes in splendor everything it touches—a mysterious spell that flees harsh light. For every important date, bring the moon indoors—use candlelight.

But not all candles are the same. Taperlites are specially made to provide the warm allure that mellows and makes dainty. More—Taperlites have the patented Firm-Fit end that holds them perfectly erect. For candlelight steady as a moonbeam, insist on Taperlites. At department, drug, houseware and grocery stores.

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It's a well-known fact that if you have a good cook book and a bottle of Maggi's Seasoning, it's easy to prepare uniformly delicious meals.

Try a few dashes of this unique cooking aid in your own soups, sauces, gravies, stews, meat and casserole cookery. You'll be delighted how it will bring out the flavor of all your everyday dishes.

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MAGGI'S SEASONING

(is your trip necessary?) as well as for men and women in the services. To begin:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Five lightweight suitcases for air travel (or the porter shortage) which, as you might expect, are called Solight; usually in a stout navy-blue fabric with a calf trim. The eighteen-inch size is fine for women making short trips; $24. Also in a twenty-four-inch size at the same price, and in a twenty-nine-inch size, which is big enough for a comprehensive wartime wardrobe; $33.65. Gladstone bags in a glazed fabric, intended to shed water, and with leather trim and good hardware are $36.40. Fabric bags of the roll type have a device to eliminate the strain on zippers and make these precious fasteners last longer; $11.85.

Mark Cross: MacCross (a clan you won't find in the registry) plaid fabric luggage, in a tan ground, bound and trimmed with pigskin, or in a red ground, bound with black calf; the reliable old carpet bag, nineteen inches long, at $15.50; suitcases from the twenty-one-inch size at $46.25 to big twenty-nine-inch tray cases at $63.25. Club bags of brown or blue canvas trimmed with cowhide, with a high collar hiding the zipper top and a center strap going through the handle and buckling on one side; eighteen-inch size is $18. And wonderful men's (or women's) suitcases in natural waterproof duck with cowhide trim, in pepper-and-salt canvas with black cowhide trim, or in a gray-green canvas that is a knockout. In twenty-one- and twenty-nine-inch sizes; $48 and $63.25.

Brooks Brothers: They used to make excellent leather luggage on the premises (though *not* while you waited); now they give you the same workmanship in canvas. Two notable offerings: a kit bag of heavy canvas bound in pig, with a device inside that can be adjusted, if you like, to hold the canvas taut and thus provide absolutely wrinkleproof stowage for a dozen shirts (twenty-one-inch size, $14.75) and a canvas suitcase, on a sturdy wooden frame, with good English hardware (twenty-one- to twenty-nine-inch sizes, $30 to $45). A lightweight wardrobe case of tan or navy canvas with cowhide trim holds two suits; $31.50.

Dunhill: An exceptional briefcase in black, brown, or navy morocco, zippered and leather-lined, with an outer pocket large enough to hold legal-sized sheets, which is a handy arrangement for keeping certain papers separate from the main lot; $18.50. An imported pigskin

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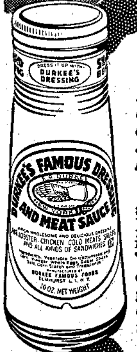
HAM SPREAD a new way!



So easy to do, too!

Mix 1 can ham loaf, chopped, with 6 tbs. chopped sweet pickle and ½ c. (or more) of Durkee's Dressing.

Makes swell canapés and great sandwiches! Durkee's Famous Dressing makes all dishes "sing": fish, meat, salads, cheese, too! Use rich, golden, mellow Durkee's *once* and you'll never try to cook without it!

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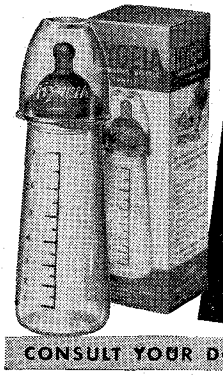
Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula.
Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.

NEW COMPLETE PACKAGE
Ask your druggist for Hygeia's new package containing Bottle, Nipple, and Cap. No extra cost.



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NIPPLES WITH CAPS
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briefcase of the underarm type, with a hidden handle that you can pull out; pockets for small and large sheets of paper, letters, and the like; $18.50. A sturdy pigskin knockabout bag built on a steel frame and having soft sides; two pockets for small gear; $29. Zippered canvas rolls for a rough-and-ready life; $6 to $12. A twenty-one-inch canvas grip has leather trim and reinforcements and four inside pockets; $10.50.

ARTHUR GILMORE: Mr. G.'s masterly talents have been devoted for some time to mackintosh and other waterproof materials. For instance, his pillow bag, consisting of two deep pockets with a space between for a book, utility case, or whatever, comes in blue, burgundy, tan, brown, and bright-red mackintosh, with matching or contrasting leather bindings. You can also, this year, have the bag made of a new beige-oatmeal canvas, shimmering with a bit of color, and trimmed with tan, brown, or bright cherry-red leather bindings; $25. A new satchel has a zipper and comes in bright or dour mackintosh colors; $5.90. Mackintosh rolls, sixteen- and eighteen-inch, are $7.30 and $7.70. Red fabric suitcases with the customary Gilmore workmanship; $25 in eighteen-inch size.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Solight luggage here, too, made of a glazed diagonal-pattern fabric in brown or a light saddle tan and trimmed with tan cowhide; $24 to $33.50 for twenty-one- to twenty-nine-inch sizes. Saks' own wardrobe case, for carrying two suits, and all that goes with them, in a fabric that looks like sharkskin; $39 for the twenty-four-inch size, which is our choice. Another wardrobe case for either men or women: a black-and-white fabric checked like a shepherd's plaid, jaunty and good-looking, too; $41.25. A plain canvas zipper club bag in brown or blue with natural cowhide binding and handles is $15. For civilians as well as military people: eighteen-inch canvas zipper utility bags that fold up to four-inch width; in brown or blue canvas with cowhide binding and strap; $9.95.

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THIS IS WAR

[Report in the house organ of a government agency in Washington]

During the month of August, thirteen injuries were reported to the Emergency Rooms as follows: T Bldg.—2; Que Street—10; WGL Bldg.—1.

Two employees stumbled on stairs and struck their heads against the wall and received cuts. A young woman lifted an adding machine from stand to the desk, thereby spraining her back near base of spine. One hit her head against a projected cupboard. One cut her finger on a manila envelope. Three employees cut fingers on metal fasteners. One injured leg by striking against edge of desk drawer (all desk drawers should be kept closed when not in use). One slipped on waxed floor and injured her knee (this was reported to PBA). One twisted her ankle as result of tripping over a brick door stop. A cut finger resulted from the sudden dropping of poorly fastened Venetian blind.

Please report hazards of any kind to immediate supervisors.

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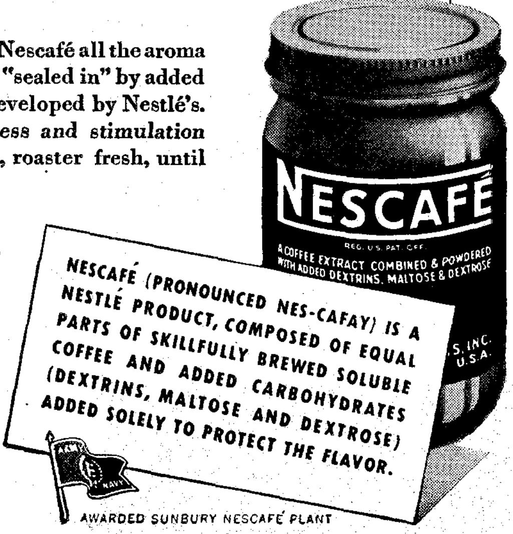
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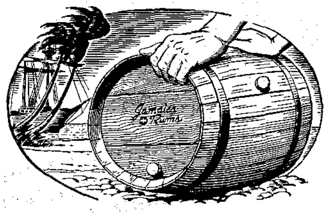

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NIJMEGEN AND THE POLISH GIRL

ONE late afternoon in January, 1918, we pupils at Miss N——'s Boarding School for Christian Girls, at Nijmegen, in Holland, were tidying up for dinner. My roommates, Nora and Nonni, and I were changing from our dark flannel blouses into light flannel ones, in our second-floor room, which was ice-cold and lighted, wanly and accidentally, by a nearby street lamp. For many months, because of the war, Holland had had little gas and still less coal.

That evening we were all excited because of a frightening rumor that Miss N—— herself was going to inspect our feet. She had heard ("and I am deeply shocked") that some of us had not washed our feet for more than a week. A week! There were girls among us who had not taken off their black woollen stockings for almost a month. At night we crept hurriedly, half dressed, into our hard little beds and lay there, dead for sleep, yet no sleep would come, for we were too cold. Our feet were like blocks of ice under the blankets. We bent almost double trying to warm them in our hands. Once we were warm, our real suffering started—chilblains. We rubbed and scratched and often, in desperation, used a hairbrush. At six-thirty in the morning, while it was still dark, we were called, and, again by the light of that single street lamp, we dressed. But we seldom washed. The water in our pitchers had a crust of ice on it, and our washcloths and toothbrushes were frozen stiff. Once a week we got a quart of hot water. Some of the girls who simply did not care any longer swapped it for a slab of chocolate.

Now, on this January evening, we were suddenly supposed to have clean feet. Ridiculous! My two roommates and I muttered irritably as we went downstairs to the dining room. There were some twenty girls, between the ages of twelve and seventeen, in the school, and my best friend Elsebee and I, who were among the eldest, were supposed to set an example, but this was too much.

The dining room was lit by two candles on the table. Standing stiffly behind our chairs, we waited for Miss N—— to come in. The housekeeper, the French, German, and English teachers, and all the girls were already there: the two green-eyed little daughters of a Cabinet minister; Germaine, who was a Catholic and whose father owned coal mines in Limburg; the two bosom friends from Zwolle who were *Gereformeerd* (orthodox Calvinist) and went to the *Gereformeerde Kerk;* a girl who was half Malaysian and who looked like a dark Eskimo; another girl who looked like a delicate little Japanese and whose mother was also a Malay; girls from Rotterdam, from The Hague, and from country estates up north.

When Miss N—— walked in, all our concern about our feet was forgotten, for behind her came, unexpected, unheralded, a new girl. She was about sixteen, tall, with yellow skin, black eyes, and black hair frizzed out over her forehead. We stared our eyes out, for the girl was *dressed.* She wore a sky-blue satin blouse with ruffles around the neck, a black velvet skirt, and a blue velvet band in her hair. On her left wrist she had two gold bracelets and a scarlet artificial rose. She wore rings, too, and they sparkled in the candlelight.

Miss N——, who was very fat, put a pudgy hand on the girl's arm and smiled her professional sweet little smile.

"This," she said to us, "is Rose . . ." (I have completely forgotten her other name.) "She comes from Poland."

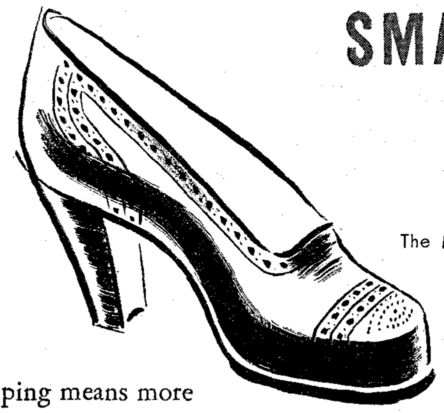
A couple of girls wrinkled their noses and nudged their neighbors. A Pole! Now, really! However, we were thankful to the Polish girl that evening, for, so far as we were concerned, she saved us from the foot inspection. When dinner was over and we were all out in the hall, she suddenly clutched at her breast, cried, "*Dieu! Oh, mon Dieu!,*" and fell to the floor. The housekeeper and Miss N—— came running, the rest of us were shoved away, and the Polish girl was carried to her room, which she shared with Elsebee, who came from up north.

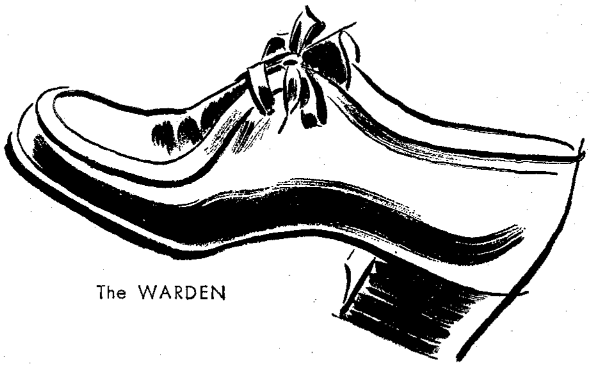
THE following morning, Elsebee had much to tell the rest of us: "She is very delicate. There is something wrong with her heart. She is an orphan. She has two hot-water bottles and three tins of Huntley & Palmer's. She plays the piano but she is not allowed to because it makes her ill."

None of this interested us much except the fact that she had hot-water bottles and biscuits. We had neither. Immediately we became envious and resentful. "But she's ill," Elsebee said. That didn't matter to us. We weren't ill, but we were hungry and cold.

I spent four years, the four war years, at that school in Nijmegen, with only ten weeks a year at home—six weeks in the summer, two weeks at Christmas, and two at Easter—so I must have enjoyed some spring days there, days of early summer and of serene autumn. Yet I remember hardly any of them. I remember mostly the long, cold, bleak winters and the innumerable walks after school in the chilly, damp November air. We walked up and down the old cobblestone streets, through the town or toward the Waal River. Near the quay was the bookshop where we bought all our school supplies. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons we walked toward the German frontier, which was about five miles from Nijmegen. At the Hotel Berg en Dal, we rested and had tea, and looked out at the barbed wire on the border and the Dutch and German sentries pacing up and down. We spent hours skating on the Waal, one winter frozen so long and so thoroughly that all traffic between Nijmegen and the villages on the north bank of the river passed over it. Skating was better than going for walks, for the river took on a kermis-like atmosphere, with hurdy-gurdies playing, bright balloons floating from poles, and booths where hot "water chocolate" was sold. On Sunday we walked to the market place, high up in the city, where the church stood, centuries old, beautiful, and vast. The inside was exactly the way a Protestant Dutch church is supposed to be: colorless, austere, with narrow seats, a sober pulpit, and uneven tombstones.

Only one really sunny, warm picture stands out in my mind now. The district between Arnhem and Nijmegen is Holland's fruit-growing country and once on a beautiful June day all of us went across the river and cycled down country lanes to a farm set among the orchards. There we were let loose among the cherry trees and allowed to eat to our hearts' content. We ate and ate, we cavorted like young animals, and finally we flung ourselves down in the high





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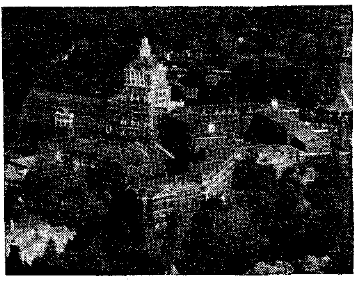

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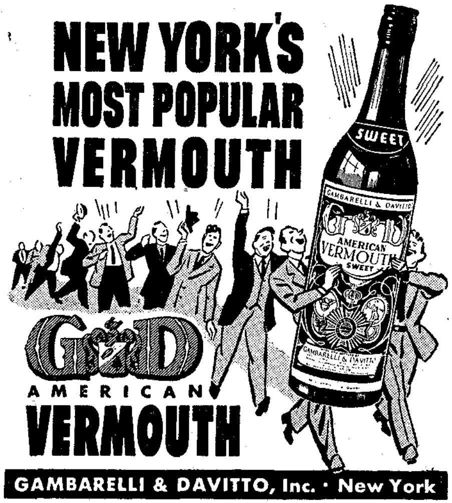

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grass, dropping cherries into each other's mouths.

The rest of the time we seem to have been always hungry. Our stomachs were not empty—far from it. They were bloated from beans—dried beans, white beans, brown beans, speckled beans, large beans, and small beans. Day after day we ate beans, with occasionally sausage or Argentine beef, potatoes, sourish bread, and rancid butter. We craved jams, chocolate, and juicy meat, but we seldom got them. Our noses had sores in them, our lips were cracked, our fingernails dented. No one had the sense to give us cod-liver oil and whatever else we so badly needed. Perhaps it was this anemia from which we all suffered that made many of us so susceptible to poetry. We read or recited it constantly. Tears came readily to our eyes and we were easily exalted.

Around us frightful battles raged on land and sea. We knew little of them for Miss N—— was an ardent pacifist and didn't allow any of us to read newspapers. At eight o'clock at night we gathered together in the living room, with its long windows and a table big enough for a peace conference, with some twenty-five chairs grouped around it. There we had our cup of evening tea and, released from study, made lace, embroidered, or sang old Dutch songs and hymns at the piano.

INTO this milieu came the Polish girl. By the second day we called her Jetejure, for that was the start of her favorite expression: "*Je te jure sur la tombe de ma mère.*" We thought this theatrical and, as her mother really was dead, in bad taste. We also wondered how this girl with her satin and silk clothes, her bracelets and rings, her fur and fur-lined coats, her fur-lined gloves came to be among us. We were told nothing. But we did not wonder long, for we were at the age when only one's self and one's reactions to life are of any importance. No one liked the Polish girl and she did not like us. "*Ah, vous êtes des vrais Hollandais,*" she would say, "*des vrais Hollandais,*" and down her mouth would go. No words could have been as contemptuous as her expression.

The Polish girl was certainly unlike any of us. In an unemotional way we were all anti-German and for the Allies. She was anti-German too, but she exclaimed "*Sales Boches!*" vehemently twenty times a day. She also informed us every day that Poland was the most glorious country on earth and that the Poles were the most glorious people. We knew little about either and did not recognize homesickness when we were face to face with it. We thought she was bragging. Once when we were out walking, Elsebee asked her where she lived in Poland, in a town or in the country. "I live," she said, "in a white house with a golden dome, set in a dense forest." Immediately she spoiled this fascinating picture by adding, "It is the most beautiful spot in the world." We were walking, hands in our coat pockets, along the river. It was late afternoon; the river and the flat pastures beyond were gray, chilly, and dismal. Behind us lay Nijmegen, built high upon a bluff, the red and the blue roofs shimmering in the last rays of the sun.

When Elsebee and I told Rose that we thought her attitude was ridiculous, she said, "But don't you—don't you think your own Holland, your own mother country, the greatest, the most glorious?"

"No," Elsebee said.

"Ah, then you don't love your country!" the Polish girl exclaimed.

"What has that to do with it?" Elsebee asked.

"Everything, everything."

"Ah, you Dutch!" said the Polish girl. She sighed, then added, "You have no temperament."

"Do you have temperament?" Elsebee asked.

"But of course. I am a Pole. Besides, I am an *artiste.* I play the piano magnificently"—she raised her eyes to heaven—"unbelievably! Alas, I may not play. I may not excite myself."

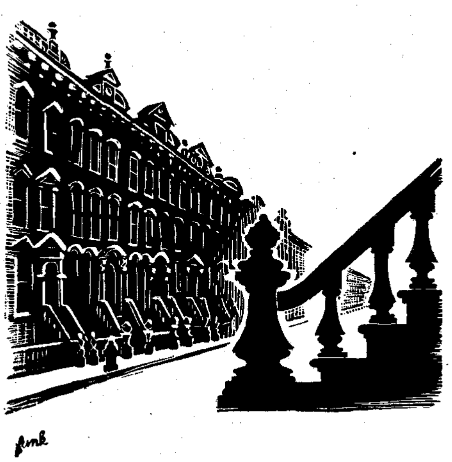
"Can you play Chopin?" Elsebee asked.

"I can play anyone," said Jetejure. "Naturally I play Chopin. He was a Pole."

"I like Chopin," Elsebee said.

"Like! Like! I adore him!" said the Polish girl.

Her gestures were extravagant and so was her conversation. She constantly



used expressions like heart's blood, sacrifice, hero, martyr, saint, courage, glory, lamb of God, and so on. But she gobbled furtively all the bonbons she received, from whom we often wondered, and never offered us any. She had her two hot-water bottles filled by the maid night after night, but she let her roommate shiver. And she was not averse to lying when it benefited her. "It's my temperament," she would explain to us when we found her out. "I have temperament. I am not like you."

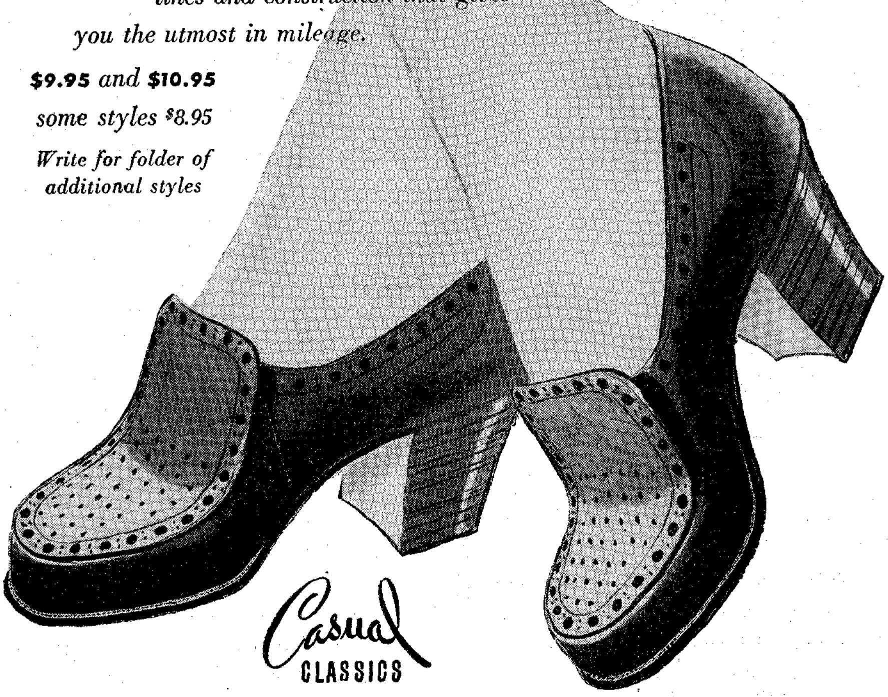
How she annoyed us! There were quarrels and more quarrels, which finally came to the attention of Miss N——. She called several of us to her study one evening. "You must be patient," she told us. "I understand how you and the other girls feel, but do try. Remember, she has had a strange, difficult life. Besides, she is not well. If it wasn't for the war, she would not be here. Promise me that you will try to be friendly."

We promised, halfheartedly, and almost immediately quarrelled with Rose again.

ONE day, as unexpectedly as the Polish girl had arrived, she left us. It was on a Saturday afternoon and we had stayed in, for it was snowing hard. We were all having our cup of tea and a *petit beurre* at the table. Miss N—— was there and so were the other teachers. Elsebee and I, seated side by side, were reading letters just received from home. Jetejure was standing before one of the windows, looking at the thick white flakes of snow. Suddenly, before any of us realized what was happening, she had flung open the piano, rolled up her sleeves, thrown bracelets and rings aside, and seated herself on the piano bench. With an abrupt lowering of the head, her hands rigid, fingers spread, she played the opening chords of a Beethoven sonata. Sound, wonderful sound, filled the room, filled the house, filled our entire world. We sat still, our eyes wide with surprise, mouths half open.

"Rose, you mustn't," Miss N—— murmured. "Rose, my dear."

The girl played on and on. The music was strong and grave at first, and then infinitely tender and moving. A tear rolled down Elsebee's cheek. I took her hand under the table and pressed it. For a moment discomfort, hunger, and cold had vanished. We were living a sweeter life, a life we had almost forgotten. We were at home, it was summer, there were smells of fruit and flowers, of grain in the chicken coop, of dung in the fields. We were



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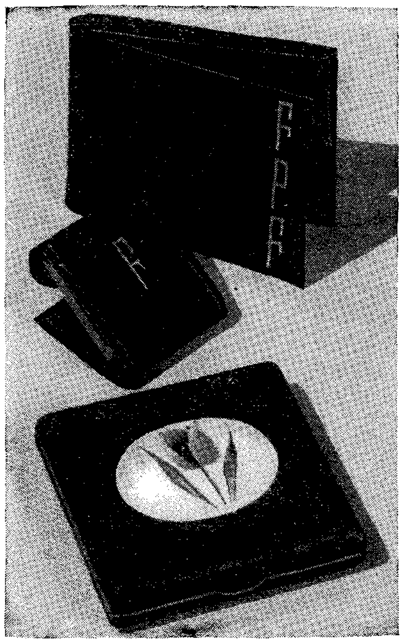

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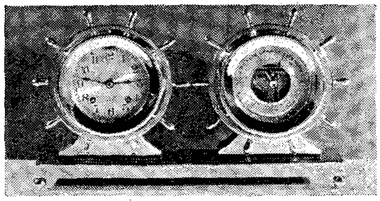

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alive and everything around us was living. A dear voice spoke our name.

The music stopped and there was a long silence. Then Elsebee said, "At home, in summertime, there are so many nightingales that they keep us awake all night."

"That was very nice," Miss N—— said to the Polish girl, "very nice, my dear. I had no idea that you—" She stopped abruptly. Jetejure had turned toward us, her face distorted, her eyes frantic with fear. Perspiration was running down her cheeks. She wiped it away with the back of her hand. As the housekeeper jumped up and rushed toward her, the Polish girl uttered a terrible, inhuman little sound and slid off the stool. There, in front of all of us, she lay unconscious on the floor, eyes closed, mouth open, her face a bluish hue.

They took her to the hospital and none of us ever saw her again. She died a couple of days later and was buried at Nijmegen. We were shocked by her death, but we did not sentimentalize over her and discover endearing traits. We disliked her dead just as much, and understood her as little as we had when she was alive. Once a couple of us visited her grave. Her name on the tombstone looked odd among the Dutch ones. It can look odd no longer, for there are many Polish graves now among the Dutch ones. Today the Waal River flows among ruins, and there are no more cherry trees.—MADDY VEGTEL

•

Of all the things which a newsreel editor hates, war is first. It is expensive, it is dangerous for the cameramen, and it seldom if ever produces pictures worth looking at.—*Thomas Sugrue in Scribner's, April, 1937.*

The hell with it.

•

Q. At a wedding, how can one tell which man is the bridegroom and which is the best man?

A. About the only way to distinguish the difference is that the bridegroom's boutonniere is a little more elaborate than the best man's.—*Scranton (Pa.) Times.*

Or you might ask the bride.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette*]

MOUNT HALE, N.H. (UP)—Mrs. Fred Girouard, wife of the Mount Hale lookout, strolled out one morning looking for game for the evening meal.

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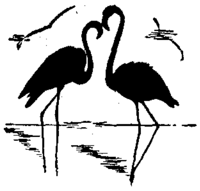

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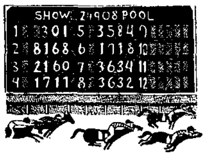
Atkinson Week



THE most successful jockey at Belmont last week was Atkinson. He rode three winners on Monday, one on Tuesday, five on Wednesday (equalling his feat at Aqueduct a few weeks ago), three on Thursday, none on Friday (which also was Black Friday for favorite players), and four on Saturday. If you had placed $2 to win on everything he rode, you would have won sixteen bets, lost twenty-four, and wound up $66.20 ahead. It is my guess that when the final tabulation is made, Atkinson will head this year's list of riders. The last time I added up his winning mounts, he had two hundred and sixty-three. He hopes to have three hundred by the end of the year, so he's going down to Pimlico, which closes a week from Saturday, and then to Florida for Tropical Park, which opens on Christmas Day. Riding three hundred winners would be an achievement. Only once in the last thirty-five years has anyone done that—Westrope, who rode three hundred and one in 1933.

THE other afternoon, Lieutenant Pete Bostwick, who you may recall is better than a green hand with a horse, expressed the hope that there would be a revival of the fashion of race riding with stirrups the same length because Atkinson rides that way. It could happen, for jockeys enthusiastically copy the tack or tactics of anyone who gets a lot of winners. Most boys ride "ace-deuce;" that is, with their right stirrup very much shorter than their left. The only reason most of them can give you for this is that they knew someone who got lucky doing it. As a matter of fact, the style was evolved on the half-mile track. Eddie Martin, a jockey the present generation of horseplayers probably never heard of, is said to have thought it up when he was riding on the small tracks. At any rate, he made it popular on the big ones. His theory was that by throwing his weight on the longer, left stirrup he was able to make the turns more easily and keep his mount from bearing out. There is plenty of turning on half-mile tracks, which are almost circular in shape. Horsemen, particularly trainers who used to be jockeys, disapprove of the ace-deuce seat. Their

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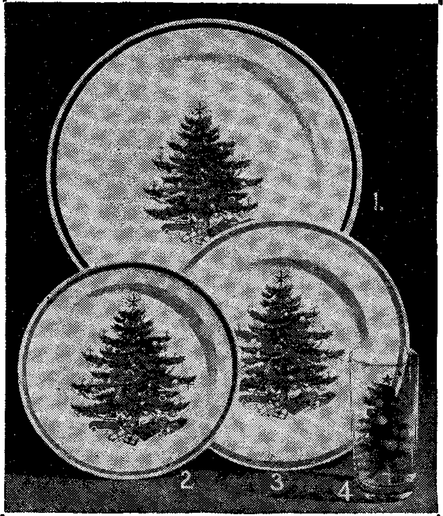

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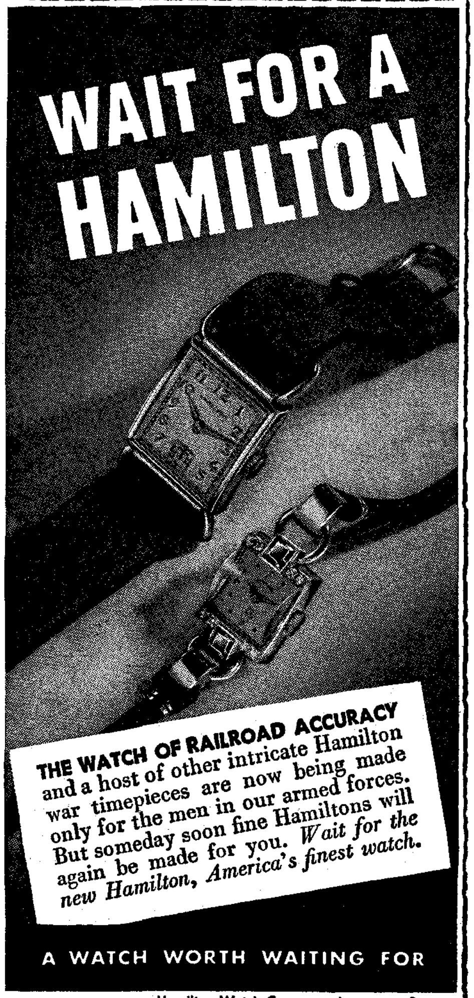

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argument is that a rider who grips one side of his mount with his knee and the other with the calf of his leg can't help but be unbalanced, which naturally affects the horse, especially over a straight course. Another rider who likes his stirrups the same length is Permane, the season's wonder child.

IT is difficult to pick out Atkinson's best performance last week. His most important job was winning the Nellie Morse Purse on Colonel C. V. Whitney's Recce on Saturday. The race, a $10,000 affair, was named in honor of the filly who won the Preakness twenty years ago over as muddy a track as I remember at Pimlico. That going was heavy enough for the Fetlock Deep Handicap on Mudders' Day. Belmont Park was merely sloppy last Saturday. Recce, who has been running most of her races in the hinterland, skipped nimbly into the lead and never was caught. I daresay that the biggest disappointment to Atkinson's following—and he has a big one, you may be sure—was the failure of Elmo's Cloud, whom he rode on Friday. For reasons that escape me, Elmo's Cloud was counted on as an absolute certainty—one of those good things that couldn't possibly lose. A businessman with Elmo's Cloud on his mind bet $10,000. But money doesn't always make the mare go. It didn't that one.

THERE couldn't have been a better race to close the steeplechasing season than the Temple Gwathmey Handicap, on United Hunts Day, which opened the Victory Meeting last week. For months followers of the sport had speculated on the chances of Elkridge and Rouge Dragon. Well, neither finished in the money. In fact, Elkridge fell at one of the jumps. You see, both made the mistake of trying to chase Ossabaw, who had plenty of speed despite his years. It would have been fun if Ossabaw had lasted. He went all right, for a ten-year-old, until Burma Road passed him in the last half mile and won comfortably from Parma. Colonel Martingale hears, by the way, that hurdle racing may be discontinued. Oh come, that news is too good to be true! —AUDAX MINOR

•

> Geriatrics is the medical and scientific name for the physical and personality changes in growing old and for their little-understood causes.
> icky world. —*The Post.*

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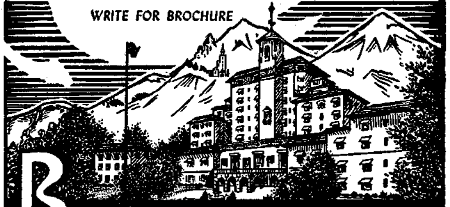
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Reënter "Manon Lescaut"

THE New York City Center Opera Company opened its second season last week with an excellent revival of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and followed it up with Puccini's "La Bohème," which was one of the troupe's successes last year. It was interesting to hear these two operas on consecutive nights, for it provided a good opportunity to check up on why "Manon Lescaut" has never been a regular favorite hereabouts while "La Bohème" has always been sure-fire material. So far as musical quality is concerned, there is not much difference between them. Furthermore, the works are based on popular French stories and have the same plot formula: boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl back, girl dies. It may be that the popularity of Massenet's "Manon" has been responsible for the moderate demand for "Manon Lescaut," because Massenet got to Antoine François Prévost's novel ahead of Puccini. This explanation may not be as plausible as it sounds. Massenet was not the first composer to set the heroine of Prévost's eighteenth-century romance to music. Every so often some coloratura soprano reminds us of a "Manon Lescaut" by Auber, a still earlier Manon composer, by singing the laughing song from that opera. My guess is that the Puccini treatment hasn't moved in more decisively on the Massenet version because of book trouble and a scarcity of song hits. The same reasons would, I think, explain why "Manon Lescaut" hasn't kept up with "La Bohème" as a drawing card.

Fundamentally, the Puccini "Manon Lescaut" story does not differ much from the one Massenet used, but it's jerky and has a depressing last act, devoted entirely to the death of the heroine somewhere near New Orleans. If opera libretti, as such, interest you, you will find it entertaining to read the history of the writing of "Manon Lescaut" in any biography of Puccini, especially in "Letters of Giacomo Puccini," edited by Giuseppe Adami, one of his later librettists. Puccini, it seems, never was happy about the book for "Manon Lescaut." A succession of authors worked on it, and various friends helped out

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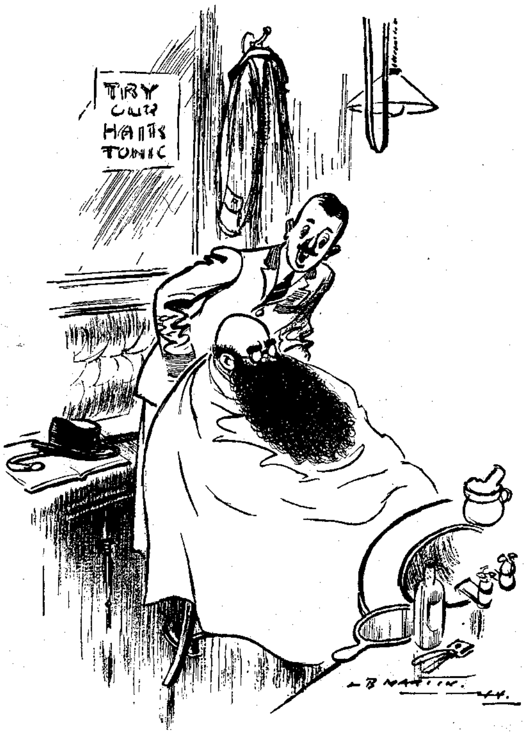

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here and there. Even the publisher of the music had a hand in the proceedings. Anyhow, the book isn't solid, and even if you don't understand Italian, you can sense that the story does not move along smartly. The music is delightful listening, but the airs aren't as self-starting as those in some of the other Puccini pieces. Operas usually do not keep pulling an audience in unless they contain passages that have become household sounds, and the charming soprano and tenor solos in "Manon Lescaut" have not succeeded in getting around the way those in "La Bohème" have. This does not mean that they aren't as good as, and, in some ways, better than some of the "La Bohème" airs. They just haven't had the circulation.

The City Center group sang and acted "Manon Lescaut" effectively, and Laszlo Halasz conducted with force and understanding. It was like that, too, with "La Bohème," although the second-act setting, good-looking as it was, was too big for the stage space and there wasn't room left to make the action as convincing as it ought to be. As for the City Center Company, it has taken up excellently where it left off last season. You will find big audiences, if the first three nights mean anything. My tip is for you to get your tickets early.

THERE are compositions one reads about but rarely gets a chance to hear. I have always been curious about "Hexameron," a set of piano variations by Liszt, Chopin, and some less distinguished collaborators on the march from Bellini's "I Puritani." Last week, the Liszt variations, in a two-piano version, appeared on the program by Vera Appleton and Michael Field at Town Hall, and they were not only good fun but also smooth piano music. Miss Appleton and Mr. Field played them brilliantly. They did handsomely, too, by other items in an unhackneyed list of works for two pianos.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

A Feast and Some Snacks

VICTOR has just released a recording of "Belshazzar's Feast" (DM-974), by the English composer William Walton, and it is, as the fellow says, about time. This huge choral work, which calls for a small army of interpreters, was written in 1931, and it comes close to being a contemporary masterpiece. Walton is shown here in the rather unaccustomed rôle of epic poet, which he does capably. The artists involved are the composer, who conducts; Dennis Noble, a baritone; the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, the Huddersfield Choral Society, and two anonymous brass bands. Sir Osbert Sitwell is responsible for the excellent text, which is based on material in the Psalms and on Daniel's recital of the Babylonian orgy leading to the fall of Belshazzar's empire.

As a whole, the performance is dramatic and frequently extremely pleasing in its tonal effects. The music, which follows the text rather closely, is filled with contrasts and all sorts of devices calculated to hold the listener's interest. Some of the louder passages are blurred, especially when every participant is going full blast, but in most of them there is an exemplary lucidity. Walton is not a man to snub a good tune when it comes to him, and the score, for all its magnitude and heroic intentions, is full of phrases that are as hummable as they are elegant.

As you may have gathered, "Belshazzar's Feast" is no mere pretty salon piece, and the composer increases its difficulties by asking a lot from human voices. Yet the choristers, who were undoubtedly drilled and drilled, almost always manage, and they achieve a remarkable compactness of tone. The choice of Dennis Noble for the rôle of narrator, declaimer, and singer, though, was questionable. He discharges his duties intelligently, but his voice, which is light and pleasing, is scarcely equal to the robust sounds that surround it.

COLUMBIA has just released a new Shostakovich item, the sonata for cello and piano, Opus 40, in a recording by Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist, and Valentin Pavlovsky, pianist (M-551). Piatigorsky is an unusually good cellist—one of the best of our day. All his admirable qualities are on display in this recording, but in trying to transcend the natural limits of the instrument he does some flatting and also a bit of forcing of tone. Nevertheless, on the whole, the sonata receives first-rate treatment from both performers. That, after all, is what really matters.

A COUPLE of first American recordings are in Victor Album DM-975—Dvořák's "In Nature's Realm," Opus 91, which takes up three twelve-inch sides, and Joseph Suk's "Folk Dance Polka" from his "Fairy Tale" suite, which makes up the spare

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side. The orchestra is the Chicago Symphony and the conductor the late Frederick Stock. The pairing of these works is natural, because Suk was Dvořák's favorite pupil. While it is nothing very startling, "In Nature's Realm," like everything that Dvořák wrote, is a workmanlike and melodic job. It has, as might be expected, a pastoral quality, and the music is agreeable. The "Folk Dance Polka" is a rhythmic country tune, done up neatly in symphonic fashion. The Chicago Orchestra is excellent in both items.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S overture-fantasy, "Hamlet," is played by the Halle Orchestra, under the direction of Constant Lambert, in Columbia Album X-243. If the stridencies of this performance are any criterion, Lambert likes his walloping sound to be as walloping as possible. That is strange, because he is a sensitive musician who ordinarily leans toward understatement. Perhaps things happen in control rooms that artists can't control.

A VERY polished, handsomely phrased performance of Chopin's Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29, appears on Victor No. 11-8643. The pianist is Alexander Brailowsky, who has made, as you know, a specialty of Chopin. So have others, but while most of them adhere to a sort of ritual in the interpretation, Brailowsky likes to be a non-conformist. Many of his ideas about Chopin are his own, but he never gives the impression that he is changing things around for the fun of it. In this particular performance there is nothing adventurous; there is only taste, a sense of mood, and warmth. The companion item is the Liszt battle horse, "Liebestraum," which, as Brailowsky demonstrates, can still have its moments.

—R. C. B.

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Times*]

When tea was cultivated by settlers in India, Ceylon and the Dutch East Indies the growers reasoned that overproduction could be corrected by increasing the consumption, which they did, only to produce more tea and bring about a conflict between foreign control and underpaid native labor. There are twenty-one species of the tsetse fly, each with different habitats, each a dangerous pest. Permitting the cattleman to utilize grazing land as he pleased spelled disaster. The scientist showed that all species of tsetse fly require more than one kind of habitat, so that by planting only one kind of wood, all species could be controlled. But this in turn meant control of the cattlemen.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Japanese are surprised and offended to hear that Stalin considers them an aggressor nation. Something tells them that a lot of rough characters are going to come into their lives.

•

Thus far General Yamashita has had no reply to his demand that General MacArthur surrender unconditionally. Our Southwest Pacific commander is probably hoping to get better terms.

•

We Americans enjoyed the campaign but we are relieved that it is over. Now we can get back to our normal concerns—the war, football, and the Doris Duke Cromwell divorce case.

•

It should be reassuring to many people to remember one of Dewey's most fervent campaign pledges. "Your next President," he said, "will never make you a promise that he does not intend with all his heart and soul to keep."

•

In the heat of the campaign, the Democrats made the ugly charge that Dewey was violating his promise that he would serve his full term as Governor. This slur on the young statesman's character should be immediately retracted.

•

Republicans take comfort in the fact that Roosevelt got seventeen fewer electoral votes this time than he did four years ago. If this trend continues, the G.O.P. can count on sweeping back from exile in the autumn of 1984.

•

Ham Fish blames his defeat on the Communists, the radicals, the *Herald Tribune*, Tom Dewey, and people of that ilk. It does seem, though, that sixty-eight thousand of his constituents deserve at least honorable mention.

•

The prize for marksmanship among the national forecasters probably should go to Elmo Roper, who predicted a Roosevelt popular vote of 53.6 per cent. Emil Hurja, who promised us a sweeping Dewey victory, must now be regarded as our most minor prophet.

•

Ickes calls attention to the fact that less than eighteen per cent of the newspapers were in favor of the fourth term. He would have us believe that most of our editors' opinions carry no weight except with each other.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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BOOKS

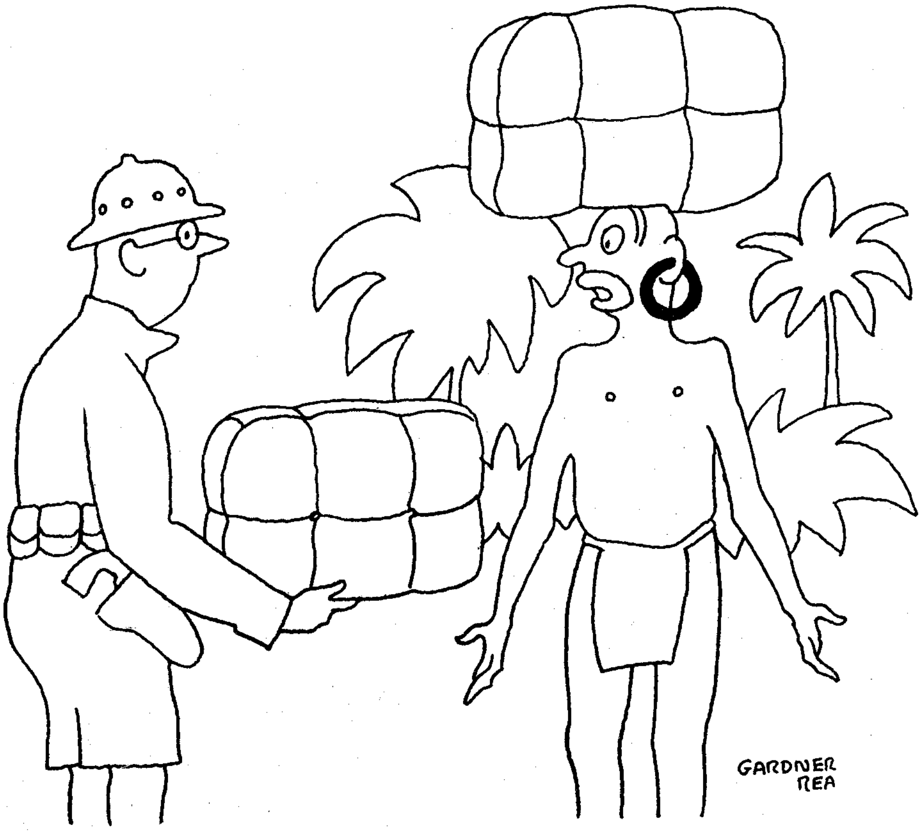
Dr. Johnson

IT is a pity that Boswell's "Life of Johnson" has to a great extent supplanted for the general reader the writings of Johnson himself. If we know only Boswell and Macaulay's essay, which is read in so many schools, we are likely to have a picture of a great eccentric who was even a bit of a clown. Boswell makes him a delightful but rather trivial character in an eighteenth-century comedy of manners; Macaulay a monster, at once grotesque and banal, in a bright-colored Victorian novel. And lately the figure of Boswell has become even more prominent at Johnson's expense through the discovery of the Boswell papers and the work of Mr. Chauncey Tinker. That Johnson himself was really one of the best English writers and one of the most remarkable intellects of his time, that he deserved his great reputation, is a fact that we are likely to lose sight of.

Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, in "Samuel Johnson" (Holt), has at last provided a study which is designed to restore to Johnson his real literary interest and importance. With all the work that has been done on Johnson and his friends, there has, as he says, been no such biography. "The very intensity of this specialization," he explains in his introduction, "(as well, of course, as the tremendous reputation of Boswell's 'Life') has tended to discourage any attempt in recent times to produce a large inclusive book which would serve to give the general reader a running account of Johnson's life, character, and work as they appear in the light of contemporary knowledge and contemporary judgment." Mr. Krutch follows this announcement with some entirely unnecessary apologies for having played down the figure of Boswell. The truth is that he has devoted quite enough attention and given a quite favorable enough account of Boswell, and his nervously apprehensive glances in the direction of the Boswell fans are simply a part of that continued tribute which one dislikes to see exacted to that point by the vain and pushing diarist.

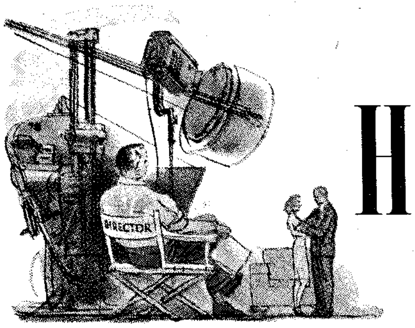
Mr. Krutch, then, has taken on a job which very much needed to be done, and he has acquitted himself with honor. This biography is by far the best book that I have ever read by Joseph Wood Krutch. His "Poe," written back in the twenties, was rather a half-baked performance: incomplete, depending too much on a Freudian oversimplification, insufficiently sympathetic with its subject, and somewhat distracted in its judgments by what one might call the despair hysteria of the period. The "Johnson" is quite another affair. It is scrupulous and comprehensive, and it makes use of the insights of modern psychology in a careful and moderate way—in fact, perhaps leans a little too much over backward in the attempt not to press them too far (since Mr. Krutch has been through Boswell's diary, which is scandalous and has been printed only privately, and since he tells us that Boswell was "neurotic" and has evidently a theory about him, we regret that he has not let us know what this theory is). This new book also shows a capacity for steady and independent judgment, as well as a flexible intelligence, in the discussion both of Johnson's work and of the problems of personality involved in his career, that constitute an amazing advance in Mr. Krutch's development as a critic.

The only serious general objection that can be brought against Mr. Krutch's treatment is that, in one sense, he does not seem especially close to his subject. Johnson was so solid a man, who saw the world in such concrete terms, and the give-and-take of his age was so lively, direct, and brusque, that Mr. Krutch's presentation of them seems, by comparison, attenuated and pallid. His book a little bit lacks *impact.* But he compensates us for this and more or less leads us to forget it by the subtlety, lucidity, and sureness of the analysis which he has made his method. And his style—though it has nothing in common with the stout-knotted texture of Johnson, the phrases, the sentences, the paragraphs, that one can feel between the teeth, though it does sometimes run a little to repetition, to an old-fashioned Southern verbosity and the old-fashioned Southern eloquence of such phrases as "a devotee of Bacchus"—his style has become, on the whole, an admirable instrument for this kind of analysis. Except for an occasional balled-up sentence, the book reads easily and carries you rapidly; and, though it isolates to some extent from the immediate background of their period the principal

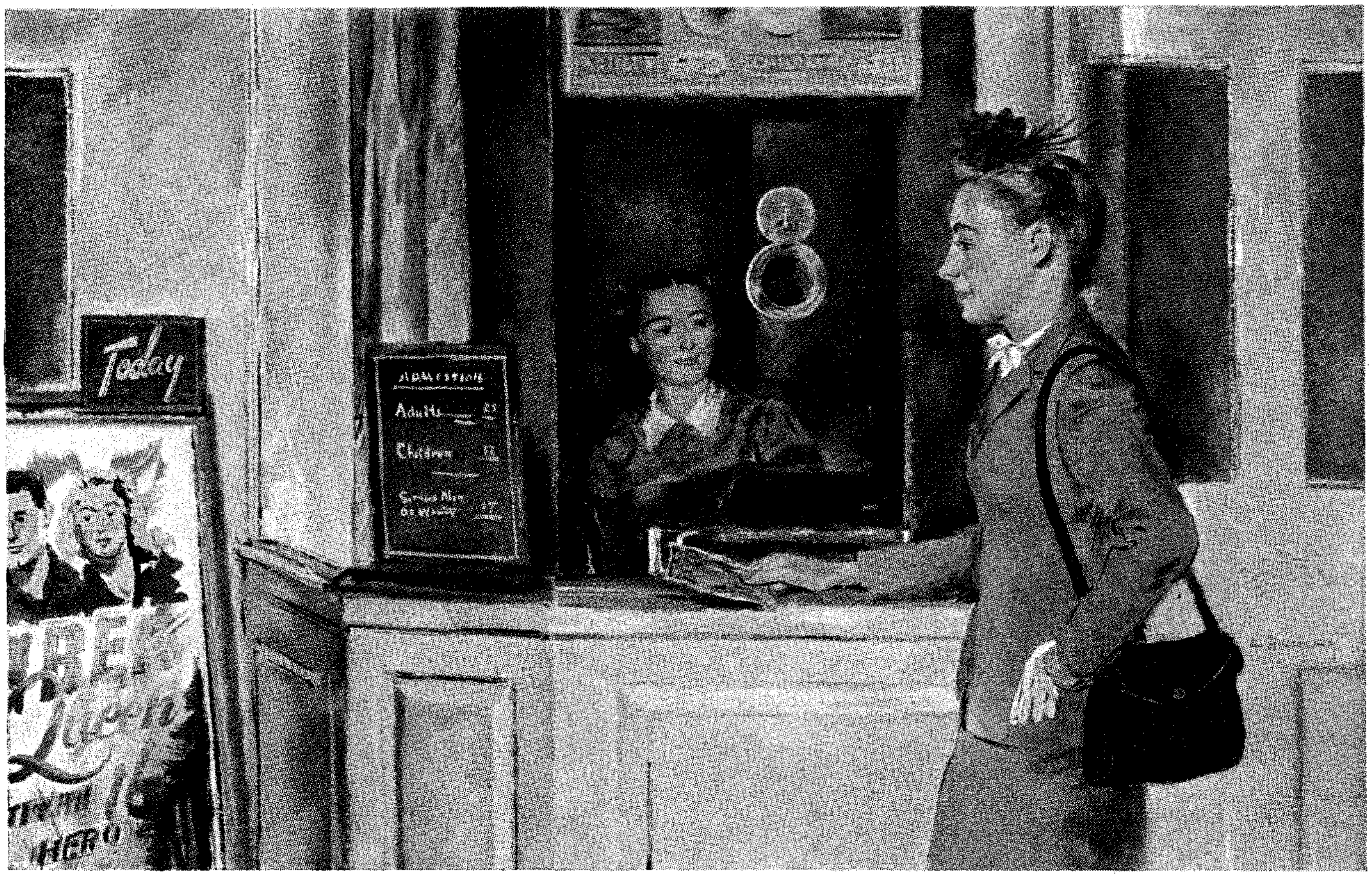


"I've only got one head, you know."

AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE — THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN



HE *makes the movie*



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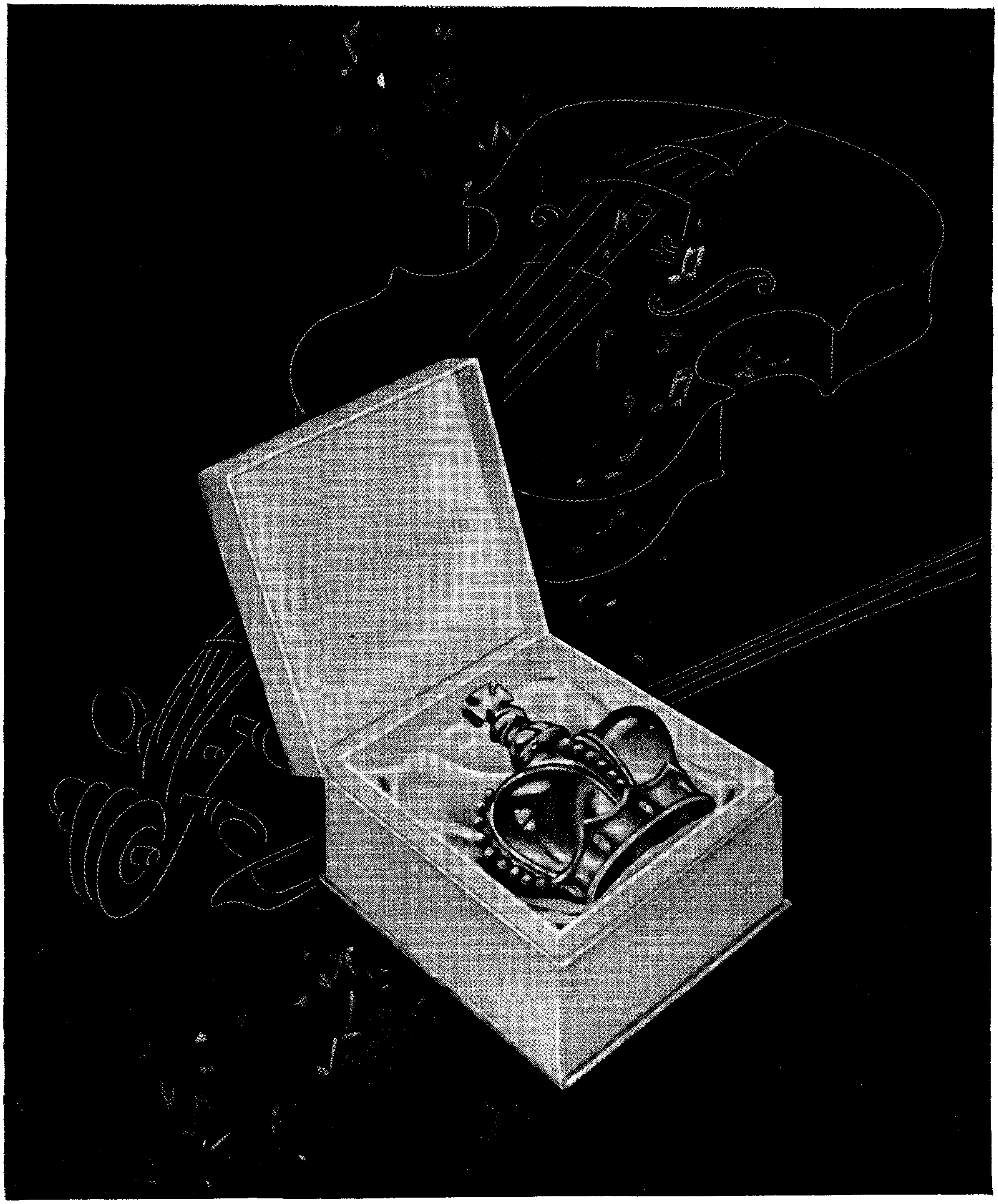

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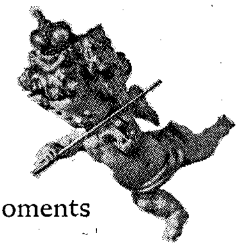

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actors of the Johnson legend, it surrounds them with an even luminosity which, though gentle, is always revealing.

The chapters on Johnson's chief works are not, as so often happens with the products of academic research, merely studies of their historical significance, though Mr. Krutch covers this, too, but—except in the case of Johnson's poems, which Mr. Krutch rather underrates—first-rate critical appreciations. One hopes that they will stimulate the reading of Johnson. The romantics and their successors have created, by exaggerating Johnson's limitations, an unfair prejudice against him as a critic. Actually, "The Lives of the Poets" and the preface and commentary on Shakespeare are among the most brilliant and the most acute documents in the whole range of English criticism, and the products of a mind which, so far from being parochially local and hopelessly cramped by the taste of its age, saw literature in a long perspective and could respond to the humanity of Shakespeare as well as to the wit of Pope.

ONE feature of Mr. Krutch's biography I feel moved to dwell upon here a little more than it perhaps deserves from its importance in the whole scale of his book.

There is a tendency in the scholarly writing done by professors and composers of theses which sometimes becomes rather exasperating to the reader outside the college world. This tendency may be briefly described as an impulse on the part of the professors to undermine their subjects or explain them away. An expert on Byron, say, will prove, on purely documentary grounds, that there is no reason to believe that Byron ever had anything to do with women; an authority on Whitman will attempt to show that Whitman had no originality, since everything to be found in his work was already to be found in someone else, and will thereby seem to try to create the impression that there is no real merit in Whitman's poetry. To the outsider this sounds perverse, but, since these scholars are apparently not the men for perversity, he is at a loss for an explanation. In order to understand this peculiar phenomenon, which it seems to me has been growing more formidable, one must understand, first of all, the relation of the professor to his subjects. This relation is, nine times out of ten, a strained and embarrassing one. The professor would be made most uncomfortable if he had to meet Whitman or Byron; he would not like him—he does not, in fact, like him. But he has gone in for studying literature and he must try to do something to advance himself in that field. His demonstration of Byron's chastity or of the nullity of Whitman's achievement may have no relevance whatever to his author, may indeed amount to an effort to annihilate him, but it *does* constitute a tangible evidence of the scholar's assiduous reading, his checking of dates and texts, and his long hours getting something written out. It is also an act of self-assertion which may create the illusion of leaving a dent in an author, though it may not add anything to our knowledge of him; and it does raise the status of the scholar in the hierarchy of academic society.

But to the non-academic reader, this, as I say, can only seem disconcerting. Now, there are a moment or two when Mr. Krutch, who has recently been teaching English at Columbia, gives some evidence of being attainted with this tendency. He creates the impression that he is trying to show, in his discussion of Johnson's early years in London, that since there is no real documentary proof that Johnson ever missed many dinners, there is no genuine reason for believing that he was as poor as he has been thought to be; and later, in appraising Johnson's two long poems, Mr. Krutch takes the disheartening line of arguing that the first of these fine pieces, "London," is merely a monument to the bad old habit of stupidly imitating classical models, and the second, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," mostly a conventional exercise which hardly rises above the level of commonplace eighteenth-century verse. Yet if anything is plain in Johnson's writings and in his attitude toward the destitute and helpless—as Mr. Krutch's own account clearly shows—it is some intimate and scarifying experience of hardship in these undocumented early years. This is one of the elements in the ground tone, dolorous, steadfast, and sombre, that give emotional depth to his work; and one feels it especially in these poems, which owe certain of their most effective passages to Johnson's first-hand acquaintance with all but the last of his melancholy catalogue of the miseries of a writer's life: "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol."

Mr. Krutch does not often depress us thus, but it is regrettable that he should do so at all. He has not been a professor for long and he should be wary of the dangers of the academic air. As a

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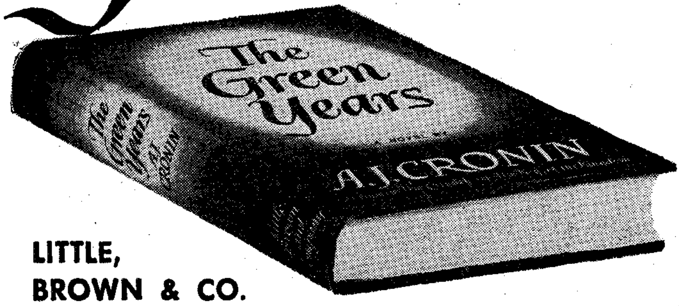

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critic, he has been trained in the best tradition of contemporary literary journalism; but it may be that not only the symptoms just noted, but also a feeling one gets that Johnson has been presented in a vacuum, with no general implications, should be charged to the habitual blankness of the outlook of academic scholarship. When Mr. Krutch wrote "The Modern Temper," he had a much more definite point of view as a general critic of life. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GREEN YEARS, by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown). The story of a sensitive Irish boy—a Catholic—compelled by the death of his mother to live in the unfriendly atmosphere of his grandparents' home in a small, defiantly Protestant Scotch town. The novel sees the hero through a pitiful childhood and an adolescence beset with every kind of spiritual uncertainty and self-distrust and leaves him at the beginning of his young manhood, with the promise of a brighter future. The grandparents' family—especially a rambunctious old reprobate of a great-grandfather—are portrayed with skill and warmth, and the author has an admirable way of telling a story, but unfortunately there is not much of a story to tell.

CRAB APPLE JELLY, by Frank O'Connor (Knopf). Twelve perceptive and sometimes even vivid stories of contemporary Irish life in its less cheerful aspects. Mr. O'Connor is a talented writer who is able to make old men and women, schoolmistresses, adolescents, and meddlesome parish priests seem very real. The Chekhovian technique he has chosen to employ is exactly right for the drama of these simple tales.

ELEGANT JOURNEY, by John Selby (Farrar & Rinehart). This third novel dealing with the fortunes of the Trace family ("Island in the Corn" and "Starbuck" precede it) is chronologically the first of the series. The story, which begins in 1839 and ends in 1857, centers on the exceedingly rich young Sereno Trace, a slave owner in Maryland, who, believing that the future of the country lies in the expanding life of the frontier, frees his slaves and moves his family to the Wisconsin Territory. This is no ordinary pioneer trek; the journey (much the most interesting part of the book) is

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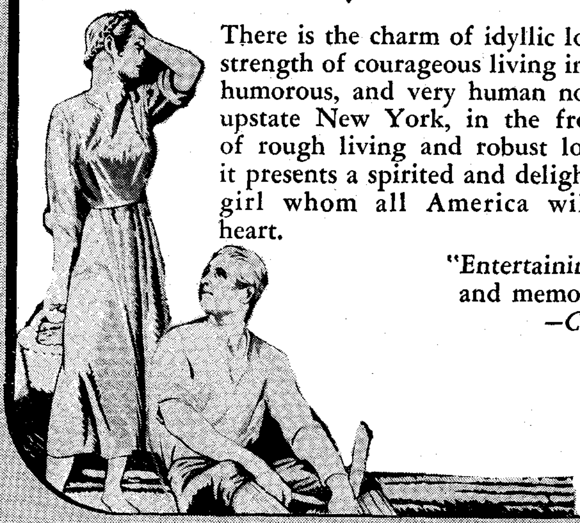

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made in great elegance by schooner, railroad, and canal barge, and all the luxury of Trace's Maryland plantation is transported into the wilderness. Aside from this, the story concerns itself almost entirely with the evolution of the hero into a beneficent tyrant who is blessed with everything in the world except the love of his wife. A readable study of a personality.

This Very Sun, by Edith Heal (Crown). An odd, brief story about a famous news photographer who comes to an Arizona resort town for rest and quiet and finds something very different. Miss Heal has written a curate's-egg affair—interesting and original in spots but not adding up to a good novel. Actually, it is hardly a novel at all but a study in futility which does not quite come off. Just the same, you had better watch Miss Heal and, what's more important, Miss Heal had better watch herself and not give in to her occasional weakness for fine writing.

Johnny Painter, by Anita Pettibone (Farrar & Rinehart). Here is more pioneer history, this time with the Washington Territory just after the Civil War as the background. Miss Pettibone tells a cheerful tale about a likable, resourceful young American left to shift for himself at an early age in a tough community. The author's neat humor lifts the story a cut or two above the standard pioneer novel.

Hard Facts, by Howard Spring (Viking). A story about a young clergyman in the England of the eighties who falls in love with a woman of unsavory repute. An interwoven strand involves her brother, a poet, pretty obviously drawn and presented, in a conventional conflict between his art and his job on a commercial publication. It is only because of the warmth with which Mr. Spring has conceived his characters that one can forgive him for his lack of subtlety. The story is passably interesting, but even a moviegoer of twenty-five years ago would have laughed at the melodramatic ending.

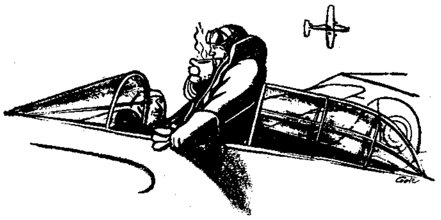
GENERAL

Escape via Berlin, by José Antonio de Aguirre (Macmillan). The most remarkable escape story that has yet come out of the war. Dr. de Aguirre, President of the Basque Republic for the brief period when, during the life of the Spanish Republic, its autonomy was restored to it, went into exile in France with his wife and children when the Francoists overran his country. He lived in France until 1940 and then, like so many other political refugees, got caught in the German invasion. He assumed a false identity and, under the noses of the Nazis, the Gestapo, and the Franco agents who were after him, jumped out of the frying pan into the middle of the fire by going to Berlin. How he managed to get out of Germany and reach the United States, where he is now living, is a more dramatic tale than anything Alfred Hitchcock, Eric Ambler, or any other romancer has managed to invent. The record of Dr. de Aguirre's adventures, however, is much more than a mere thriller, largely because he never once tries to exploit them. His story has depth, it has elevation, and it has truth. In brief, a highly civilized book by a highly civilized man.

How Dear to My Heart, by Emily Kimbrough (Dodd, Mead). Recollections of a childhood in Muncie, back in the days when farmers used to take potshots at automobiles. Miss Kimbrough's memories are pleasant enough, and mildly entertaining in spots, but that heart of hers, which has already pumped its way through two other books, is plainly showing signs of strain. Drawings by Helen E. Hokinson.

Middle East Diary, by Noel Coward (Doubleday, Doran). Mr. Coward went on a tour from Gibraltar to Lebanon, entertaining the troops, and everywhere he went he found Mr. Coward. He presumably attached some importance to his adventures, for he has gone to the trouble of putting them into a book—just as cute as it can be, too—but most readers will probably have considerable difficulty in convincing themselves that it was worth the bother.

The Wilson Era, by Josephus Daniels (University of North Carolina Press). The third installment of the memoirs of the man who served as Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Daniels covers the period from 1910, not long before Wilson became President, to 1917, just be-



fore the United States became involved in the first World War. Mr. Daniels' talent as a writer is negligible. He has drawn up his book as though he were compiling a ledger and seems anxious not to create any stir but merely to get his accounts in order. He has, however, done this with a good temper and good will that more than make up for his defects as a writer. The book is, of course, of the utmost importance as a historical document. Illustrated.

DEEP DELTA COUNTRY, by Harnett T. Kane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The culture and history of the Cajun and Creole country of Louisiana as interpreted by the author of "The Bayous of Louisiana." Mr. Kane, like one of those Delta country chefs who cook by ear, has stirred everything from alligators to orange wine into his pot of folklore and spiced the mixture appetizingly, but sometimes too highly, with every condiment on the shelf. One of the American Folkways series.

FORREST, by Robert Selph Henry (Bobbs-Merrill). A full-length portrait of the great cavalryman who rose from the Confederate ranks to become one of the most famous of Lee's lieutenants. Mr. Henry writes with more earnestness than skill and, in his determination to be definitive, has filled his book with so much historical lumber that there are times when it's hard to see the Forrest for the trees. Forrest, however, has long needed just such sober treatment as this, and Mr. Henry is to be complimented for recording the facts of his hero's life instead of romanticizing about them. Illustrated.

BHAGAVAD-GITA: THE SONG OF GOD, translated by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood, with an introduction by Aldous Huxley (Marcel Rodd). The Gospel of Hinduism and one of the half-dozen great religious classics, in a readable prose-and-verse version. Huxley's interesting preface relates this Gospel to others, including the Christian, and outlines a Perennial Philosophy, the main aspects of which are common to all religious faiths.

THE BOOK OF NATURALISTS, edited by William Beebe (Knopf). Birds, bees, eels, elephants, and other representatives of the non-human kingdom in a fine anthology of writings, ancient and modern, on natural history. Selections from such famous naturalists as Linnaeus, von Humboldt, Audubon, Darwin, and

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Thomas Huxley, along with excerpts from less well-known ones, such as Anthony van Leeuwenhoek and Abbot Theobaldus of Monte Cassino. Mr. Beebe's collection suffers from the scrappiness characteristic of most anthologies, and specialists are bound to quarrel with some of his choices, but, as a sampler, his volume is all that it should be. Illustrated.

The Valley and its People: A Portrait of T.V.A., by R. L. Duffus (Knopf). A word-and-picture story of the Tennessee Valley Authority and how it grew. The photographs, taken and arranged by Charles Krutch and other members of the Graphics Department of the T.V.A., are excellent. The text, by Mr. Duffus, is much better when it is explanatory than when it is trying to be poetic.

The Drawings of Paul Klee, with an essay by Will Grohmann (Curt Valentin). In addition to being a sensitive colorist, Klee was probably the most imaginative experimenter of his generation with the possibilities of line. This collection deals exclusively with this side of his work. Seventy-two of his drawings, unbound, exquisitely reproduced, and, if it is important to you, ideal for framing.

Married Life, by Honoré Daumier (Pantheon). Twenty-four better-than-average reproductions, arranged portfolio fashion, from his "Mœurs Conjugales" and other series of lithographs, all bearing more or less ironically on the pleasures of married life.

Try and Stop Me, by Bennett Cerf (Simon & Schuster). "Joe Miller's Joke Book" in city clothes. Mr. Cerf, who seems anxious to become the Boswell of the Billingsley set, has compiled an anthology of anecdotes and stories which involve just about everybody who ever got into a Broadway gossip column. Funny in spots, apocryphal in general, and fairly tiresome on the whole. Illustrated by Carl Rose.

Feeling No Pain, by Sydney Hoff (Dial). This is the first album of Hoff drawings, most of them from *The New Yorker*. Nearly two hundred views of his Bronx and Rockaway people, usually portly, generally domestic or romantic, and often clad in underwear or dotted dresses.

Spots by Suba (Dutton). A tiny volume (only about three inches square and intended as a Christmas card) of the crisp little pen-and-ink sketches

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which have been scattered through these pages the past few years.

SMALL FRY, by William Steig (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A collection of more than a hundred drawings of life among those Steig brats and urchins from the depression to the Commando era. Almost all of them have appeared in this magazine.

VERSE

A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, edited, with an introduction, by W. H. Auden (Doubleday, Doran). The anthologist emphasizes, by means of intelligent choice and arrangement, Tennyson's remarkable musical ear, his limited intellectual equipment, his melancholy and his anxiety. He thus succeeds in bringing out aspects of the poet—especially his lyric pathos—which have for a long time been partially obscured by the pervasive Victorian modishness of Tennyson's poorer works. Auden's preface links the rather provincial Englishman with Baudelaire and the European scene in general, and is an example of how modern historical and psychological concepts can be sensitively used. An early portrait and two caricatures.

HERMAN MELVILLE: SELECTED POEMS, edited, with an introduction, by F. O. Matthiessen (New Directions). Melville began to write verse after 1856, when his major work in prose was finished. His talent for the verse medium was not remarkable. He often, however, was able to frame poetic insights and emotions in compressed and compelling form. The examples in this volume come both from Melville's published works and from manuscript. The selections from "Clarel" have particular interest. Professor Matthiessen has contributed a scholarly introduction.

MY COUNTRY: A POEM OF AMERICA, by Russell W. Davenport (Simon & Schuster). Here is an undisguised example of the effects of a formidable current pressure: to get rhyme and meter out of the unwilling hands of poets into the willing grasp of journalists, with the object of putting verse over with the general public in a big way. This old-fashioned sentimental tract, part of whose theme is the need for America to bring freedom to all mankind, was "not written in a garret," according to its publishers. However, it could hardly have been more awkward, pretentious, or confused if it had been

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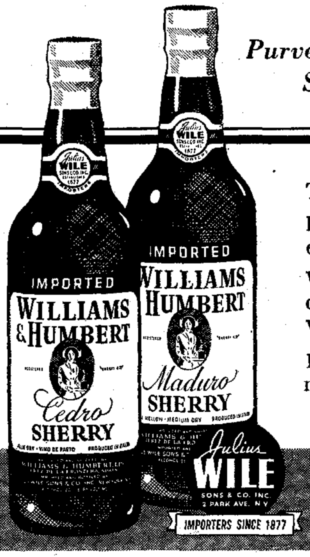

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THE WAY OF LIFE ACCORDING TO LAOTZU: AN AMERICAN VERSION, by Witter Bynner (John Day). Mr. Bynner's version of the precepts of that Chinese poet and sage whose words, uttered in the sixth century B.C., lie at the heart of the Tao religion, is lucid, flexible, and witty. A fresh simplicity and humane common sense prevail here, as they are said to prevail in the original, and the poems provide a delightful coolness for our present discordant times.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EPITAPH FOR LEMMINGS, by Simon Harvester (Macmillan). Yet another thriller dealing with the activities of counter-espionage agents in England. This time the intelligence men are out to get some Fifth Columnists who have been blowing up food dumps, and the trail, fortunately for this uneven story, leads them into the midst of a cinema company on location. A good variation on a fairly threadbare theme.

THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). Another case of Perry Mason versus the law. Mason, as is his custom, is working on behalf of a handsome young woman who comes to him with a trivial and fairly unsavory problem, and ends up in a terrible jam. Fast, tough, and practically impossible to distinguish from all the other books in this series. That is probably just what Gardner fans want.

THE LEATHER MAN, by Lawrence Treat (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The residents of Leather Man Road, in Westchester, are all suspected of unlawful activities when the bride does not show up at a wedding they're attending. The personal relationships of the group are complex, and several murders result before an amateur detective, who rather fancies himself as a psychologist, succeeds in getting things tidied up. A story which doesn't do justice to the local legend on which it is based.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Waterbury (Conn.) Republican*]

NAUGATUCK, Oct. 12—Cpl. Charles Wojack of Spring St. won the golf championship recently at Camp Shelby, Miss., defeating a major in the finals. Since then Cpl. Wojack has been transferred to New Guinea.

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To be seen in certain hands is a compliment to any product, but good hands and Virginia Rounds seem to complement each other. They go together, as Southern soil and Southern sun together go to produce the special, subtle excellence of the golden, all-Virginia tobacco in these cigarettes. Have you tried Virginia Rounds — made of bright tobacco for bright people?

Smart folk to whom you offer a Virginia Round know they cost a little more.

Cigarette Case by CARTIER

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

A Product of

Benson & Hedges

A name that means more than a firm or
a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES
NEW YORK
20
20

Plain or Corn Tips

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

IN MAPPING out your social strategy, start out with this shining fact... THERE IS NO RETREAT IN QUALITY FOR DEWAR'S SCOTCH! We consider it a point of honour to maintain the quality which has won over sixty honours all over the world!

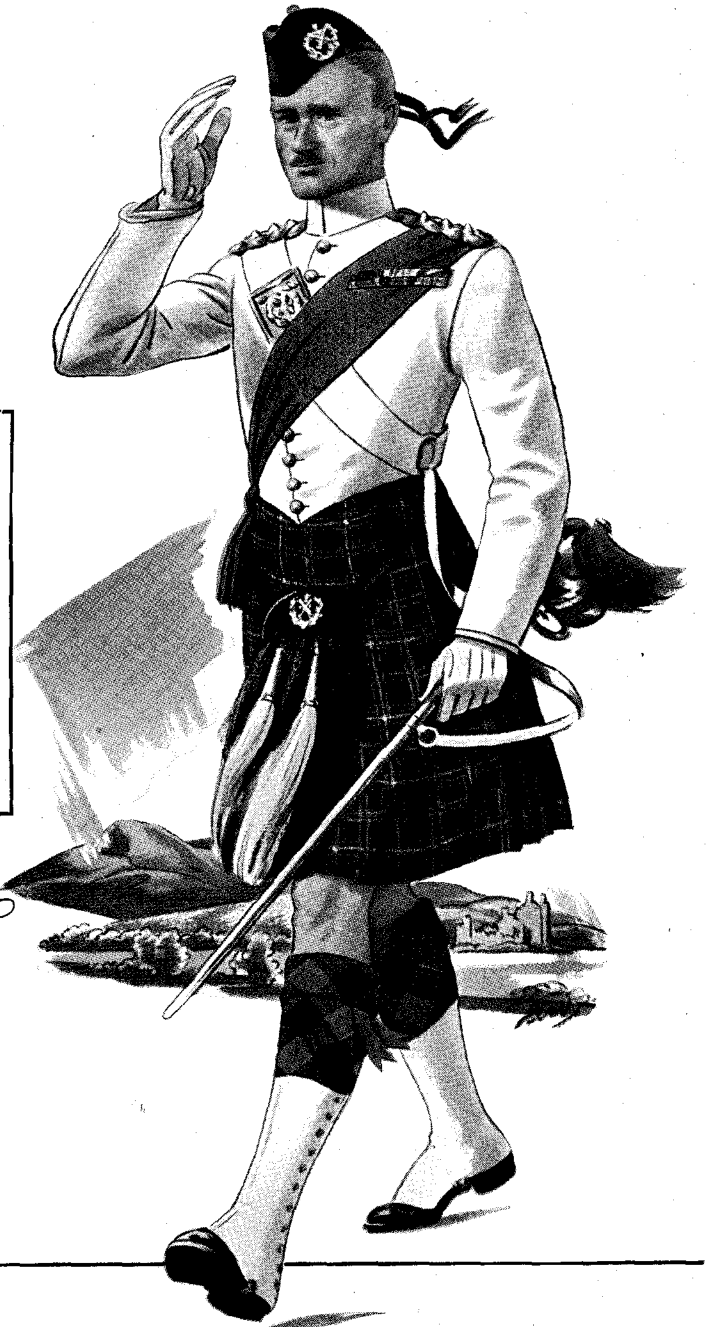
HONOURS OF
The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders
(Drill Order)
Egmont-op Zee, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Waterloo, Lucknow, Nile 1884, '85, Aisne, 1914, Hindenburg Line, Macedonia 1915, '18

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"

Award of the International Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910

... one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's for excellence in Scotch Whisky.

COMMAND DEWAR'S... AND BE "AT EASE"



White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch

DEWAR'S V.V. WHISKY
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
Specially Selected and Blended by
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH.
4/5 QUART
SCOTLAND.
86.8° PROOF
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
86.8° PROOF

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH *OF THE WORLD*

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